

THE STIRLING NEWS-ARGUS.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.
\$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1903.

Vol. XXIV, No. 42.



Here Are Some

of the Lines we are showing, and Values which forge our business ahead. Read them over and then come and have a look at them.

HATS and CAPS.

A lot of Children's Straw Sailors, worth 35c., 40c. for 50c.
Men's Straw Sailors, 25c., 50c.
French Palm Hats, newest shapes, \$1. \$1.25, \$1.50.
A lot of 25c., 50c. Caps clearing up at 10c.
Latest American styles in Fur Felt Hats.

SHIRTS.

Men's Colored Shirts, with or without collars, 25c. 50c. 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25.

HOSIERY.

Cotton and Cashmere, in all new shades, 10c., 15c., 25c., 40c., 50c.

UNDERWEAR.

Men's Net and Balbriggan or imported Natural Wool, 25, 50, 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25.

SUSPENSERS.

New, Light Weight 25c.

GLOVES.

Men's Kid and Mocha Gloves, newest shades, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.75.

NECKWEAR.

Washing Ties, 10c., 15c., 25c.
Fancy Silk Derby Ties, new shapes, 25, 50c.
Latest things in Bows and Midgets.

BELTS.

Big variety for Men and Boys, 25c., 50c., 75c., \$1.00.

SILK SASHES.

Black Silk, 60c., 75c.
Black corded Silk, 75c.

JERSEYS, SWEATERS,

for Boys and Men, 50c. up.

WATERPROOF COATS.

\$2.00 each. Imported Rainproof Coats, \$7.50 up. UMBRELLAS, 50c. up.

FRED. T. WARD,
HATTER & FURNISHER.

Midsummer Specials.

Bargains in Colored Dress Muslins. Clearing Out Muslin Sale, at a big discount. In White Muslins we have the newest and prices will open your eyes.

Colored GINGHAMS, about 12 ends left, and selling at cost.

Tan CURTAINS, some odd pairs, will be sold at a great bargain.

Men's COTTON SOCKS—we have them 4 pairs for 25c. regular 10c. pair.

LADIES' COTTON HOSIERY, regular 15c. for 10c. and some at 5c. pr.

LADIES' WAISTS, regular 60c. going now for 39c.

REMNANT DRESS GOODS—we offer them at a clearing price and must be sold.

LADIES' VESTS, with long and short sleeve, 5c. to 25c.

LADIES' STOCK COLLARS, in white and colored, newest styles just in.

All the newest shades in TAFFETA RIBBONS, and the Neck and Belts.

LINEN TOWELLING—now is the time for New Towels. Here is the price and quality.

In COTTONS, bleached and unbleached Sheetings and Pillow Cotton we have all widths.

FLANNELETTES—36 in. wide, 10c.; 27 in., 5c. Quality very heavy.

SPECIAL SALE IN LADIES' HATS—we are offering you a choice of Ten Dozen Hats for 25c. Some of the newest shapes.

A fresh stock of Groceries always on hand. Paying 12c. doz. for Eggs.

C. F. STICKLE.

Growth In Two Decades

POLICYHOLDERS OF THE
MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA
and intending insurants, will be pleased to note the
Very Substantial Growth
of the Company during the 20 years ending December 31st, 1902, as shown in the following table:

HEAD OFFICE	1883	1902	INCREASE IN 20 YEARS
WATERLOO, - ONT.			
Assets in Force.....	\$4,772,719	\$8,447,429	424 p.c.
Premium Income.....	130,592	1,112,553	516 p.c.
Interest Income.....	18,690	275,507	1382 p.c.
Dividends Paid to Policyholders.....	14,270	77,844	445 p.c.
Total Assets.....	26,834	483,350	722 p.c.
Total Liabilities.....	533,706	6,460,789	1110 p.c.
Surplus over all Liabilities.....	45,762	499,150	1041 p.c.

S. BURROWS,
General Agent, BELLEVILLE.

The NEWS-ARGUS PRINTERY
IS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF
FINE PRINTING
.....AT SHORT NOTICE.....

A Large stock of Fine Note Papers, Envelopes, Bill Heads, Statements, Cards, etc.

Letter Heads, Note Heads, Statements, etc., at very low rates, and better than you get from City Jobbers.

WEDDING INVITATIONS IN THE BEST STYLE.

A large stock of "In Memoriam" Cards just to hand.

NOTICE.
I have on hand some of the latest
Improved U. S. Cream Separators,
HAY CARS, FORKS, SLINGS, Etc.

Also, full line of **FARMING IMPLEMENTS**
at a good young, general purpose horse
for sale.

N. LANKTREE,
Massey-Harris Agent.

Lumber for Sale.
The undersigned has a quantity of Lumber for sale at Anson station. Will be there on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

R. G. KINGSTON.

WOOL WANTED
CASH OR TRADE, AT THE
FRANKFORD WOOLLEN MILLS

Custom Spinning, Roll Carding and Weaving promptly and well done.

We have a large stock of Tweeds, Flannels, Blankets and Yarn in exchange for wool or cash.

D. ALLPORT & SON.
Frankford, June 5th, 1903.

News-Argus to Jan. 1, '04, 40c.

Farmers' Institutes.

Annual Meeting at Madoc.

As announced, the annual meeting of the North Hastings Farmers' Institute was held at Madoc on Saturday afternoon last. There was not a very large attendance.

The officers were re-elected as follows: President—H. S. O'Hara. Vice-President—Thos. Leslie. Secretary—J. G. Foster. The following is the report of the Executive Committee of the North Hastings Farmers' Institute for the year ending June 30, 1903:—

TO THE MEMBERS.
GENTLEMEN.—We, the Committee above named, composed of the President, Vice-President, and Secretary of the Farmers' Institutes, beg to submit the following report:—For the first time in our history we have fallen slightly back in our membership as well as the attendance at the meetings. We held nine afternoon meetings and eighteen evening meetings. The aggregate was 1092, while last year over 3000 attended our meetings. But while we regret to have to report a slight falling off in attendance and membership, we are pleased to report that there is still a growing interest in the Institute in most places, which in some localities amounts to genuine enthusiasm.

Last year we had one extra Dairyman's meeting at Stirling, which was attended by 400 people, and at which we secured quite a number of members. This year owing in some cases to bad roads and weather, and in others to some local arrangements which kept people away, our membership is slightly less. We are glad to report that the delegates were men of exceptional experience and ability, and that their addresses were listened to with much interest. In fact, all the delegates attending our supplementary meetings spoke in the highest terms of the very good order and earnest attention of our young people. We are glad to report that never in the history of our Institute has there been such a telling effect in the community and some instances have been brought to our notice of well graded stock selling at, or nearly, double the price of the average stock of the same class in the locality, and some of these encouraging results we believe we can truly say are the direct results of the information obtained in and the agitation brought about by the Farmers' Institutes.

We as agriculturists, have great cause for thankfulness for the successful and prosperous seasons of the past and the brightened prospects of another bountiful harvest. We, as officers, express our thanks to the press and the many friends who have aided and encouraged us in the good work. There are to be held what are called summer meetings of the Women's Institute in our riding as follows:—At Ivanhoe on July 14th, Queensboro July 15th, and Springbrook July 16th, at which two excellent lady speakers are to give addresses and demonstrations in the afternoon, and in the evening.

It is hoped that the friends in the respective localities will put forth their best efforts to make the meetings successful and profitable. We are informed by the Superintendent that these summer meetings are being tried as an experiment, and whether they are to be continued or not will depend entirely on the interest manifested and the work accomplished this season.

J. G. FOSTER, Sec.
H. S. O'HARA, Pres.
THOS. LESLIE, Vice-Pres.

FINANCIAL REPORT.

RECEIPTS.

Membership fees.....	\$125.25
Municipal grant.....	25.00
Legislative grant.....	25.00
	\$175.25

EXPENDITURES.

Bal. due Treas. as last report.....	\$ 28.37
Officers' salaries and expenses.....	64.00
Expenses of regular meetings.....	14.75
Postage and stationery.....	1.80
Printing.....	15.40
Lecturers' expenses.....	72.35
Miscellaneous.....	5.83
	\$200.50

Balance due Treasurer..... \$ 25.35
W. TULLER, Auditor. J. G. FOSTER, Treasurer.

Women's Institute.

A meeting of the Women's Institute will be held at Spring Brook, July 16th, in the Forester's Hall. The first session will be at 2 p.m. sharp, at which the members are requested to be present.

Any lady who wishes to become a member may attend the afternoon session. Miss Agnes Smith, of Hamilton, will lecture on "Principles of Cooking" (with demonstrations); "Food in Relation to the Body"; "Domestic Science"; "The Sanitary Home"; "Needs of the Home at the present day."

The members are requested to provide for a lunch to be served upstairs in Foresters' Hall at 4.30.

Miss P. Mills, of Guelph, will lecture on "What may be accomplished by the Women's Institutes"; "Some ideas on Comfortable Dressing"; "Suggestions for Home Decorations."

The evening session will begin at 7 o'clock which will be an open meeting. The entertainment will be interspersed with music and the gramophone.

MRS. W. MEIKLEJOHN, Sec.

Stirling Public School.

Presentations to Teachers.

At the closing of the Public School in Stirling, as Mr. Paulin, the Principal, was leaving to attend the University, the pupils of his department presented him with a very handsome Bible, as a slight token of their appreciation of the pains he had taken with them, and the following address:

To Mr. H. M. PAULIN.
DEAR TEACHER.—We, the pupils of your department, and our parents, having learned with regret of your intention of leaving Stirling at the coming vacation, to continue your studies at the University, with a view to your further advancement in the sphere of usefulness, which you have so ably filled while amongst us, feel that we cannot allow you to go without some slight token of the esteem and kindly feeling we have toward you. Your kind and courteous treatment of our intense desire for our advancement in our studies, also your example for our guidance, has endeared you to us all during the short time you have been with us. Since it is your desire to fit yourself for larger responsibilities, we would not deter you, but ask you to carry away with you our best wishes for your future success, and pray that God will bless and prosper you in whatsoever walk of life you may choose.

We therefore ask you to accept this Bible and handkerchief as tokens, not for their intrinsic value, but for the spirit in which they are given, and hope when studying its sacred pages your appreciation will sometimes revert to the pupils who have been under your tuition at the Stirling Public School.

Signed on behalf of your pupils in the Fourth Department,

HETTIE BAILEY.
IRENE DUKE.
HAZEL REYNOLDS.
JENNIE TULLOCH.
MAUDE WARD.
BESSIE WARD.

Mr. Paulin thanked the pupils for the beautiful present, and said he would ever remember the pupils of Stirling Public School.

The pupils of the third department presented Mr. W. H. Minchin with a neatly bound volume of Dante's poems, and the following address:

To Mr. W. H. MINCHIN.—We, the pupils of the third department of the Stirling Public School, feel very grateful to you for the interest which you have taken in us since our teacher was unable to be with us, and we desire to express our appreciation by presenting you with this volume of poems. We hope that whenever you read it you may remember with kindly feelings those whom you have taught. Your kind, cheerful manner and your helpful way have endeared you to us very much, and we hope that the work in which you have been engaged has been as pleasant to you as it was profitable to us. We trust that your life may be long spared, and that you may in future be as helpful to those about you as you have been in the past.

Signed on behalf of the pupils of the third department,
M. WHITTY, ROSA REYNOLDS, P. HEWAT, E. WARD, V. CROMBIE, J. H. MANN, M. WARREN, F. CHARD, R. WRIGHT, H. GRAINE.

Mr. Minchin in reply said he was truly taken by surprise, as he had only taught in the room a couple of weeks in the absence of their teacher. He said it was a pleasure to teach where he had found the pupils so kind and so willing to work. He thanked them sincerely for the present, and said if ever any one of the pupils needed help in preparing for examinations or in any way he could help them, he would be glad to do it.

Promotion Examinations.

III to IV—Ella Brown, Geo. Ingham, Ada Harris, Charlotte Tulloch, Mary Ingham, Georgina Hagerty.

Jr. III to Sr. III—May Kennedy, Hazel Reynolds, Bertha Reynolds, Helen Sheeh, John Thompson, Herbert Ward, Roland Duke.

The following were promoted without being examined, on account of the absence of their teacher:—Arthur Fletcher, Fred. Hulin, Ross Rosebush, Hazel Calder, Annie Ashley, Irwin Boldrick, Pearl Sharp.

H. M. PAULIN, Teacher.

Jr. I to Sr. I.—Florence Osterhout, Rita Cummings, Percy Godfrey, Daisy Bayfield, Chas. Patterson, Hazel Arthur, Clara Bailey, Florence Linn, Arthur Sager, Marjorie Meiklejohn, Percy Seeley, Stanley Kincaid, Joseph Maloney, Lucile Ashley, Beatrice Wanamaker, Flossie Ferguson, Clarence Tulloch, Vincent Whitty, Percy Utman, Earl Caverley, Mary Cooney, Tena Humm.

MRS. ROBINSON, Teacher.

Three men fell with a scaffold at the Trent Valley Canal lift lock at Peterboro, and William Craig was killed.

The Minister of Justice proposes to penalize the selling of cigarettes to minors, and to punish those persons who threaten members of the active militia force.

The Sovereign Bank of Canada.

(Incorporated by Act of Parliament.)

Capital Authorized..... \$2,000,000.
Capital Paid Up..... \$1,290,000.

H. S. HOLT, Montreal, President. DUNCAN M. STEWART, General Manager.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

To Encourage
Savings we accept deposits of One Dollar and upwards and allow interest from Day of Deposit.

Our Assets
Immediately available are maintained at such figures as to insure Absolute Security to the Depositor.

To some people banking is always a mystery. We take pleasure in explaining to our customers anything they may not understand.

WE TRANSACT BUSINESS BY MAIL. No trouble, red tape or delay.

STIRLING AND MARMORA.

W. M. CHANDLER, Manager.

"Sterling Hall." Building Sale.

ARE YOUR EYES OPEN

to the splendid values of our MEN'S SUITS? Did it ever occur to you that it would be a wise policy on your part to deal with a firm that stands behind every garment they sell, who sell good clothes—clothes that fit and are made as they should be?

Keep your "eagle" eye open to what's doing at "Sterling Hall." When you read our ads. you can safely bank on it that you'll find the goods as represented.

Just now we are offering exceptional value in Suits at \$5, \$7.50, \$10.00 and \$12.50. The reason is the early clearing up of summer lines to make room for fall arrivals.

12th of July Outfitting.

Make your selection early from the "Sterling Hall" stock of "Reliable Goods at Reasonable Prices."

White Vests at \$1.00 to \$1.50. Light, Cool Coats at 75c. to \$2.00.

Worsted Pants, in black and fancies, at \$1.50 to \$4.00.

Rain Coats at \$2.50, \$3.00 to \$10.00.

Shirts, in best make, white, and fancy colored, at 25, 50, 75c., \$1.00.

Straw and Linen Hats, in newest shapes, at 25, 50, 75c., \$1.00 up to \$3.00.

Silk Ties, in knots, bows, four-in-hands and midgets at 2 for 25c., 25c. and 50c. each.

Sox, all colors and kinds, in unequalled values, at from 4 pairs for 25c. upwards.

Women's Wear.

LINEN BALISTE MUSLINS—These are strong sellers for warm weather wear. We have them at right prices, 15, 20, 25c. yd.

WAISTINGS—Special blouse bargains in Silks, Cotton Stripes and Matings, in window, at 15c. yd.

CORSETS—A full line of Summer Corsets, in Crompton's goods, at 50c. and 75c.

W. R. MATHER.

Go to J. W. BROWN'S for GOOD BOOTS at Reasonable Prices.

Agents for the EMPRESS SHOES for Women.

All kinds of SHOE POLISH.

BOOTS MADE TO ORDER.

Highest price paid for Eggs.

J. W. BROWN,
RELIABLE BOOT & SHOE MERCHANT.

CROCKERY.

We have just opened out another lot of fine Crockery, in the way of DINNERS SETS, TEA SETS, TOILET SETS, JUG AND SIX GLASSES, with NICKEL TRAY, special price \$1.50

HUNGARIAN AND MILLET.

Our Stock of the above is Choice.
SEED BUCKWHEAT for sale.

GROCERY SPECIALS.

6 lbs. Tapioca for 25c.
8 lbs. Quaker Oats for 25c.
8 lbs. Lemon Biscuit 25c.
5 lbs. Wine Biscuit 25c.

Axle Grease and Machine Oil.
Best American Coal Oil.

I have a quantity of foundation comb for sale.

S. HOLDEN.

WM. MONTGOMERY

has on hand some fine BUGGIES and SURREYS, manufactured by Wm. Gray & Sons, Chatham; also Lumber Wagons, his own manufacture, which will be sold cheap for cash.

Scientific Horse Shoer in connection.

NEW

Palace Shaving Parlor.

The undersigned has now open to the public the finest Shaving Parlor ever opened up in Stirling.
"Having been in Peterboro" for the past year learning all the latest ideas of the profession, I am now prepared to do all work up-to-date. A call solicited.
Shop opposite Post Office, formerly Parker Brothers Bank.
W. W. HAGERMAN, Proprietor.

News-Argus to Jan. 1, '04, 40c.

THE MARKETS

Prices of Grain, Cattle, etc. in Trade Centres.

MARKETS OF THE WORLD.

Toronto, June 30. — Wheat—Market is firm, with fair demand. No. 2 white and No. 2 red quoted at 74½ to 75c east, and 74½ middle freight. No. 2 spring at 70c middle freight. No. 2 at 66 to 67c in Midland. Manitoba wheat firmer; No. 1 hard quoted at 85c Goderich, and No. 1 Northern, 85c Goderich; No. 1 hard, 92c grinding in transit, lake and rail, and No. 1 Northern, 91c.

Oats — The market is firm on limited offerings. No. 2 white quoted at 32 to 32½ middle freight, and No. 1 white at 33½c east.

Barley — Trade is quiet. No. 3 extra quoted at 44c middle freight, and No. 3 at 42½ to 43c.

Rye — The market is steady at 52c east for No. 2.

Peas — Trade dull, with No. 2 white quoted at 64 to 65c high freight.

Ruckwheat — Nothing doing, with prices nominal at 39 to 40c outside.

Corn — Market is firm; No. 3 American yellow quoted at 59c on track, Toronto, and No. 3 mixed at 58c Toronto. Canadian feed corn, 51½c west, and at 56c, Toronto.

Flour — Ninety per cent. patents quoted at \$2.75 middle freight. In buyers' sacks, for export. Straight rollers of special brands for domestic trade quoted at \$3.25 to \$3.40 in bbls. Manitoba flour steady. No. 1 patents, \$4.10 to \$4.20, and strong bakers', \$3.85 to \$3.90 in bbls, Toronto.

Wheat — The market is firm at \$18, and bakers' \$19 here. At outside points bran is quoted at \$16.50 to \$17, and shorts at \$18. Manitoba bran in sacks, \$20, and shorts at \$22 here.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Dressed hogs are steady. Cured meats are unchanged, with a good demand. We quote: Bacon, clear, 10 to 10½c; lard, in case lots, 22.50; pork, mess, 22½c; do., short cut, 22.50.

Smoked meats — Hams, 13 to 13½c; rolls, 11½c; shoulders, 10½c; backs, 14 to 15½c; breakfast bacon, 13½ to 14c.

Lard — The market is steady. We quote: Tierces, 10c; tubs, 10½c; pails, 10½c; compound, 8 to 9c.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter — The market was quiet to-day, with no change in prices. We quote as follows: Choice, 1-lb. rolls, 16 to 17c; selected dairy, 15 to 16c; secondary grades (store packed), 12 to 13½c; creamery, 19 to 20c; solids, 18 to 18½c.

Eggs — The market continues firm, with small supplies. We quote: Selected stock, 15c; ordinary, 14c; seconds and checks, 11c.

Cheese — Market is quiet, with jobbing lots at 11 to 11½c.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, June 30. — The local markets are fairly active and steady. Wheat is steady, and flour prices are firm, though as yet unchanged. Butter and cheese are unchanged, though cheese is a little easier. The Liverpool quotation for cheese is 58s 6d for white, and 55s 1d for colored. Grain — No. 1 Manitoba hard wheat, 81c; No. 1 Northern, 79½c; No. 2, 78½c; No. 3, 77½c; No. 4, 76½c; No. 5, 75½c; No. 6, 74½c; No. 7, 73½c; No. 8, 72½c; No. 9, 71½c; No. 10, 70½c; No. 11, 69½c; No. 12, 68½c; No. 13, 67½c; No. 14, 66½c; No. 15, 65½c; No. 16, 64½c; No. 17, 63½c; No. 18, 62½c; No. 19, 61½c; No. 20, 60½c; No. 21, 59½c; No. 22, 58½c; No. 23, 57½c; No. 24, 56½c; No. 25, 55½c; No. 26, 54½c; No. 27, 53½c; No. 28, 52½c; No. 29, 51½c; No. 30, 50½c; No. 31, 49½c; No. 32, 48½c; No. 33, 47½c; No. 34, 46½c; No. 35, 45½c; No. 36, 44½c; No. 37, 43½c; No. 38, 42½c; No. 39, 41½c; No. 40, 40½c; No. 41, 39½c; No. 42, 38½c; No. 43, 37½c; No. 44, 36½c; No. 45, 35½c; No. 46, 34½c; No. 47, 33½c; No. 48, 32½c; No. 49, 31½c; No. 50, 30½c; No. 51, 29½c; No. 52, 28½c; No. 53, 27½c; No. 54, 26½c; No. 55, 25½c; No. 56, 24½c; No. 57, 23½c; No. 58, 22½c; No. 59, 21½c; No. 60, 20½c; No. 61, 19½c; No. 62, 18½c; No. 63, 17½c; No. 64, 16½c; No. 65, 15½c; No. 66, 14½c; No. 67, 13½c; No. 68, 12½c; No. 69, 11½c; No. 70, 10½c; No. 71, 9½c; No. 72, 8½c; No. 73, 7½c; No. 74, 6½c; No. 75, 5½c; No. 76, 4½c; No. 77, 3½c; No. 78, 2½c; No. 79, 1½c; No. 80, ½c; No. 81, 0c; No. 82, 0c; No. 83, 0c; No. 84, 0c; No. 85, 0c; No. 86, 0c; No. 87, 0c; No. 88, 0c; No. 89, 0c; No. 90, 0c; No. 91, 0c; No. 92, 0c; No. 93, 0c; No. 94, 0c; No. 95, 0c; No. 96, 0c; No. 97, 0c; No. 98, 0c; No. 99, 0c; No. 100, 0c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Buffalo, June 30. — Flour — Firm. Wheat — Spring steady; No. 1 northern, c.f., 87c; winter, No. 2 white 83c; No. 2 red 80½c. Corn — Strong; No. 2 yellow, 56½c; No. 2 brown, 54½c. Oats — Strong; No. 2 white, 44½c; No. 2 mixed, 42c. Barley — Western offered at 52 to 58c. Rye — No. 1, 57c. Canal freights — Steady.

St. Louis, June 30. — Wheat — July, 92½c; September, 76½c; December, 77½c.

Milwaukee, June 30. — Wheat — 1c higher; No. 1 Northern, 87 to 87½c; No. 2 Northern, 86 to 86½c; No. 3, 85 to 85½c; No. 4, 84 to 84½c; No. 5, 83 to 83½c; No. 6, 82 to 82½c; No. 7, 81 to 81½c; No. 8, 80 to 80½c; No. 9, 79 to 79½c; No. 10, 78 to 78½c; No. 11, 77 to 77½c; No. 12, 76 to 76½c; No. 13, 75 to 75½c; No. 14, 74 to 74½c; No. 15, 73 to 73½c; No. 16, 72 to 72½c; No. 17, 71 to 71½c; No. 18, 70 to 70½c; No. 19, 69 to 69½c; No. 20, 68 to 68½c; No. 21, 67 to 67½c; No. 22, 66 to 66½c; No. 23, 65 to 65½c; No. 24, 64 to 64½c; No. 25, 63 to 63½c; No. 26, 62 to 62½c; No. 27, 61 to 61½c; No. 28, 60 to 60½c; No. 29, 59 to 59½c; No. 30, 58 to 58½c; No. 31, 57 to 57½c; No. 32, 56 to 56½c; No. 33, 55 to 55½c; No. 34, 54 to 54½c; No. 35, 53 to 53½c; No. 36, 52 to 52½c; No. 37, 51 to 51½c; No. 38, 50 to 50½c; No. 39, 49 to 49½c; No. 40, 48 to 48½c; No. 41, 47 to 47½c; No. 42, 46 to 46½c; No. 43, 45 to 45½c; No. 44, 44 to 44½c; No. 45, 43 to 43½c; No. 46, 42 to 42½c; No. 47, 41 to 41½c; No. 48, 40 to 40½c; No. 49, 39 to 39½c; No. 50, 38 to 38½c; No. 51, 37 to 37½c; No. 52, 36 to 36½c; No. 53, 35 to 35½c; No. 54, 34 to 34½c; No. 55, 33 to 33½c; No. 56, 32 to 32½c; No. 57, 31 to 31½c; No. 58, 30 to 30½c; No. 59, 29 to 29½c; No. 60, 28 to 28½c; No. 61, 27 to 27½c; No. 62, 26 to 26½c; No. 63, 25 to 25½c; No. 64, 24 to 24½c; No. 65, 23 to 23½c; No. 66, 22 to 22½c; No. 67, 21 to 21½c; No. 68, 20 to 20½c; No. 69, 19 to 19½c; No. 70, 18 to 18½c; No. 71, 17 to 17½c; No. 72, 16 to 16½c; No. 73, 15 to 15½c; No. 74, 14 to 14½c; No. 75, 13 to 13½c; No. 76, 12 to 12½c; No. 77, 11 to 11½c; No. 78, 10 to 10½c; No. 79, 9 to 9½c; No. 80, 8 to 8½c; No. 81, 7 to 7½c; No. 82, 6 to 6½c; No. 83, 5 to 5½c; No. 84, 4 to 4½c; No. 85, 3 to 3½c; No. 86, 2 to 2½c; No. 87, 1 to 1½c; No. 88, 0 to 0½c; No. 89, 0 to 0½c; No. 90, 0 to 0½c; No. 91, 0 to 0½c; No. 92, 0 to 0½c; No. 93, 0 to 0½c; No. 94, 0 to 0½c; No. 95, 0 to 0½c; No. 96, 0 to 0½c; No. 97, 0 to 0½c; No. 98, 0 to 0½c; No. 99, 0 to 0½c; No. 100, 0 to 0½c.

CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, June 30. — General trade conditions at the Western Cattle Market to-day were about steady with those of the last market day. The run of cattle was fairly good, and with the exception of export cattle the demand kept about steady. Exporters are quoted slightly easier, in sympathy with Chicago markets. Butchers' rate about steady, and prices of other live stock are unchanged. The total run amounted to No. 2 Northern, included 1,230 cattle, 1,289 sheep, 1,518 hogs, and 85 calves.

Export cattle, extra choice, \$4.90 to \$5.10; do choice, \$4.70 to \$4.90; do medium, \$4.50 to \$4.70; do cows, \$3.30 to \$4.00; inferior cows, \$2.75 to \$3.25; butchers' picked lots, \$4.00 to \$4.75; do choice, \$4.40 to \$4.50; do fair to good, \$4.10 to \$4.30; good cows, \$3.25 to \$3.75; rough do, \$2.50 to \$3.00; bulls, export heavy, \$3.75 to \$4.25; do medium, \$3.00 to \$3.50; do light, \$2.75 to \$3.00; feeders, short keep, \$2.40 to \$2.60.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

Notes of Proceedings in the Canadian Parliament.

CREAMERY BUTTER.

Mr. Fisher's Butter Bill was read a second time, and the House went into committee on it.

Mr. Pope (Compton) said that the House should be very careful in discriminating between creamery and dairy butter. If there were any odium attaching to dairy butter it should not be made impossible for a farmer owning forty or fifty cows, and making his own butter, to mark that butter as creamery. It was not established that creamery butter was superior to dairy butter, and the House should not give the latter inferior legal status.

Mr. Fisher replied that the marking of butter as creamery simply stated it as the product of co-operative creameries. Mr. Gilmour (East Middlesex) argued that the product of fifty cows on a farm would have a better chance of being really good butter than that from various farms collected at a creamery.

Mr. Gilmour also spoke of the House's divergence of opinion on the subject of the grades of butter, which, as laid down in the Act, are creamery butter, dairy butter, and renovated butter.

Mr. Bell (Pilot) suggested another grade, which might be known as "private creamery" butter. This suggestion met with some favor.

Dr. Sproule moved an amendment defining creamery butter to be butter manufactured by the ordinary creamery process, where a cream separator is used, and irrespective of the number of cows contributing to the establishment.

Mr. Pope suggested that clause 3, which enacted that a farmer must have fifty or more cows before he could brand his butter as "creamery," be allowed to stand for further consideration.

Mr. Fisher appreciated the importance of the matter, and acquiesced in Mr. Pope's suggestion.

Mr. Henderson (Halton) said that the world-moisture might be used in place of water as to the percentage to be allowed.

Mr. Fisher said that after much time, trouble, and investigation in England 16 per cent. had been found to be the fair thing to allow for water in butter. Only two samples, however, out of 150 examined by the Dominion analyst had been found to have exceeded this percentage.

Dr. Sproule did not think where the percentage of adulteration was so small there was any reason to put in a clause defining 16 per cent. as the limit.

After some discussion the bill was passed through committee, exception, however, being taken to the last clause giving the Governor-in-Council power to impose penalties not exceeding \$50 on any person offending against clauses in the Act.

Then clause 3 was referred to the committee on the bill saying 50. An amendment by Mr. Henderson being moved, to make it 25 cows, was lost. A "dairy" was declared to be a place where the milk or cream of less than fifty cows is manufactured.

The bill was then given a second reading.

HOG CHOLERA.

Dr. Sproule complained that the county of Essex had not been quarantined, and that in consequence hog cholera had been carried into Bruce county.

Hon. Mr. Fisher replied that whenever necessary any district infected was quarantined, but he did not see any reason for picking out a particular county for exceptional treatment.

Mr. Clancy feared that owing to proximity to the United States and the presence of three trunk lines of railway running through hog cholera could not be entirely stamped out, although the officials of the department had made every possible effort to do so.

Dr. Sproule contended that Mr. Fisher's explanation made the necessity of quarantining the whole district.

All the items under the heading of quarantine were carried.

CHEESE AND BUTTER.

Mr. Monk asked what was the report of the investigation held by the Deputy Minister of Trade and Commerce into the weighing of butter and cheese.

Mr. Fisher replied that the report of the commission had not yet been made out. Complaints with regard to this matter had been made by a number of tradesmen, and the commission was appointed to investigate them, but as the report had not yet been received it was premature to discuss the justice of the complaint. As soon as the report of the commission was received it would be laid on the table of the House. The expense of the investigation so far had amounted to \$428.55.

THE KING INTERVENED

Responsible for the Release of P. A. McHugh, M.P.

Dublin despatch says: The release of P. A. McHugh, M.P., from Sligo jail, June 20, appears to have been due to the initiative of King Edward, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who first fruitfully interceded with Judge Ross. The King's private secretary, Lord Knollys, later wrote to the Judge expressing His Majesty's wishes on the subject.

A German paper has stated that King Peter of Serbia was fully informed and aided the murder of the late King and Queen.

Speaking to officers in barracks, Kaiser William said: "My army will ever remain the instrument that I will support my policy when necessary."

ROADS IN TEMISKAMING

The Government to Build Thirty-Three Miles.

A Toronto despatch says: The Provincial Department of Public Works has advertised for tenders for the clearing, grubbing, and grading of thirty-three miles of colonization roads in the Temiskaming district. The proposed road will run from the end of the town line west to Tomstown to the foot of navigation on Long Lake, and thence north, opening up some five or six townships directly, besides giving communication with some forty miles of navigable waters lying north-west of Long Lake. It is expected that a steamboat will be put on Long Lake and that a stage line for the carrying of freight and passengers will be established on the sixteen mile break in navigation between the town of Tomstown and Long Lake. About fifty or sixty miles of roads will be built in the Temiskaming district this year.

A CITY OF PYRAMIDS.

It Has Been Discovered in a Mexican Forest.

A Mexico City despatch says: The recent discovery of an ancient city of pyramids in a dense forest in a remote part of the State of Puebla has been found to be of the greatest archaeological importance. The Federal Government has commissioned the sub-director of the National Museum, Señor F. Rodriguez, to visit the ruins. Nicholas Leon, an archaeologist and ethnologist, accompanied the sub-director to the ruins. Dr. Leon reports that the ruins are such as never before known to the world of science, and the most primitive ever discovered in Mexico, in fact so ancient as to require a great deal of study to learn in what epoch they were built, as well as by what people.

DOUBLE-TRACKING G.T.R.

Montreal to Chicago to be Covered Before Spring.

A Montreal despatch says: It is the intention of the Grand Trunk to have the whole of their system from Montreal to Chicago double-tracked before next spring. A contract was given on Wednesday for the construction of 22 miles east of Sarnia, to Messrs. Ross and McCrae. The work will be continued east through Watford, Strathroy, London, Ingersoll, and Woodstock. Of the system between Port Huron and Chicago 107 miles has been duplicated, and this leaves only 118 miles, which will be finished, it is expected, before the year closes.

CANAL TO COST \$50,000,000

Will Extend From the Firth of Forth to the Clyde.

A London despatch says: It is reported that the British Government approves a scheme which is promoted by London financiers for the construction of a great canal, which can be used by the largest vessels, from the Firth of Forth to the Clyde. The cost will be \$10,000,000. The canal will be of strategic importance in connection with the great naval base on the Firth of Forth, which is being constructed for the British North Sea fleet, as it will enable this fleet to reach the Atlantic by travelling a distance of about only 40 miles.

ST. CATHARINES FIRE

Empire Carpet Company's Building Destroyed.

A St. Catharines despatch says: Fire was discovered in the dyehouse of the Empire Carpet Company here about midnight on Monday, and at two o'clock in the morning the large factory was burned to the ground. The building was a large three-story brick and concrete structure, and its contents, with the exception of its contents, will be a total loss. A large amount of stock stored in an adjoining stone building will probably be saved in a damaged state. The loss will be about \$35,000, with insurance of \$23,000.

COMMITTED FOR TRIAL

Four Indian Boys Charged With Arson.

A Brantford despatch says: Constable Donnelly on Wednesday arrested Frank Winney, a 13-year-old Indian boy, at Stony Creek, and on Thursday he was arraigned on a charge of being concerned in the recent fire at the Indian Institute. He pleaded guilty, and implicated Roy Wilson in the burning of the barn. Wilson confessed to the burning of the institute, but claimed that he had nothing to do with the second fire. All four Indian boys, Wilson, Louine, Johnson and Winney, were committed for trial.

IRA D. SANKEY BLIND

All Hope of Saving His Sight Has Been Given Up.

A Newark, N. J., despatch says: All hope that the eyesight of Ira D. Sankey, evangelist, will ever be saved has been abandoned by his friends. I. Allen Sankey, the son, said on Wednesday at his home in Brooklyn that his father is permanently blind and is reconciled to his fate.

SKULL CRUSHED IN

Child Killed by Gate Falling on Him Near Brockville.

A Brockville despatch says: Stanley, the four-year-old son of Ira D. Sankey, of Soperton, a small place near Brockville, was instantly killed while he was playing around the barnyard. One of the heavy cross-bars crushed in his skull.

CANADA AT WORLD'S FAIR

WILL SPRING A UNIVERSAL SURPRISE NEXT YEAR.

The Forestry and Fisheries of This Country Will Have Large Representation.

"Canada will take part in the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis as a Nation." Such was the answer given by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, of Canada, from his seat in the House of Commons, to an inquiry made to the government by one of the members, writes Mr. Louis Larive, of St. Louis.

Canada has grown and prospered wonderfully during the last decade. Its trade has increased to enormous proportions. Its crops have been such as to merit for Canada abroad the title of "granary of the world."

Its mines and ore fields, particularly those of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, have been developed in such a way as to set dreaming the most pessimistic and it is now generally conceded that the finest jewel of Great Britain's crown can more than supply its home market for minerals while it exports annually millions worth of grain, fish, lumber and timber.

Of the industries based upon natural resources the fisheries rank second in Canada. This country has over 5600 miles of sea coast, in addition to inland seas, innumerable lakes, and a great number of rivers. The exports of the fishery products in 1897 amounted to \$22,783,546. The home consumption is estimated at a value of \$15,000,000, giving a total yield from the fisheries of nearly \$38,000,000 ANNUALLY.

exclusive of the catch by foreign fishermen.

The sea, inshore and inland fisheries of Canada furnish cod, mackerel, haddock, halibut, herring, lake, salmon, shad, alewives, striped bass, musk, lake trout, muscalonge, white fish, sturgeon, pike, perch, black bass, brook trout, pike, eels, and gold-eye, besides oysters, lobsters, seals, whales and walrus. The richest whaling regions in the world are said to exist in the Hudson Bay and Arctic regions of Canada.

The Pacific coast fisheries furnish halibut, black cod, oolachan, anchovy, herring, smelt, and many species of salmon and trout. The salmon of British Columbia are worth over \$5,000,000 annually, and the total yield of the fisheries of that province exceeds \$6,000,000.

Lumbering ranks third among the extractive industries of Canada, and the forest wealth is very great. It is stated that 123 species of trees grow in that country, 94 occurring in the Rocky Mountains, and 29 on the Pacific Coast. The forest belt extends a distance of about 4,000 miles east and west, with a breadth of some 700 miles. The trees consist principally of the following species: Black and white spruce, balsam poplar, white pine, red pine, larch, aspen, canoe birch, bird poplar, white cedar, Black ash and cherry. The Douglas spruce is the southern part of this belt.

British Columbia is thought to possess the greatest compact reserve of timber in the world. The wooded area is estimated at 285,000 square miles and includes many kinds of timber. The Douglas spruce is the show tree of British Columbia and indeed of Canada.

THE FORESTS OF CANADA contain pine, spruce, hemlock, oak, elm, maple, beech, birch, butternut, hickory, bass wood, etc. Nearly 38 per cent. of its whole area is forested.

In 1899 the capital invested in the pulp mills of Canada alone was about \$15,000,000. The capacity of the mills was over 1,900 tons per day. The value of the forest products exported in 1901 was nearly \$33,000,000, and their total must have been at least three times that amount.

It will readily be seen that indeed, Canada has something to show and she intends to spring a universal surprise next year. Mr. William Hutchinson, Canadian Exposition Commissioner, is just back in Ottawa from Japan, where he represented the country at the Osaka Exposition. Mr. Hutchinson's trip to Japan is certain to be of considerable future benefit to Canada and already the shipments of wheat and flour have been made to the Far East country since his visit by him.

The Canadian Commissioner is now actively engaged in making preparations for the World's Fair at St. Louis. On his way home, from Vancouver to Ottawa he made preliminary arrangements for a thoroughly representative exhibit of the timber, fisheries and mining industries of Canada. British Columbia will furnish the forest monster and an exhibit of the largest and longest piece of Douglas fir ever shown.

The salmon canning industry of the Pacific Coast, and the numerous kinds of fish from the Maritime Provinces will be well represented at the Exposition in St. Louis. Canada is second to none in her natural resources and her showing of next year will well prove it.

BULLET IN HIS NECK

Watchman Found Dead in Montreal Warehouse.

A Montreal despatch says: Joseph Carpentier, 55 years of age, a watchman for the Simplex Railway Supply Association, was found dead in the warehouse on Sunday morning with a bullet wound in his neck and a revolver beside him. The cause of the tragedy is not known, but it is believed to have been a case of suicide.

John Davis, of Tarrytown, N. Y., was stricken dumb after drinking two glasses of beer.

NEWS ITEMS

Telegraphic Briefs From All Over the Globe.

CANADA.

S. H. Garrard, Guelph, has celebrated his 94th birthday and is still active.

For the first time in four years the Canada Sugar Refining Co., of Montreal, has received a cargo of raw cane sugar from Demarara.

Brantford coal dealers are experiencing considerable difficulty in securing adequate supplies of coal and fear another shortage next winter.

According to a statement at the C. P. R. freight offices at Montreal the congested condition of freight at different points is due to the short age of cars.

Fred J. Bailey, storehouseman at the Esquimaux naval yard, was shot and killed by Alfred J. Frith, an other employee, who had been discharged for drinking.

The governors of the Royal Canadian Humane Association at Hamilton have awarded a medal to Jacob Wagner for conspicuous courage in saving Guertion Lambe from drowning in the Welland Canal on August 2, 1902.

General Superintendent McGulgan is quoted by a Stratford paper as saying that the building of the proposed C. T. P. will mean the expenditure of probably \$1,500,000 in that city in the improvements and enlargement of the car shops.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Khedive of Egypt is in London.

London court will honor President Loubet with a banquet, state ball, and receptions.

Owing to the increased cost of raw material most of the cotton mills in Lancashire, Eng., have closed down for some days.

The Earl of Onslow, president of the Board of Agriculture, will follow Mr. Hanbury's policy and will not relax the embargo against Canadian cattle.

UNITED STATES.

Andrew Carnegie has given \$100,000 to Hamilton College.

The Independent Labor League of America, the "non-union" union, has issued a prospectus defining its aim and objects.

A convict was shot and killed and another was fatally wounded by guards at the Colorado penitentiary while the prisoners were trying to escape.

Judge Cardwell, of Jackson, Ky., who fined two men brought before him on the charge of firing an hotel has received notice of a threat of assassination.

Within less than a month in the State of Massachusetts there have been at least four deaths from glanders in human beings, and many cattle have died with the disease.

Wm. MacQueen, the English anarchist, who was one of the leaders in the riots last June at Paterson, N. J., has disappeared, and it is believed he is on his way back to England.

President Roosevelt has decided to transmit to the Russian Government the petition presented to him by the executive council of the Naib Rith regarding the treatment of Jews in Russia.

Between Chicago and Milwaukee there are spots where diamonds are said to be hidden, deposited there by glaciers. Alja Robinson, a professor of geology at Northwestern University, states he has discovered several.

Rabbi A. Levy of Chicago, believes that farming will be the salvation of the Jews, and states that they will flock to the country to become farmers in the future, hundreds of them being successful farmers in the State of Illinois now.

KING'S BIRTHDAY

London Gaily Decorated in Honor of the Occasion.

A London despatch says: King Edward's birthday was officially celebrated on Friday last in London and at all the home and naval military stations. All the Government buildings were decorated with flags, salutes were fired, the warships at all the ports dressed ship, and the troops were reviewed. The function was a very important one, the colors of the Horse Guard Parade, which the King attended on horseback. This was the first time he had ridden since his last illness. The parade ground presented a highly picturesque scene. Queen Alexandra, the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Albany, the Duchess of Connaught, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Khedive of Egypt, occupied seats in the central window of the Horse Guards building, while all the other vantage points were occupied by smartly dressed women, Cabinet Ministers, members of the House of Lords and House of Commons and others. Many Americans were present, including the staff of the United States Embassy and the American rifle.

The guidance of Major-General Lord Chesham.

The King, who wore the uniform of colonel of the Grenadiers Guards, rode on the ground surrounded by a brilliant staff, including the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cornwall, Field Marshal Lord Roberts, and others of the Headquarters staff, and an unusually large gathering of foreign military attaches. As his Majesty halted at the saluting base, the brass bands played the National Anthem. After an inspection of the troops, the ceremony of trooping the colors was carried out. Their Majesties returned to the Buckingham Palace, leaving the crowds along the route.

To Drive Tramps Out.

Government Issues a Circular to Police Magistrate Urging Severity.

Prompted by the murder of Glory Whalen at Collingwood, of which tramps are suspected, the Provincial Government is sending out a circular letter to the various police magistrates. The letter reads:

"The murder of an innocent child at Collingwood has again called attention to the danger arising from tramps and vagrants roaming about the country unchecked. Most of the burglaries and other crimes committed in various parts of the Province have been the work of tramps of the class that usually work along the railways and camp in barns on the outskirts of cities, towns and villages. It is desired that these men be driven out of the Province, and it is thought that the best way to attain this result is for the magistrates before whom any of these tramps are brought on charges of vagrancy to impose the full term of imprisonment in the Central Prison allowed by the law. The practice of giving them the option of a fine or leaving the municipality in a few hours has produced very unsatisfactory results. The department, therefore, desires you, when any of these men are brought before you, to administer the law strictly and rigorously, and the more so as good results have followed from the action taken along the lines indicated. The railway authorities are co-operating with the department, and I have to ask you at all times to assist the railway constables who may be acting in the cases mentioned."

Telephones for Farmers.

There has been quite a discussion lately in Parliament on the question of granting equal privileges to local telephone companies to those now granted to the Bell Co. The latter has a monopoly of the business in Canada, and has heretofore resisted the demands of local companies to form separate lines.

In this connection it is interesting to note what is being done in the United States. In some rural communities in Indiana as many as one hundred farmers had telephones in their houses connected with a switchboard at some central point, and from the central with trunk lines to the county seat.

The cost of putting in a 'phone was \$30, and each subscriber pays 25c. a month for the service. In addition to this the subscribers pay a superintendent \$50 a year for his services. In Iowa a company builds the line and charges each subscriber \$10 a year.

The farmers of the States mentioned are delighted with the telephone system. One farmer's mutual system in Iowa pays \$3 a year extra for city connection, and though they consider the price high they have no notion of discontinuing it.

The farmers find it a great convenience in harvest time to telephone to town for machinery repairs, and in case of sickness there is a great saving of time in getting the doctor to the bedside of the patient. By this system the farmers are also put in direct communication with the telegraph system.

There is no reason why such a system should not be put in operation in many communities here as well as in the States.

Spring Brook.

From Our Own Correspondent.

The C. O. R. has built a new station house, a very much needed accommodation.

School is over for seven weeks. The teachers have taken themselves to their several homes, and there is joy abroad over the land among the juveniles.

A man by the name of Twiddy, who resides at Crookston, was killed while at work on a section of the C. P. R. on Tuesday morning, a mile east from Springbrook.

Here is material for a sketch, but we have not time to fill it in. A little while ago a club in the hands of an angry woman—bruised ribs—case before the Police Magistrate. As a live dog is better than a dead lion, so is an angry woman more dangerous than a dead queen.

Rev. Herman McConnell of Weyburn, formerly of this place, is here with his bride, visiting relatives and friends of his boyhood days. We were pleased to have him with us at the Sabbath School and service through the day. He will occupy the pulpit on Sunday afternoon, July 12.

Rev. D. S. Houck spent Tuesday calling on friends in Springbrook. And says, don't fail to get one of Marmora's beautiful souvenirs for the 12th of July, like the sample of which Mr. Houck had with him.

July 5th will be children's day in this church. We hope to see it well filled with two kinds of flowers, some from our gardens, and many human buds from our homes. Rev. D. S. Houck and Rev. H. McConnell will address the congregation. Let there be a good turn out of children, and parents as well.

Miss Eva Anderson of Wellman's Corners, has a large music class in this place, with more being added all the time.

On July 15th the ladies branch of the Farmers' Institute will hold a meeting in I. O. O. F. hall for members in the afternoon. Tea will be served for members, after which two ladies from a distance will address a public meeting. All are welcome in the evening.

A sea serpent has been seen in Lake Huron, near Southampton. The story is vouched for by responsible parties who say the reptile was at least 40 feet in length.

TRAINING A LION.

A Daring Performance That Had a Very Simple Explanation.

Not long ago a lion tamer who was exhibiting in a German circus in Holland attracted immense crowds at every performance by doing what seemed to be the most daring of acts in the lions' cage. He would climb into the cage with great pieces of meat and throw it to the roaring beasts. The moment they had leaped upon it he would spring among them and put his foot on it. The animals would growl furiously, and then, just as the spectators were all waiting breathlessly, expecting that the beasts would tear him to pieces, they would shrink back, cowed. After he had repeated this exciting act for many days an Englishman made a wager with him for a big sum of money that he would not dare to do it after the lions had been starved for three days. The trainer considered for a moment and then accepted the wager, making only the condition that he be allowed to have three weeks of preparation.

At the end of three weeks the trainer announced that he was ready, and the process of starving the lions began. The Englishman kept guards posted around the cage day and night to make certain that not a morsel of food should be given to the animals. At the expiration of the three days all Amsterdam rushed to the circus. The lions were maddened with hunger, as any one could see and hear, for they roared continually, and their attempts to break through the bars showed how angry they had become. In the height of the uproar the trainer entered the cage with an immense piece of beef in his arms. He tossed it on the floor of the cage, raised his whip and, lo, not one lion dared to approach it. The mighty brutes lay crouched, roaring and growling so hard that their great frames shook, and each kept his terrific yellow eyes fixed hungrily on the meat. But not one of them stirred.

The trainer stooped, lifted the beef and tossed it to them again, and in a moment the lions were in a great tawny ball, rending and snarling and tearing, with blood from the mangled beef spurting all over the cage. The Englishman paid his bet and then tried to find out how the lion tamer had acquired such wonderful control over his beasts. At first the man would not tell, but at last he consented to explain it. During the three weeks' period of preparation he had always starved the lions from the very beginning. Then, on the fourth day, he would enter the cage with a piece of beef which had been soaked in kerosene oil. The lions would not sooner pounce upon it than they would shrink away, sickened by the stench. Then he would throw them a fresh and good piece of beef, which they would devour in a moment. The lions soon became so accustomed to expecting that the first piece of beef that was thrown to them was not good that at the end of three days they would not even move from their corners when the trainer threw it on the floor of the cage. They would not try to eat anything except the second piece. So the daring trick had a very simple explanation.

A Test of Refinement.

The truest test of refinement is a uniform regard for the welfare and interests and feelings of others. There is a refinement which is by education, but in each case the sure indications of refinement are the same. You can recognize the difference between those who have and those who lack refinement by their bearing in a crowd. In a street car or in a market or in a thronged highway than in a drawing room. A person of true refinement takes up the less and claims the less concession and is readier to yield position than an unrefined person. The way in which a man carries a cane or umbrella in a crowd settles the question in his case. And again the keeping of one's market basket in the way, or out of it, as at the busiest market hour, is an infallible test of the bearer's inner grain. And so in many other minor matters.

Silk Culture in Italy.

About 500 A. D. Persians first brought silkworm eggs concealed in the head of a hollow staff to Constantinople. Thence silk culture spread in Greece. A little later conquest carried it to Sicily. From there to Italy it was but a step. Soil, climate, people suited it. The industry took root, grew, thrived and continues to this day. The thrifty peasant manages to get silk and oil and wine from the same small holding. First he plants his mulberry trees, sixteen feet each way; next he prunes the hedges into a hollow cup and trains his vines all over them, and finally around the edge he sets a shelter of olive trees. So all seasons bring him labor and the reward of it.

Forgotten, but Not Lost.

"My dear," said Mr. Peewyhub, venturing to put in a word as she paused for breath, "may I ask what you are scolding about?"

"I can't remember it just now," replied his frate spouse. "You've driven it out of my head. But if I hadn't a good reason for it do you suppose I'd be as mad as I am?"

And she broke loose again.

The Only Difference.

"De difference between de man dat's agerlin' on perpetual motion," said Uncle Eben, "an' de man dat's workin' a system to bout de runnin' de dat de perpetual motion man didn't hab no money in de fua' place."

Between the party of the first part and the party of the second part there's many a sorrow sanctioned by law.—Schoolmaster.

For the Housekeeper.

A PRACTICE ALPHABET.

Always use the same size cup in measuring everything for the article you are making.

Be sure and have a good fire, and not let it get low about the time bread is ready for the oven.

Cut slices of bread evenly, and not too thin.

Dare to use a little less spice and sugar than a recipe calls for.

Engage earnestly in every household work if you expect success.

Find a better place for cooking utensils than under the sink.

Good bread of entire wheat should be the staple, and the maker thereof should take a family prize every three months.

Health is in well prepared, nutritious food. It is economy of time to wash the baking dishes as soon as done with them.

Juices of fruits are more wholesome than jams and jellies.

Kindling wood should always be ready, and plenty of it.

Lamps for pantry and kitchen are more convenient when set in brackets.

Molasses is a heavy sweet for frequent use and not good for bread and beans.

Nuts should be well masticated, or finely ground if served in place of meat.

Other foods are better than puddings and cakes.

Prepare your fire at night ready for lighting in the morning.

Quiet nerves will be the result of orderly plans in the kitchen.

Restless, uneasy children often become so from indulgence in eating between meals.

Salt your food as little as possible.

There is death in the dishcloth, kill it by scalding on a crumpled cloth.

Utensils for cooking cannot be too thoroughly washed.

Vegetables should be cooked in as little water as possible.

Water cannot be too fresh and pure for cooking uses.

X-exercise your highest skill in everything you prepare for the table.

Youth will set her seal upon a wrinkled face if one is cheerful and properly fed.

Zeal in one's work is the way to make it light.

& never a troublesome piece of drudgery.

Mr. Wm. McDougall, of Montreal, died at the Hotel Royal, Marmora, on Thursday of last week. He was 58 years of age.

The Department of Agriculture has made an arrangement with the Grand Trunk Railway to supply refrigerator cars for the carriage of cheese.

SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION.

POSTPONED TO JULY 3rd.

The Eleventh Annual Convention of the Stirling, Rawdon and Marmora S. S. Association will be held in the Presbyterian Church, RYLISTONE, on FRIDAY, JULY 3rd, 1903, at 1.30 and 7.30 p.m.

PROGRAMME:

AFTERNOON SESSION.

- 1.30—Devotional Exercises, Rev. J. C. Bell
- 1.45—President's Address.
- 1.55—Who is Responsible for the Inefficient Teaching in the Sabbath School? Rev. D. S. Houck.
- 2.25—Discussion, led by Alex. Hume and B. C. Tucker.
- 2.40—Decision Day in the Sabbath School, Mrs. B. Williams.
- 3.15—Discussion.
- 3.20—The Grace of Giving in the Sabbath School, Rev. R. Duke.
- 3.50—Discussion, led by Jas. Scott and D. W. Roblin.
- 4.05—Collection. Reports and Pledges of Schools. Closing. Meeting of Executive.

EVENING SESSION.

- 7.30—Devotional Exercises, Rev. J. Moore.
 - 7.45—Temperance Teaching in the Sabbath School, Rev. J. C. Bell.
 - 8.15—Discussion, led by R. D. Rutherford and W. S. Martin.
 - 8.30—The Sabbath School as an Evangelizing Force in the Home, Rev. S. S. Burns.
 - 9.10—Discussion led by Geo. Simmons and T. E. Williams.
 - 9.25—Report of Executive and Introduction of Officers Elect.
 - 9.35—S. S. Equipment, - Geo. E. Kennedy.
 - 9.55—Discussion led by T. J. Thompson and I. Mettlejohn.
- Collection and Closing.
- Geo. A. JOHNSON, President. W. H. HEATH, Secretary.

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The Session Closed.

The longest session of the Ontario Legislature, for many years at least, was closed on Saturday last, when the Lieutenant-Governor declared the House prorogued. There have been 63 days of actual work, about thrice the average number, and recently they have partaken of the nature of a continuous performance, with sessions forenoon, afternoon and evening, which is quite an unusual proceeding, for more than a day or two. It is between 15 and 16 weeks since the opening occurred, but there was a three weeks' intermission in the meantime.

The session was born with Gage's sensational announcement that he had been bribed. It last breath was a motion to offer a reward of \$10,000 for information that would clear up the mystery. And that after almost \$100,000 have been spent for that purpose.

The debate on the report of the Gage Commissioners was concluded on Saturday morning, when the premier's motion that the report of the judges be adopted, was carried by a strict party vote of 41 to 37, with an amendment censuring Mr. Gage.

Clubbing List

THE NEWS-ARGUS will club with the following papers at the rates mentioned: The Weekly Globe, \$1.75. The Weekly Mail & Empire, with one premium picture, 1.75. The Weekly Sun, 1.80. The Family Herald & Weekly Star, with two premium pictures, 1.80.

Cranks

Judge—Let us get this thing right. You say this man whom we are examining is not insane and yet he is not in his right mind. How is that?

Witness—Lots of people, your honor, who are not insane are wrong minded about everything.

An Aid to Memory.

Sloppy—Doctor, if you will, I wish you would give me something to help my memory. I forget so easily. Doctor—Very well. I'll send you a bill every month.—Baltimore American.

In the Stilly Night.

"What is it?" the drugist sleepily inquired from his bedroom window. "This fish drug store, ain't it?" asked the man who had rung the night bell. "Yes. What do you want?" "Want to look in your city directory minute an' see where I live."

He Knew How.

Mr. Kidder—People say that it is impossible to find a needle in a haystack, but they're wrong. Mrs. Kidder—How would you go about it? Mr. Kidder—Walk across the stack in my stocking feet.

FROM UNDERSTUDY TO STAR

By RICHARD KANN

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The understudy clause in her contract was its one redeeming feature. Without that she would never have survived the twelve weeks of "one nights." The hope that some night she would be given an opportunity to sing the prima donna role buoyed her up.

But mere ambition was not alone responsible for her wish to make an entrance through the full chorus dressed "up stage" to do her honor, to sing the "Moon Song" that was always encored and to get first mention in the newspaper criticisms next day. There was something else quite as potent as ambition. It was a promise that if she remained a chorus girl for another season she would return to Bond Hill and the man with the large acreage whom her parents had selected.

And so, with a week stand in Denver looming up two days ahead, the season half over and no nearer to the leading role than when she left the east, she was frightfully blue, so gloomy, in fact, that she decided to tell Ned. He was the leading baritone. He had no need to be gloomy, and more than that, he was essentially resourceful. She called him to her side of the car.

"I haven't told you before," she began, "because I wasn't sure, but this is my last season."

"Wait until we begin to play the week stands," he said hopefully. "You'll feel better then."

He noticed suddenly that the leaves of the book in her lap were spotted with something. He looked up at her eyes. A rain cloud smile greeted him.

"It is really true," she said. Then she told him.

"And the other man," he asked anxiously—"don't you care for him?"

"I have promised," she said tearfully. "He is very nice, but I don't love him. They didn't like me to go out this season, but you know how hopeful I was."



"OBSERVE," SHE SAID TO NED, "THE ONE CARRIAGE AT THE STATION."

I thought that something might happen so that I could sing Miss Burton's role at least once, and if I sang it well."

"And if nothing does," he interrupted, "you will go back to Bond Hill and actually marry him?"

"I've given up hoping," she said. "Nothing will."

"Something might," he said. "Suppose something did?"

Her hand lay passive in his. The next day they reached Drexel, the last "one night" before the week at Denver.

"Observe," she said to Ned, "the one carriage at the station."

"It is in Miss Burton's contract," said Ned, "that she is to have a carriage to and from her hotel to the stations at every stand. It is one of the advantages of being a prima donna."

As she looked somewhat enviously at the carrying out of the clause of the contract that stood in her way, so to speak, a bustling advance man hurried to the carriage and ordered the driver to be at Miss Burton's hotel in time to make the 10-20 train for Denver Monday morning.

"I shall walk," she said sadly, "and I shall carry a little brown bag. After I have walked to probably a hundred more trains I shall at last walk to a train to Bond Hill, where, ever after, I shall ride in carriages."

"You told me," said Ned, "that if you ever had a chance to sing the lead Bond Hill would be postponed. And then perhaps?"

"Little boy," she interrupted, "I'm not to have a chance to sing it. And I've rehearsed it until I've two more notes than I had at the beginning of the season."

"If you could sing it in Denver," he said soberly, "they might engage you for something better—if you sang it to please them," he added.

"If I sang it to please them indeed," she pouted. Then the tears welled up. "It isn't a question of singing it well, Ned," she declared. "It's a question of singing it at all. I only want the chance—only the chance."

"If you sang it tomorrow night," he began, "you would have been a prima donna only for a night. Then you wouldn't need to go back to Bond Hill, and there wouldn't be any reason why you and I—"

"If any dire thing happens to Miss Burton," she declared, "and I do sing tomorrow night, then there will be no reason why I shouldn't do anything."

"Then you promise?" he asked her. "Doesn't Miss Burton look healthy and strong?" she answered.

There was confusion on the train carrying the company from Drexel to Denver before twenty-five miles of the 200 mile run over the mountains had been covered. No prima donna was on board, nor was there another train reaching Denver before 9:30 that night, which was too late to hold a curtain for any one. Miss Burton for the first time that season had missed a train. There seemed to be no other solution.

"I told the man to call for her with a carriage at 10:20," reiterated the advance man to everybody. "I couldn't do anything else."

"It begins to look," said Ned, "as if you might be forced to sing the part tonight."

The managers thought so too. She was taken by them to the baggage car, where trunks were hurriedly overhauled. Miss Burton's costumes, she knew, would not fit her. So they were ruthlessly cut up and cut down again to fit. In fact, she was so busy with the gowns and the music, which she ran over while she was not being fitted, that she was at the theater almost before she had time to think of any thing, even of Ned.

Denver didn't know that the very pretty girl who got three encores for the "Moon Song" was not Miss Burton. Denver didn't know Miss Burton anyway, so why tell it that it was hearing an understudy? thought the managers. But somehow, when the dramatic men got back to their offices, they found that some one had telephoned during their absence that Miss Burton had missed the train at Drexel, and that they had heard her understudy.

"We trust," one of them wrote the next morning, "that Miss Bondhill, who appeared in Miss Burton's stead last night, will continue in the part during the week. It would be hardly possible to improve upon her work."

Miss Burton, greatly excited, arrived at the theater in time to see the last act.

"It seems to me," she said, "that that horrid cabman purposely missed the train. It wouldn't surprise me to learn that some one had bribed him to leave me behind," she finished.

"Ned, did you hear what she said?" the understudy whispered.

"It occurred to me at Drexel," replied Ned blandly, "that it might be possible to do what she suggested was done."

"Ned, you don't mean"—she began.

"I mean," he interrupted, "when you sign your next prima donna contract don't have inserted in it a carriage clause. Some one else who didn't wish to return to Bond Hill might do it to you, and although I can't offer you carriages and acreage I can offer you a—"

"I don't care for carriages anyway," she said.

The word grotesque.

"Grotesque" is derived curiously from the word "grotto." Ancient Roman families often had artificial grottoes in their grounds, and these were decorated with quaint paintings and whimsical figures, such as we should term "grotesque." Commonly, these were fanciful and incongruous combinations of parts of plants or animals.

Conspicuous examples of the grotesque in classical art were the centaurs, a horse's body joined to a man's head and shoulders; the griffin, a monster combining a lion and an eagle, and Scylla, a sea monster, with woman's head and fish's tail, a peril, as ancient poets sang, to mariners sailing between Sicily and Italy. In medieval times her place in grotesque art was taken by the mermaid, a more poetical fancy.

The middle ages used the grotesque chiefly in ecclesiastical gargoyles, the best of which are the "devils" of Notre Dame referred to in Victor Hugo's "Quasimodo." The idea of the devil as a man with horns, hoofs and a tail is probably drawn from grotesque art.

Hardy Meat Eaters.

Many races of men live entirely on animal food, and these are the most hardy and from all I have been able to gather on the subject the most free from diseases of all kinds. Sir Francis Head says of the Pampas Indians: "They are all horsemen, or, rather, pass their lives on horseback. In spite of the climate, which is burning hot in summer and freezing in winter, these brave men, who have never yet been subdued, are entirely naked and have not even a covering for their head. They live together in tribes, each of which is governed by a cacique, but they have no fixed place of residence. Where the pasture is good they are to be found until it is consumed by their horses, and they then instantly move to a more verdant spot. They have neither bread, fruit nor vegetables, but their subsist entirely on the flesh of their manes."—Gentleman's Magazine.

His Arduous Duties.

Captain Sigbee tells of a conversation he once overheard between two men who were arguing as to who had the least work to do on board a man-of-war.

"It's the chaplain," said the first.

"How'd you make that out?" asked the second.

"Because he ain't got no work to do and all day to do it in."

The second marine snorted his disgust. "You ain't got it right, Jack," said he. "It's the cap'n of marines."

"How's that?"

"Well, me boy, as you say, the chaplain's got nothin' to do and all day to do it in, but the cap'n of marines, ain't got anything to do and all day to do it in and a lieutenant of marines to help him do it."

TOGETHER WITH THE TWO HEADED CALF

By CALEB BROWN

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"What do you think?" queried Job Parsons, hired man to the widow Thompson, as he brought the foaming milk pails into the farmhouse kitchen one morning in May.

"I think you've been half an hour too long in milking three cows," she replied as she took the pails from him.

"Widder Thompson," said Job with mock solemnity and his hat in his hand, "I have the honor to inform you that you are the sole owner of one of the greatest living curiosities on the face of this earth. Come out and behold the only two headed calf ever born in a state of captivity."

It was true. The widow rushed down to the barnyard to find the old spotted cow chewing her cud in contentment, while frisking around her and looking at the world from two different standpoints was a two headed calf. Nature had produced a wonderful freak. There was only one body, supplied with the usual number of legs and a proper length of tail, but the neck was ornamented with two perfect heads, and two separate mouths bleated welcome to the woman who held up her hands in amazement.

"My stars, Job, but what is it!" she exclaimed as the hired man followed along.

"It's sunthin' to make you famous the world over," he replied. "It won't

be a month before you will be better known than Queen Victoria. People will come a thousand miles to see this two headed calf, and you'll have at least five offers of marriage a day."

"I want no offers of marriage, and if this calf is to bring a lot of people around here asking questions I'll have you kill it right off."

But the widow wasn't in earnest in what she said. She had been looking out for an offer for the last five years, and she liked nothing better than half an hour's gossip with a tin padder or a lightning rod man. As she gazed at a lightning rod man, who tried to return her gaze with his four eyes at once, she saw possibilities in the future and returned to the house with a smiling countenance.

Before noon every farmer for five miles around had heard of the living curiosity and visited the farm; within two days half the people in the county had taken a view and congratulated the widow. The matter got into the local paper and was republished far and wide, and most of the papers wound up the two headed tale by saying:

"We understand that the widow Thompson is a well preserved, intelligent woman of forty, and there are rumors that she may assume the bonds of matrimony again at no distant date."

People came by the hundreds, as Job had predicted, and letters came by the score. But the offers of marriage didn't accompany them. In her secret heart the widow had determined that that calf should bring her a husband. Being a two headed calf he ought to bring her two offers, and she would take her choice.

Peddlers, lightning rod men, sewing machine agents and prospectors for natural gas looked over the fence at that calf and offered a price, but their figures were not accepted. Purchasing agents for side-shows, museums and circuses viewed the curiosity from every side and made liberal offers, but went away disappointed. None of them had the good luck to discover that the widow and the calf were one and indivisible, that where was the two and the widow's hand and heads went the calf's head and heart followed. If any of them had a heart suspicion, he was barred out by having a wife already on his hands.

But at the end of four weeks there came a solemn faced man. The widow's heart had begun to flutter with expectation when the stranger observed:

"My good woman, it may not be unknown to you that a camp meeting is to be held in Hickory Grove, four miles away, next month. To be a success a camp meeting must have no competition, no rival. In this instance it is the general feeling that should your two headed calf continue on exhibition our ladies in the vineyard will be brought to naught. In other words, the rivalry will outweigh the services of the Lord's servants."

—Emerson.

HALF THE PEOPLE IN THE COUNTY HAD CONGRATULATED HER.

Mr. Jenkins was spending a day at home battling with a toothache and making things generally animated for his family.

"Good gracious! How hot it is in this room, and what a noise that radiator is making!" he cried as he entered his wife's sewing room, to which she had retreated for a few moments' respite from the strenuous life in the library.

"I suppose this sort of thing goes on every day when I am not at home to attend to matters. No wonder you all feel cold when you go outdoors!" muttered the sufferer as he drew out the little plug cock and the steam escaped with a rush.

"Now you see how simple!" began Mr. Jenkins, but just then the rush of steam changed to a trickle of water, rapidly increasing in volume. He endeavored to replace the plug.

"Hang it!" he roared as he dropped the plug and assumed a variety of attitudes, nursing his fingers. "Here I've scalded myself to death, and the water is running over the floor, and nobody stirring! Run to the telephone, somebody, and call up the plumber and tell him to send a man here directly, and—in the name of common sense, Mary, why don't you get some cloths instead of— What are you laughing at?"

"Why don't you try turning off the steam?" she asked in a tremulous voice.

"As Stupid as a Donkey."

When one boy tells another not to make "an ass" of himself or says that the other is as stupid as a donkey, or as obstinate as a mule, he does not mean the remark as a compliment, mean the remark as a compliment, and the other boy never accepts it for one. But is the ass anything like so animal? Is the ass anything like so animal? Is the ass anything like so animal? Is the ass anything like so animal?

There are donkeys that seem to show a contempt for the human understanding by not always caring to do what a human being asks of them, but make a donkey love you, and you will find him docile enough. There are stupid donkeys and intelligent donkeys, as there are stupid and intelligent horses, dogs and—persons. An ass has never been known to do anything so absolutely silly as to make it excusable to give the poor creature the bad name he has borne for ages. He is patient. He is long suffering. Much abuse makes him appear indifferent to the treatment he receives. It is, however, a little too unjust to suppose that he is originally stupid because his inhuman master is cruel.—Our Animal Friends.

Man's Future.

A man is a bundle of relations, a knot of roots, whose flower and fruitage is the world. All his faculties refer to natures out of him. All his faculties predict the world he is to inhabit, as the fins of the fish foretell that water exists or the wings of the eagle in the egg presuppose a nest he will build. In other words, you destroy him. He cannot live without a world.

—Emerson.

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Man's Future.

The Water Cure

The weather had been some atrocious, and what with that and a close application to business, I had got a bit out of sorts. So I determined to run out of town for a while and try country life. My relatives and friends are always complaining that I am too exclusive, too retiring. I ought to be kinder and more sociable, and here was a good and fitting opportunity. I would go and spread myself on Murphy, a cousin of mine, who has a house out in the wilds of Essex. It would do Murphy good—possibly; anyhow, it would be a change for me, and knowing Murphy pretty intimately I had a sort of idea that after a day or two of this remedy for my complaint I might come to prefer the complaint.

So I sent him a line, and he replied with a warm invitation to come in the manner of a man, and went by the Great Eastern Railway, that being the handiest and the only means—but of course Murphy did not mean it in that sense.

Mrs. Murphy and family were away; but my cousin thought he could fix me up comfortably, and promised me a most enjoyable time. Just what sort of a "nice, enjoyable time" I did get I'll tell you presently, for I am a man with a grievance—a strong, healthy, robust grievance that rears up on his hind legs, and speaks and clamors for publicity—and I don't care who knows it!

"This is your room, old chap," Murphy said, as he showed me in. "I think you'll be all right. Good-night. You needn't get up till you want to."

This was most kind of my relative, and I appreciated it, for if there is one thing more than another I do detest it is the having to get up at a specified time, especially on winter mornings. I prefer to consult my own inclinations, and to rise just when I feel that I have had sufficient of bed for one go.

In this particular case I rose long before I had sufficient bed, and without consulting my own inclinations; in fact, it seemed to me at the time that I had barely blown out my candle, and adjusted the pillow, when Murphy commenced a furious fusillade on the door. It must have been longer than this, because I had gone to bed at twelve, and it was striking four when I sat up and tried to recall my wits.

"Do come and give us a hand, there's a good chap," I heard Murphy petition, in quavering accents that suggested child night air and scanty attire.

"What's up?" I yelled, turning out and unlocking the door. "Light it was cold."

"A pipe's burst in the bathroom," replied my cousin. "There's a regular river flowing down into my bedroom."

Good-nature and a capability of quickly grasping things are amongst my nobler qualities.

"Flow on, thou shining river," I quoted, "meanwhile I'll get into some clothing, and you run down and bring a hammer, old chap. We'll soon stop this frolic."

Murphy departed to do my bidding, and I went down to take a preliminary survey of the work in hand. I was thoroughly awake by that time, and in a fairly contented frame of mind. I whistled cheerily to myself, and stepped jauntily along the passage on my mission of rescue. Two minutes later I stopped whistling, I had walked into a pool of clear, cold water, that reached up over my ankles; and as I scrambled back to my room again after a candle I began to realize that the job in hand contained a few possible elements of discomfort, and sobered down accordingly.

Did you ever walk unexpectedly into a pellicled puddle outside your bedroom door at dead of night? It is a queer sensation, and one that I can recommend to those individuals who complain of being too dry, and want something more satisfactory to complain about, and is calculated to cause them into an activity that cannot be too good for their health.

By the time I had finished talking to myself about the matter, Murphy came up with the hammer, and, not being selfish, I resolved to share my late experience with him.

"It will freshen him up," I reflected. "The poor fellow looks worried, and a little tonic effect of that nature will do him good."

Moved by this kindness, I could spare a thought for another as much as a moment of personal discomfort. I suggested to Murphy to lead the way, and picked up the candle to follow. I arrived on the landing with the light about the same moment that Murphy started to mop up the floor with his foot gear, and, for a respectable family man of good standing, I must confess his remarks were strongly to be deprecated. He stood right in the stream in the pride of his manhood, and strength and scanty attire, and inveighed against the owners and builders of dwellings generally, and at his own in particular, in a way that made me shudder—as much as I could for laughing that is. It was a matter of some little surprise to me that the whole tribe of jerry builders don't get into the water, and be utterly swept from off the face of the earth, so powerful was his denunciation.

I told him he must have been an ass not to have seen the water, and tried to explain that it was risky for such a delicately nurtured individual as he to go in for cold baths in the winter time.

But Murphy wasn't in a fit state to listen to reason then, so I opened the door, was met by a stream of water that swamped me in an icy flood.

Then Murphy laughed. He's got a nice taste in humor, has my cousin.

sin, and I tell him that to discover anything worth knowing in such a case argued a weakness of intellect on the part of the discoverer that, as a relative, I was sorry to observe in him. I told him a lot more besides this, but my half sorrowful and wholly indignant expostulations were met by more and more violent outbursts of the most insane chuckling it has ever been my misfortune to listen to. I got quite wild with him at last, and suggested that perhaps he had better go and get another light, for I had dropped the candle in my great surprise, and let us finish the job, unless he would prefer to have the water go frolicking round his drawing-room, in which case I would get back to bed again and wait there, in comparative comfort, until reason—his reason, what there was of it—should have once more mounted her throne.

"It isn't much to brag about in the way of dynasty," said I, scathingly referring to the "throne"; "but in your saner moments you are a tolerable idiot. Just at present you are a helpless, hopeless, incurable ass, and the spectacle of your folly makes me feel sick."

That sobered him; or it may have been the casual reference to his language was figurative, and a thought as to the view Mrs. Murphy would be likely to take of the soddened carpet, and the damp destruction around her cherished apartment, or it may have been the fact that I had said "idiot," and the best straightened him up. At the best my language was figurative, and I knew well that any spectacle I beheld could only be mentally, for it was too dark to see a hand before your face in the ordinary, rational, everyday manner, through the medium of one's eyes.

But whatever the cause, the result was the same, and satisfactory. With an ejaculation of dismay, Murphy dashed down the stairs, and I had the satisfaction of hearing him go "flap, splash, flap, splash," through the rushing water, while a pilgrimage after drenched and shivering, and thought evil things of all that appertained to jerry-built houses in the winter season.

In a marvellously short space of time Murphy was back with the matches, and, under more precaution this time, we managed to locate the leak.

Then Murphy started to tinker at it with the hammer, while I held the light and endeavored to dodge the fountains that played around us. If it hadn't been so cold, I could have alighted with his delicate little four-pound cold hammer.

He did wonderful things with that pipe, and the water, and himself. First, he closed the pipe from underneath, and sent the jets upward, over the ceiling. Then he heaved it down again, and played it round his head, and then, not satisfied with this, he tried once again, and this time received a shower in his bosom.

"Go it, old man!" I remarked to encourage him. "Now give us a zig-zag and a catharine-wheel finish. Hadn't I better go and get a raft or something? We shall need it if this is going to last much longer."

"Confound the thing!" he replied, testily. "I can't stop it. You have a try."

I did! Taking the hammer, and bidding him stand clear, I raised it and struck. My idea of plumbing may have been crude, but just then I showed him hammer after a neat and shiny job. What I really pined for was to get back to a condition of warmth and dryness.

All the same, the man who built those houses ought to be ashamed of himself. The next door people were burning a gas-pipe in their bathroom, probably with the idea of keeping the frost out of the pipes; and when I managed to get the hammer out of the wall it—the gas I mean, not the hammer—served to illuminate both apartments.

"Oh! whatever will the landlord say?" groaned Murphy.

"Hang the landlord, with my compliments and regrets that I couldn't do it myself," I yelled. I was irritated a bit by having missed the pipe after all, and still more so by diverting the stream over myself.

"Take that, and that, and that!" I yelled, and then, "Don't, Bob, don't!" my cousin petitioned.

"It's done now," I replied, soothingly. And it was. There was an extra yard or two of hole in the wall, it is true; but the pipe was nicely flattened together, and the leakage was stopped. "There!" I said, proudly. "That's the way to fix a job of that sort. Plumbing Made Easy; or, Every Man His Own Plumber!" I call that.

Murphy looked thoughtful; but, seeing that the damage was done, he

only sighed sadly, and proposed going back to bed again.

It was a quarter to twelve when I got down to breakfast. Murphy was waiting for me, and the result of the night's frolic in him was apparent to the most casual observer. He had got a violent toothache, which I couldn't see, and a swollen face, which I could. He smiled a welcome as I entered the room, and the effect was something awful. A face and a half is not adapted for smiling purposes, and I advised him to drape it with art maslin or something, and to keep it quiet for a while.

The man next door came round while we were at breakfast, and made a most absurd fuss over the hole in his wall. Murphy tried to point out that it was healthier that way.

You often hear of people being smothered in bathrooms just simply for want of a little ventilation," he said kindly. "Besides, we've got a vested interest in the hole as well as you, and we don't grumble."

The man wouldn't listen to reason, however, so I advised Murphy to smile over him a bit. Murphy did so, and the man fled horror-stricken from the house, and I crept under the table and waited for the show to close.

I had an awful bother with Murphy that morning. It wasn't altogether his fault, perhaps, but rather that I couldn't quite make up my mind which way I liked him. When he sighed and groaned sorrowful stairs, the effect was simply ghastly, and I had to beg him to cheer up and look happy. And then, when he recollected his duties as host, and, in response to my appeals, summed a general aspect of sick nursing, and went to bed for the remainder of the week. I put in the other on the sofa in the breakfast room.

Once or twice Murphy remarked that he thought I should find my visit dull and monotonous, and tried to drag me to look at the neighborhood, and places of local interest; but he didn't get me on, and the one and only time I left his house was to take the train back home.—Pearson's Weekly.

Landlord—"In one word, when are you going to pay your arrears?" Hard-up Author—"I will satisfy your demands as soon as I receive the money which the publisher will pay me if he accepts the novel I am going to send him as soon as the work is finished, which I am about to commence when I have found a suitable subject and the necessary inspiration."

Husband—"Are you aware, my dear, that it takes three-fourths of my salary to meet your dressmaker's bills?" Wife—"Goodness gracious! What do you do with all the rest of your money?"

Estelle—"Ah! His proposal was just like a dream. A dream? Well, you ought to know, dear; you've been dreaming of that proposal for years."

Tommy—"How does Jimmy like his job?" Johnnie—"Oh, he says there's nothin' the matter with it except the pay, an' the hours, an' the work."

"Yes, sir," said the man in the cell, "time was when I was admitted to the very best houses." "And what brought you here?" "They caught me coming out."

She—"You make love like a novice." He—"Then we're both defective. I ought to make love like an expert and you ought not to know the difference."

In 1812 there were only 400 people in the United Kingdom with incomes of £5,000 a year and over. To-day nearly 4,000 people enjoy this income.

Youth—"That fellow has some queer ideas, and he actually called me a donkey when I ventured to dispute them." Friend—"Yes, it's one of his absurd notions that he can judge people by their looks."

There are seven different branches of the Wesleyan Church in England; but the Wesleyan Methodists exceed in numbers the other four combined.

About theHouse

VARIOUS RECIPES.

Salt Cod Fish.—Wash the pieces and soak for several hours, over night, if it is very dry. Put the skin side up to let the salt escape more freely. Change the water and set on the stove where it will not boil for at least an hour. Increase the heat gradually after the flesh begins to be tender, and let simmer for ten minutes at the least. Half an hour before serving lift the fish from the water and cover closely to keep hot until wanted. Return the water to the fire and use it for cooking "Scornet potatoes."

Scornet Potatoes.—Scrub and pare the potatoes and lay them in cold water for two hours before cooking. Drop them into boiling water from which salt codfish was taken, and boil gently until tender, about 30 minutes. Try them with a sharp pointed knife. It will not break them like a fork. Drain off all the water and sprinkle with a little more salt. Dry off on a hot plate for two or three minutes before serving.

Boiled Sauce.—Cook two table-spoons flour and two table-spoons of butter till well parched. Add one pint of boiling water; beat well and boil five minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste and just before serving as much butter as will blend, about three table-spoons. Stir three times, and add eggs coarsely chopped and serve at once.

Carrots in Lemon Butter.—Scrape the carrots, cut in one inch sections and soak in cold water till crisp. Cook in six times their measure of boiling salted water till tender, then place with a broom straw. Drain and return to a hot place with one table-spoon butter, one-half table-spoon salt, one teaspoon sugar and a dust of pepper for each pint of carrots. Let it simmer covered until the butter has been absorbed. Pour over one table-spoon lemon juice and one teaspoon chopped parsley just before sending to the table.

Ginger Pudding.—One-third cup butter, well creamed, with one-half cup sugar, whisk in one egg well beaten, mix and sift 2½ cups flour, ¾ level table-spoons baking powder, one cup milk, and one cup dry preserved ginger, cut small. Steam two hours in a buttered mold.

Spiced Currants.—These form one of the most delicious meat relishes that the garden affords. Take two pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar, a teaspoonful each of mace and cloves, and the same of allspice, of cinnamon, and a small piece of ginger root. Use the ground spices and put them in a muslin bag with half a dozen peppercorns, and then put them into the boiled and skimmed vinegar and sugar. While hot, put the currants in and allow them to cook gently for about ten minutes. Then put all into a stone jar, cover it and pour acid to cover. The next day drain all the liquor from the currants, heat it and pour it (boiling hot) over the fruit again. Do this for six consecutive days, boiling down the liquor the last time till there is just enough left to cover the fruit.

BLUEBERRY BAKINGS.

Blueberry Muffins.—Sift together three cups sifting flour, three level table-spoons baking powder, one heaping teaspoon sugar and one scant teaspoon salt. Beat one egg until light, and add 1½ cups milk. Make a hole in the center of the flour and gradually pour in the liquid, mixing in the flour slowly. The batter should be kept very smooth, and should be about as thick as cake batter. Add two level table-spoons melted butter, and lastly stir in two cups floured blueberries. Bake in muffin rings. Serve hot with plenty of good butter.

Blueberry Shortcake.—Sift together one quart flour, one scant teaspoon salt, and one level table-spoon baking powder, and one table-spoon sugar. Rub in three table-spoons butter, and add enough milk to make a soft dough. Mix quickly and put it into a buttered baking tin. Bake in a quick oven. When done, split the cake in halves, and spread each layer of sweetened blueberries between the two halves. Heap the berries over the top, and smother the cake in whipped cream flavored with lemon. Serve at once.

TO LIGHT A DARK HALL.

A woman who has long found the narrow hall of her house dark, and difficult to treat in any way that attracted the entrance to the residence attractive, has transformed it to its great improvement, by letting in a great deal of light from the parlor side. This opposite the parlor door, and the light from that apartment, falling on the hall, its reflected back into the hall to the apartment, the light is so much better lighted while the apartment is in use. The hall is, of course, unframed, and is fitted in between cornice and baseboard, and finished at the sides with a flat moulding that seems a part of the woodwork. The value of this treatment is not realized until it is tried. Often a blank stretch of wall that seems a hopeless stretch of space may offer the transforming opportunity. Care must be taken not to overdo the treatment in such a way as to create the effect of a hotel corridor or public hall, but a judiciously used under the care of a good architect, the plan is to be commended.

TWO WHEAT MEAL DESSERTS.

Mix ½ pint milk with 4 pint water. Pour half of this into a saucepan and boil. Mix four ounces wheat meal with the remainder of the mixture of milk and water, and

make into a batter. Add sugar and any kind of spice to taste. Pour this into the boiling milk and water and cook for five minutes. Then pour into a mold that has been rinsed with cold water. Serve with cold water. Add sugar and boil five minutes. Pour into a cold, wet mold.

Fruit Mold.—Stew well any kind of summer fruit, rub through a sieve, thicken with wheat meal, allowing four ounces meal to each pint of fruit juice. Add sugar and boil five minutes. Pour into a cold, wet mold.

FOR A FEW CENTS.

As pleasing and dainty a piece of fancy work as can be made for the trifling sum of 12½ cents, is a lambrequin for the foundation of which 14 yards of good unbleached muslin are used. The goods should be evenly divided in the middle and then sewed together so as to form a long scarf. Begin on one end and draw the threads until about 6 inches of the muslin are left; then decorate with sprays of flowers drawn with inks made from dyes. Violets are especially pretty on the cream-colored background. Tie the fringe into fancy knots and it is completed.

TO KEEP ICE

For the sick, cut a piece of clean flannel (white is best), about ten inches square. Place this over the top of a glass pitcher or fruit jar, pressing the flannel down half way round the vessel, binding it to the throat with a string. Put the ice into the flannel cup and lay another piece of flannel folded several times upon the ice. Arranged thus, it will keep many hours.

STRIKE IN WEST AFRICA.

The Kroos Demand Higher Wages For Their Work.

The Kroos are a fine, muscular, industrious lot of fellows who are almost indispensable in the foreign trade with West Africa. They make excellent sailors and are unsurpassed in the art of transporting freight through the surf between ships and the shore. Stanley engaged a lot of them to go to the Congo and help him start his stations along the river. Everybody wishes them well, because they supply the best kind of native African labor. They live along the coast of Liberia.

The New Africa, an interesting journal published in Monrovia, brings the news, however, that the Kroos have a grievance and have gone on strike. They think their wages are not adequate for the hard work they do, and many other persons will agree with them.

How would our longshoremen like to work for a pittance of 24 cents a day? This is the exact sum these stout, willing black men receive, and it is all the steamships are willing to pay. The men demanded 36 cents a day, and as their demand was not conceded they went on strike early this year. Such a thing is almost unheard of in tropical Africa, where trade unions and the walking delegate have not yet made their advent.

The result is that the trading steamers to Europe are having a hard time to get their freight handled. The editor of the New Africa, going along the coast on the Marie Woermann, found the Kroos at nearly every little port determined to compel their employers to recognize their demands. The vessel stopped at places where it was usually easy to secure a large number of hands, but this time only a few men were obtained, and these had evidently not heard that a strike had been declared. At last accounts the strike was still in progress.

Some of the prominent citizens of Monrovia say that the demands of the laborers are not unreasonable. Their work on the ships is of the heaviest kind. For years they have drudged all day long and have been required, when there was a rush of work, to labor far into the night, and all for a pittance of 24 cents a day! These sympathizers say that the service of the Kroos is at the most indispensable, and that it is a shame for a few additional cents a day is modest, and it would be simple justice to accept his terms and end the strike.

FRANCE IN THE SAHARA.

The Oasis of Figuig on the Edge of the Desert.

The French Governor of Algeria went, a few weeks ago, on a mission to the little oasis of Figuig, a green spot on the edge of the Sahara, belonging to Morocco, a few miles west of the Algerian frontier. Before he near the French possessions, France has for years exerted some influence over Figuig. The Governor was therefore very much astonished when he arrived and found that he received by the natives with a fusillade. He had not provided for this kind of reception and retired in good order, but with his official dignity somewhat sullied.

The Algerian Government at once sent 5,000 men by rail from Oran to punish the natives who had thus insulted the French flag. The rail road took the troops to within short march of the oasis and it was attacked, the natives were put to flight, and they are now expected humbly to sue for peace.

The oasis is very small and has only about 15,000 inhabitants. They have had a great reputation for prowess and had held the belief that if it came to blows they could whip the French. The fact that the French had not seized the oasis contributed to their conviction that France would not dare to attack it. They have been undeceived.

The despatches have been a little confused with regard to the nomenclature of this small district. There is no settlement called Figuig, the name being applied only to the oasis itself. The largest of the nine settlements is Zengaga, at the southern-west corner, which is the seat of the local government, and the largest mosque now destroyed by French guns, was a very

local government, and the largest mosque now destroyed by French guns, was a very

CONSPICIOUS OBJECT.

It was upon Zengaga that those guns were turned, and, according to all reports, the other settlements were not molested.

The oasis occupies the worst possible position for defense. It is entirely surrounded by hills, and the natives had not occupied any upon their verdant area they were of course wholly and well armed troops that might climb the hills. These elevations completely enclose the plain covered with date palms, which lies from 600 to 1,300 feet below the hill crests. The oasis is less than three miles in length and not much over a mile in width at its broadest part. Scattered over this little space are about 200,000 date palm trees which constitute the wealth of the little community.

The business affairs of the oasis are administered by the general assembly of all the villages, which usually meets only four times a year. The mosques and schools are famous throughout the southern Sahara and are frequented by students and the pious from far and near.

As the oasis lies close to the Algerian frontier, it has for years served as a refuge for rebels and deserters from the French colony, and thus acquired a political importance out of all proportion to its size and population. It is not very likely that the French will annex the oasis, for they are now currying favor with the Moroccan Government. They are very eager to have influence in the political affairs of the country and to build a railroad through the great east and west valley of Morocco into Algeria. They have, however, taught the natives a lesson, which the latter are not likely soon to forget.

LOST IN THE GRASS.

An Englishwoman's Terrible Adventure in Japan.

There is surely no country half so travel weary in which the Occidental traveler expects so much delight and so little danger as Japan. Yet Mr. Ernest Foxwell has recently related a tale of terrible adventure experienced in Japan by an Englishwoman but a few days after her arrival. She was staying at a little country village among the hills, and had gone out in the morning to gather flowers. The path ran across the uplands, where there is a wild and lonely stretch of country extending for several miles; and the beauty of some wild flowers growing in the tall grass led her to leave the trail unthinkingly, and pressing farther and farther into the waving tangle of tall grass, and it reached above her head.

"If I had been a foot taller," she said, in telling her story, "I should have laughed and been out in a minute or two; but those few inches buried me alive."

Almost instantly I felt sick, as you do at the beginning of an earthquake; for although I must have been quite near the path, yet with the grass all round above my head there was no knowing what would happen. I might be going right away at that very moment, and the possibility came like a snake. I believe I lost my head at once. I could not think, so I kept moving one way, then another. But merely pushing through this tall, tough grass was a very tiring work, even if you are on sloping ground, and can judge where you will come out; and when it is level all round, the feeling that every step is probably burying you deeper. It was like being drowned."

It was until sunset, after a whole day in the blazing sun, without food or water, constantly wandering, that she was able to find her way out, and when it was taken out of you from the feeling that every step is probably burying you deeper. It was like being drowned."

It was until sunset, after a whole day in the blazing sun, without food or water, constantly wandering, that she was able to find her way out, and when it was taken out of you from the feeling that every step is probably burying you deeper. It was like being drowned."

CONSCIENCE.

"Look here! are you the man I gave a square meal to one cold, bleak February morning?"

"I'm da man, mum."

"Well, do you remember you promised to shovel all the snow out of my backyard, and then sneaked off without doing it?"

"Yes, mum, an' me conscience smote me. Dat's de reason I tramped all de way here t'rough de blawing snow to finish de job."

Birmingham has 14 steel-pen many factories, more than all in France, Germany and America combined.



Little Bobby—Say, pop!

Father—Well, what is it now?

Little Bobby—If a Chinaman speaks broken English, would a white man speak broken china—(Exit Bobby to bed).

HAMMOCK SALE.

Extra size Hammocks, with valance, pillow and double stretchers, fancy colors. VERY LOW PRICES.

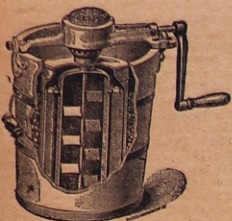
Pure Paris Green, Bluestone and Hellebore.

—SPECIAL PRICES ON—

PURE WHITE LEAD,
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VARNISHES, BRUSHES, etc.

CHAS. E. PARKER,

PARKER'S DRUG AND BOOK STORE.



Ice Cream Freezers

All Styles,
All Sizes,
All Prices.

OIL STOVES.

We keep the best GERMAN OIL STOVES in ONE, TWO and THREE BURNERS. Handsomely finished and made to last.

We are also offering the "Auto-Valve" High Oil Stove, with or without oven, at an exceptionally low figure. This stove is a blue flame-wickless, and is of the very latest construction, being perfect in operation.

Why bother with a wood or coal fire for domestic and cooking purposes during the hot summer when an Oil Stove will do your work at less cost, in less time, and with more comfort?

We shall be pleased to have you inspect these lines.

H. & J. WARREN,

HARDWARE, STOVES & TINWARE, MILL STREET.

Now.

If you have a kind word—say it, Throbbing hearts soon sink to rest; If you owe a kindness—pay it, Bless each day as you pass through it, Marching onward to the west. Can you do a kind deed?—do it, From despair some soul to save; Bless each day as you pass through it, Marching onward to the grave. If some grand thing for to-morrow, You are dreaming, do it now; From the future do not borrow; Frost soon gathers on the brow. Days for deeds are few, my brother; Then, to-day, fulfill your vow; If you mean to help another, Do not dream it—do it now.—Selected.

INCOME OF THE FAMILY CUT OFF.

Appeal from Friends on Behalf of a Poor Consumptive.

The following letter from an eastern town, addressed to the Secretary of the National Sanitarium Association, Toronto, explains itself:—"What steps require to be taken to place a consumptive patient in the Free Consumption Hospital? We have a poor man here who has consumption. He has a wife and family of five children. He has been sick and off work for four months already. The only source of income of the family has been cut off. I think the father would be better if he had the proper care, but here in the midst of his family it is impossible to give him proper treatment. If we can place him in the Consumption Hospital for care and treatment, then the people here can manage to look after the family until he is restored to health. He is able to around, but is very weak." We publish this letter to illustrate how great is the need for the Free Hospital for Consumptives, established by the National Sanitarium Association at Muskoka. Just one year ago the first patient—a woman from Napanee—was admitted into the hospital, and since then 163 patients have found a home within its walls. A great number of these are wholly unable to pay anything towards their maintenance, whilst the average from those who pay is less than one-half the cost of maintenance. There is no endowment, and the Trustees depend solely in the making up of the large deficit each month on the contributions of kind friends. With the increasing number of admissions to the hospital, should the subscriptions continue to run short, as they have been doing for the past three months, the Trustees will have no recourse open to them but to close the hospital. Sir Wm. E. Meredith, Kt., Vice-President of the Association, and Mr. W. J. Gage, Chairman of the Executive Committee, will receive subscriptions for this much needed work.

The most important sale of hogs ever held in Canada took place at the Hamilton, Ont., stock yards on Thursday last, when D. C. Platt & Son, of Millgrove, sold seventy-one head of pedigree Yorkshires by auction. The hogs were the pick of England and Scotland, and brought on an average \$115. The highest prices paid were \$400 and \$290, for two hogs which were sold to parties in Minnesota.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

In the local column will be charged as follows: To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 75c. per line. Matter set in larger than ordinary type, 10c. per line. To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Train leaving Stirling station as follows:—Going west, 6:30 a.m., 6:45 a.m., 7:15 a.m., 8:15 a.m., 9:15 a.m., 10:15 a.m., 11:15 a.m., 12:15 p.m., 1:15 p.m., 2:15 p.m., 3:15 p.m., 4:15 p.m., 5:15 p.m., 6:15 p.m., 7:15 p.m., 8:15 p.m., 9:15 p.m., 10:15 p.m., 11:15 p.m., 12:15 a.m., 1:15 a.m., 2:15 a.m., 3:15 a.m., 4:15 a.m., 5:15 a.m., 6:15 a.m., 7:15 a.m., 8:15 a.m., 9:15 a.m., 10:15 a.m., 11:15 a.m., 12:15 p.m., 1:15 p.m., 2:15 p.m., 3:15 p.m., 4:15 p.m., 5:15 p.m., 6:15 p.m., 7:15 p.m., 8:15 p.m., 9:15 p.m., 10:15 p.m., 11:15 p.m., 12:15 a.m., 1:15 a.m., 2:15 a.m., 3:15 a.m., 4:15 a.m., 5:15 a.m., 6:15 a.m., 7:15 a.m., 8:15 a.m., 9:15 a.m., 10:15 a.m., 11:15 a.m., 12:15 p.m., 1:15 p.m., 2:15 p.m., 3:15 p.m., 4:15 p.m., 5:15 p.m., 6:15 p.m., 7:15 p.m., 8:15 p.m., 9:15 p.m., 10:15 p.m., 11:15 p.m., 12:15 a.m., 1:15 a.m., 2:15 a.m., 3:15 a.m., 4:15 a.m., 5:15 a.m., 6:15 a.m., 7:15 a.m., 8:15 a.m., 9:15 a.m., 10:15 a.m., 11:15 a.m., 12:15 p.m., 1:15 p.m., 2:15 p.m., 3:15 p.m., 4:15 p.m., 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Irene's Strange Engagement Ring

There is one man in the world for whom I have a message. I have never seen him, nor does he know of my existence. But, by telling an incident that came into my life, I hope to bring to his notice a plunation that is of vital moment to him. And, so strange a world is this, it may chance that the first to read the story I am about to tell may be the man it most concerns.

When twenty-three years ago, I became engaged to a man whose position was not sufficiently established to justify immediate marriage, and by mutual consent we settled down to a long engagement. But at the end of two years we had a misunderstanding. There was hatred on both sides. My engagement-ring was a beautifully wrought band of gold, with strange characters within, which, being interpreted, read, "United, I symbolize love, separated, I symbolize hate."

This ring my lover had bought from an old man who had been one of his father's tenants. The man, who was of Oriental origin, stated that it had been given to his people generations before, as a reward from a king whose ancestors had taken it from a captive prince.

On the outside of the ring, above the word "hate," was a tiny dark stone, almost black, and very dull; opposite the word "love" was set a small pearl of wondrous purity. By pressing delicately yet firmly on the little black stone, the ring would part into two sections, and it was only by holding the two parts together and pressing on the pearl that they would again unite.

As my lover turned to leave me on the night of our parting, I pressed my finger on the dark stone, and the ring fell apart in my hand. "Take it!" I said, and I held it out to him.

He took the little pieces of gold, and as he looked at them his anger softened. He would even then have become reconciled. But I was hard, for anger burned deep in my heart. He pleaded with me; I was obdurate. Then he took the half of the ring in which was set the pearl and put it in my hand.

"Irene," said he, "if you ever send me that bit of gold, I'll come to you, if I have to cross seven seas."

Then he left me. I put the piece of ring in the soft cotton-wool of the jeweller's box, which I put in the back of a little drawer in my desk, and took up the routine of my life.

I shall not dwell on the years that followed. Five years passed, and found me still living in the home of my childhood.

My father, according to his habit, had gone early to bed. I heard Jane closing the house. She came to me. "Shall I lock the outside doors, Miss Irene?"

"No; I'll see to things here," I answered absently.

"It's a terrible night, Miss Irene," "Yes, Jane."

And it was a terrible night. A roaring wind blew in terrific gusts around the house. Sitting before the fire, I grew lost in brooding thoughts and almost unconscious of my surroundings. Suddenly the clear, sharp ring of the electric bell sounded through the house. I glanced at the clock. It was half-past ten. I stood breathless. Then I did what I had always said I would never do under such circumstances—I opened the door into the vestibule.

A man stood in the vestibule, to scream, but no sound came. The man stepped towards me and took off his hat.

As I glanced at him all my dormant faculties seemed for an instant to leap into life. Then there was a rushing sound in my ears, the floor seemed to tremble, and I felt myself caught in strong arms, and a misty face came over the lights through which I saw dimly the face of my lover.

When I came to myself I was lying on the divan in the library. My lover's arms were close about me; he was covering my face with kisses.

"Irene, Irene! Dear one, I did not mean to frighten you!" "Did you come back because you loved me?" I whispered.

"Love you? Sweetheart, my love has grown deeper each year since last I saw you! Five years I have waited for that message!"

"What message?" I asked faintly. "I did not know that you were coming."

"Because you did not hear from me, I should have written you. I wrote to you from my first word to the first steamer from Paris after getting your message. But how did you know I was in Paris? I was there, and had not been in the city where I lived for two hours."

"What boy? What message?" I asked, in a dazed tone. "The message you sent me with the half of the ring."

"The ring?" I exclaimed. "The ring?" "I did not send it!" "He stared at me a moment, then laughed."

"You are not yet fully conscious, Irene. In a moment you will remember. There is some mistake. I did not have it. I got it from him."

He looked at me, dumb. He threw off his overcoat, took from the pocket of his vest a little box, opened it, and there lay the half of the ring in which was set the pearl. I touched it with my fingers, for I could not believe it.

"It cannot be!" I murmured.

It did not send it! Tell me, how did you get it?" "He spoke concisely: "It was about nine o'clock when I reached my hotel, and I had been in the room but a short time, when there was a knock on the door. I opened it, and a boy handed me a little package, saying, 'I was instructed to give this to you, sir,' and was gone before I could say anything. I saw this little box, and in it the half of the ring I left with you five years ago to-night. Wrapped about the gold was a piece of paper, on which was written, 'Come to me on the night of the 17th of January at eight o'clock.' I have come, and now you say you did not send me this half of the ring."

II. Saying no more, I rushed from the library and ran swiftly up the stairs to my room.

I turned to my desk, and with trembling fingers opened the small drawer. I felt in the back and drew out the little white box. There, in its bed of cotton-wool, lay the half of the ring.

I was excited to a point of absolute calmness. Walking slowly, I went down the stairs, clinging to the banisters. I pushed aside the hangings into the library, walked up to the man within, and handed him the bit of gold. Then he did not do in the least what I had expected. He looked closely at the two pieces of gold in his hand, started in surprise, threw them carelessly on the table, and, walking over to the mantle, stood leaning on it and looked moodily into the fire. As he did not speak I walked over to his side.

"Why do you take it this way?" "There is no harm done."

He turned on me fiercely. "No harm done, when you did not expect me, and undoubtedly did not want me? Oh, no, there is no harm done! But I see it all now—your terror when you saw me, your swoon. And do you know you have spoken no word of greeting to me? As for a word of love—my Heaven, I do not know—you may even now be married!"

"Have you the rest of the ring?" I asked quietly.

He took a leather case from his pocket and handed it to me. I opened it, and flushed as I saw a miniature of myself mounted in the cover. Lying on his bed of white satin was the little piece of gold that meant so much. I took it out, held it against the other part in my hand, the severed edges meeting, pressed on the pearl, and the ring became again a gleaming band of gold.

"Herbert," I asked, "will you put it on my finger?" And I knew that the love of my whole heart shone in my eyes.

I do not think a happier couple ever stopped out in the night than were we when, three months later, we started on our honeymoon. The details of that delightful trip have no interest to outsiders, with the exception of an incident that occurred in Lucerne.

We were lunching one day at our hotel. At a table near us sat two women—one a regal-looking matron of about sixty, the other a girl of perhaps twenty-five, and the most beautiful creature I have ever beheld. Yet it was a face of almost tragic sadness.

They soon rose to leave. As they passed us, the girl's light summer wrap brushed against me, and the lace fluttering on its border caught on the prongs of a fork which lay near the edge of the table. The fork was near me at my left, and I instinctively put my left hand over it to keep it from being pulled off the table. As she turned and glanced down the girl gave a faint scream.

"Where did you get it?" "Tell me quick, where did you get it?" "You have seen him! Where is he?" "The ring!" gasped the girl. "The ring! She has it!"

I shall never again say that men are lacking in tact. I do not know how he did it, but before I had the least regained my self-possession Herbert had us all out of the room and away from the staring few who were in it.

Herbert calmly seated us all, leading the sobbing girl to the easiest chair, and then, seating himself beside her, without asking a question, began to tell her the story of our ring.

The details of the story she told I cannot repeat, for to do so would be to betray a confidence. But this much I can say:

The girl was the only daughter of an old English family, the stately woman her aunt. There had entered into her life a tragic love-story, which, when I heard it, made my own experience seem almost without interest. There is but one man in the world who knows the whole of that story, and that is the man who must tell it.

The original of the ancient ring I wore—for there were two—had been in this man's family for countless generations, and we could only come to the conclusion that, in some early time, a cunning goldsmith had seen the ring, and skillfully fashioned one like it, which he had sold to some one as the original. It had probably been sold and resold, until it finally reached my finger. Through the stupid mistake of a boy who had delivered a packet to the man in Grand Hotel, at Paris, a flood of happiness had come into two lives, while over two others impenetrable darkness had fallen.

The girl's story was told, and we sat in awed silence, overcome by the sadness of it.

"Oh," said she, "how slight a thing—how slight a thing can turn the current of our lives! I have always feared that the package did not reach him. I did not address it, because it was too small, but I gave the boy a card with the address written on it. He must have lost the card, and thought he remembered the number of the room, and could reach the right man in that way."

She rose and stood among us. "But I will find him! I will find him, and he shall know the truth!" Ten years have passed since that day. I have received many letters from my English friend. Year after year she has watched for some news of her lover. She spent large sums of money in trying to find him. But in vain. A few weeks ago she died. Her life had not been one of selfish grief and useless sorrow. The day she died I received a letter from her—the last she ever wrote. In it she said: "Oh, that I might vindicate myself to him! I would do it before all the world!"

The letter seems to me now like a message from the dead. And of late there has come to me the hope that, by telling the story of my ring, I might be able to bring to the eyes of the man it most concerns the vindication of one whose loyalty never faltered, and whose glorious heart was true to him to the end.—London Answers.

WEAPON FOR THE ANALYST.

Immense Strides Recently Made in Science.

The epoch-making discoveries in science described are being rapidly developed. Investigations by Curie, the French physicist, Sir William Crookes, Prof. Rutherford, Sir William Crookes and Sir Oliver Lodge have carried them into an entirely unknown region in physics and chemistry, where all analogies fail and all accepted views of the nature of matter offer no assistance.

A study of the radio-activity of the three new elements, radium, thorium and uranium, shows that three kinds of rays are emitted. One kind consists of radially projected atoms of matter which are thrown into space at the stupendous speed of 30,000 miles per second. These particles emitted by radium are one thousand times more massive than negative electrons, which are also thrown off at a similar speed, and which have long been known under the name of radiant matter. They are positively instead of negatively charged, and, moving faster than the fastest flying stars, are the most rapid of all known forces.

This property of radioactivity has placed a new weapon in the hands of the chemical analyst as superior in delicacy to the existing methods as those spectroscopy were when introduced forty years ago. Matter in quantities invisible under the microscope, unweighable and beyond the detection even of the spectroscope, may now be quantitatively investigated.

Every experiment yet made bears out the theory of the disintegration of the original elements into new elements. As an explanation of this newly discovered quality of radioactivity, it is found that the process continues without reference to any interference by ordinary physical or chemical forces.

The transmutation of elements is still beyond the power of the chemist, yet it is conclusively proved to be proceeding spontaneously throughout the universe. If science should one day learn how to control or influence this progress the power which would accrue to man would be something beyond the capacity of the imagination to conceive.

LITTLE THOUGHTS.

Crabs and misers hate to shell out. In the race of life it isn't the fast man who comes out ahead.

Mock modesty is a vice behind the mask of virtue.

Make all the friends you can, but be chary about making confidants.

Love is like new milk—no matter how sweet, it will turn sour during a storm.

The man who does not fear his passion is either too old or too young to realize that he has any.

A man never knows how good he is until he overhears his wife talking to some other man's wife.

When a woman knows something that is too good to keep, it's too bad if she cannot find anyone to tell it.

Success does not consist in never making blunders, but in half an hour, skimming constantly until clear. When cool, add to each quart of the shrub a full glass of French brandy. Bottle and seal.

Cold Tea Punch.—Have the following orangeade prepared early in the morning: Pour one quart of cold water in a small saucepan; add the juice of two lemons and three oranges, quarter of a pound of sugar, quarter of the rind of a lemon and orange. Let it come to the boiling point. Strain it into a pitcher. Mix with strong tea, let it cool, and serve very cold in a punch-bowl with a few small pieces of orange and pineapple.

Tomato Wine.—To one gallon of the juice of ripe tomatoes, strain and put 3 lbs. of white sugar. Set aside in a demijohn to ferment. Tie over the mouth only a piece of muslin until fermentation ceases, when it should be bottled and corked tightly. A few raisins in each bottle, and with the color of champagne, it will have some of its sparkling quality.

Blackberry Wine.—Fill a large stone jar with ripe berries and cover with water. Tie a cloth over the jar, and let stand in the sun or four days to ferment; then mash and strain through a coarse cloth. To every gallon of juice add 3 lbs. of brown sugar, cover, and let stand in a cool place until clear of fermentation; pour off carefully from the sediment into a demijohn, cork, and set in a cool place. Ready in two months.—Harper's Cook Book Encyclopedia.

SUMMER HYGIENE. Summer brings with it the opportunity for a radical change in habits, and for the formation of some that need not be dropped when summer ends. They may be carried on, perhaps in modified form, the year round.

Especially stress is laid upon the

About the House

GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

Almond Cake.—Cream one-half cup of butter, add one cup of sugar, one-third cup of milk, one and one-half cups of flour in which two level teaspoons of baking powder have been sifted and the beaten whites of three eggs. Flavor with one-half teaspoon of almond extract. Bake in a slow oven. Make a bed of frosting, add one-half cup of chopped almonds and spread over the cake.

Almond Filling for Cake.—Chop enough blanched almonds to make two-thirds of a cup, add the same amount of chopped raisins, mix and spread between layers of warm cake. Ice the top and cover with blanched almonds cut in strips and stuck in like pins all slanting one way.

Fish Timbals.—Flake enough cold fish to make one and one-half cups, add two beaten eggs, one cup of milk and season with salt and pepper. Fill small buttered tins with cups and set in a pan of hot water and bake about twenty minutes. Turn on to a hot platter and pour over a cup of cream sauce flavored slightly with mustard. Add a sprig or two of parsley for a garnish and serve hot.

Lemon Pudding.—For a small pudding, take two cups of fine bread crumbs, two cups of milk, one-half cup of sugar, the yolks of two eggs beaten light and the grated yellow rind of one-half a lemon. Bake in an earthen pudding dish and set aside to cool. Make a meringue of the whites of two eggs beaten stiff and dry with one-half cup of powdered sugar and a teaspoon of lemon juice. Spread a layer of jelly over the pudding and cover with the meringue; brown slightly in the oven and serve cold.

Veal Fillets.—Cut veal into pieces an inch wide and six inches long. Make a good stuffing as for roast veal and spread a little on each piece and roll up. Line a dish with thin slices of bacon; lay in the veal rolls; pour on one-half cup of stock and a teaspoon of vinegar to moisten. Cover and steam until done.

Small Graham Loaf.—Sift one cup of whole wheat meal with four level teaspoons of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Mix with one cup of milk, one-quarter cup of sugar and one tablespoon of molasses.

Cheese Fondue.—Soak one cup of fine cracker crumbs in one cup of milk; add three eggs beaten until very light, one tablespoon of melted butter and two cups of grated cheese. Have some small baking cups or ramekins buttered well with the cheese and salt, and bake slowly about ten minutes. Serve instantly after taking from the oven. Set the ramekins on small plates for serving.

Orangeade.—Impregnate a few lumps of loaf-sugar with the oil of orange, by rubbing into them as much as you can readily from the rind of four oranges. Roll as many oranges as you desire to use, squeeze the juice, allowing eight to one quart of water. Throw the skins into half a pint of water as you squeeze them, let them stand a short time, press them a little, and add this water to the other juice. The finest-flavored oranges should be selected, and if not found, add enough to impart an agreeable acid, lemon-juice may be added, with the caution that it must not be used freely enough to impair the distinct flavor of the orange. The oil should only be slightly rubbed from the oranges. Allow about 1 lb. of sugar to the quart of orangeade.

Raspberry Royal.—Three quarts ripe, red raspberries, and one quart good cider vinegar. Let them stand together twenty-four hours, then squeeze, strain, and measure. To each pint of the liquid allow 1 lb. of white sugar.

Preserving-kettle, put in half an hour, skimming constantly until clear. When cool, add to each quart of the shrub a full glass of French brandy. Bottle and seal.

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advantage of the open windows, by means of which the summer may practically be passed in the open air. The fresh air is the first and greatest of the hygienic opportunities offered by summer, but there are others that should not be overlooked. Of these clothing is a very important item.

Proper clothing for hot weather not only adds immensely to comfort for the time being, but may also be made to aid in the climb toward health. Light-weight, porous fabrics, often washed, are good in themselves without regard to temperature. Most people would be better if they were strong and hardy enough to trust to them all the year. The thin woolen coat, the wide-meshed linen fabrics and flannel muslins all give the air free access to the skin, and permit it freely to give off the waste matter of the system.

Fashion permits materials so airy in texture for women that, although the skin may freeze through them on throat or arms, the gain is worth the penalty. The light weight is a great gain, especially to women, who thus escape for a time the thrall of the senseless heavy skirt dragging from the waist. The gauzy, feathery, small but not so strain on scalp or hair; and summer is the time when the girl with thin locks can begin to make hair while the sun shines, and to recover the gloss and beauty marred by her heavy fur toque.

Summer, again, is the time to start the cold bath, with its accompanying rub down, which so materially helps circulation. If this is begun with the first warm spell it can be kept up with a little tempering all through the winter, even by those who "can't stand cold water."

USEFUL HINTS.

Faded Cashmere may be restored by sponging with equal parts of alcohol and ammonia diluted with warm water.

When Making Pesty, cream the butter, or dripping before mixing it with the flour and it will blend more readily, less handling will be required, and consequently the pastry will be lighter.

To Cleanse a Hair Mattress.—Remove the hair from the bedding, pick it well, and then plunge into a lather of soap and soft water. When clean, rinse it and then lay it in the sun to dry. Wash the ticking and replace the hair, taking care that it is thoroughly dry and nicely picked over.

To Boil Spiced Beef.—Plunge the meat into enough boiling water to cover it. This hardens the outside and keeps in the juices. After the water (cooled by the meat) comes to the boil again, let it remain boiling for three minutes, then skim carefully. Then place the pot in a cooler place and let the contents simmer very gently.

Imitation Frosted Glass.—This is a cheap method of imitating frosted glass, and answers very well in a dry place, but steam will make it foggy. Moisten Epsom salts with gum and apply with a rag. When you require the same appearance, and the atmosphere is damp and steamy, moisten putty thoroughly with linseed oil and paint the panes of glass thinly over with it.

Good Paste for Papering.—The finest paste for all purposes is made as follows: To a teaspoonful of flour add gradually half a pint of cold water and mix quite smooth; add a pinch of powdered alum (some add a pinch of resin) and boil for a few minutes, stirring constantly. The addition of a little brown sugar and a few grains of corrosive sublimate will, it is said by practical chemists, preserve it for years.

WORK AND LIVE LONG.

A Man Who Says Natural Rules Have Been His Mainstay.

John Clemens, who is 97 years old, says that work is the greatest promoter of long life. He is still hale and hearty and looks back over a life well sprinkled with misfortunes with satisfaction and contentment.

He lives in the south end of St. Louis, Mo., near where his former home was before the cyclone tore it down. He still works, and says he hopes to work for a good many years more. His rules for long life are simple, and as explained by him are as follows:

Work is the key to a long life. Work is natural exercise. Work creates a natural appetite. Work brings restful sleep. Work fortifies against disease. Work brings happiness and prosperity.

Eat with moderation. Eat whenever you are hungry. Eat wholesome food. Eat seasonable vegetables. Drink whatever you wish, moderately.

Never drink to excess. Avoid excitement and late hours. Use tobacco, but not in cigarettes. Mr. Clemens is of Corsican parentage, although he was born on board ship on the way to France.

His youth was spent on the sea, and after he went to the United States he worked in every capacity on the Mississippi steamboats. He has been shipwrecked, shot and otherwise wounded, but says his simple rules for living have kept him alive and well this long.

BY RETURN.

An Oxford undergraduate was once out of funds, and wrote to his father asking for some money. He did not come, and the student, being annoyed, sent the following telegram with answer paid: "Where is the money?" He received this answer by return: "Here."

"Of course," answered the youth sarcastically, "you think you know what's what." He replied the next day, "I simply know what I need to be what when I was a boy."

DYED IN THE WOOL.

Tribal Customs in the Northern Caucasus.

The most stubborn facts to deal with are tribal customs. They are the accumulated and inherited habits of innumerable past generations, and are woven with the deepest conscientious convictions. To change these customs it is necessary to change the entire nature of the tribe. The London Daily Telegraph gives an excellent example of the tenacity of tribal custom in the following account of the vendetta, practised in the Northern Caucasus. Nearly half the deaths in this region are due to the vendetta and three-fourths of these again are the result of a curious marriage custom. The young swain who discovers a maiden that strikes his fancy does not "pop the question," but hastens to get together the money requisite to buy her of the tribe and out and out. He must pay from \$175 to \$180. But in case he can not raise such a sum as this, he induces a few stalwart comrades to seize the maiden and carry her off. The Telegraph continues:

"What too often follows then may be gathered from a case in point which has just taken place in Sosa lambeq. Bokayed, the bridegroom's name and Neshko that of the

GIRL OF SWEET SIXTEEN

who had the misfortune to find favor in his eyes. His pockets being empty, he persuaded three comrades to kidnap the maid, whom he then took off to another village as his wife. But her father, on discovering hereabouts, had her sent back by the police, and then demanded £20 for her ransom and her services, as we should say. Bokayed, to whom the demand was made, would not or could not pay. The girl's father thereupon claimed that sum from the bridegroom's companions, who are equally liable. They admitted the justice of his claim and called upon Bokayed to hand over the sum to them. On his refusal they shot him dead, that being the custom of the country, although daggers are also allowed to take the place of bullets. The three youths were forthwith arrested and will, of course, be tried and deported in due course. But that, far from being the end of the matter, is only the very beginning. The kindred of the slain man are now preparing to "wipe out" the relations of the murderers, while the family of the murdered girl is bound by the custom of the country to wash away the stain on her reputation in the blood of the clans of both the murdered man and his murderers. And Russian law is powerless to intervene."

PEOPLE AND THINGS.

Here and There the Wide World Over.

The United States consumes nearly a third more coffee than all the rest of the world put together.

Along the route from England to India \$400,000,000 of British treasure is said to lie at the bottom of the sea.

The construction of the Manchurian and Siberian railroads have together cost Russia nearly \$600,000,000.

The total army of the British Empire now more than 1,100,000 men. The regular establishment is still some 40,000 men in excess of the peace standard.

The death rate of the globe is estimated at sixty-eight a minute, 97,920 a day, or 35,740,800 a year. The birth rate is seventy a minute, 400,800 a day, or 30,972,000 a year, reckoning the year to be 365 days in length.

The French Government has commissioned Fremiet, the sculptor, to design a monument to be erected in Paris in memory of the carrier pigeons that did so much for the beleaguered Russians during the Franco-Prussian War.

The distance of the new star in Persus from the earth is estimated at 400,000,000,000 miles. A railroad train, travelling continuously at the rate of sixty miles an hour, would take more than 760,000 years to reach the new star.

The incident that arose during the recent floods in Kansas were not all pathetic or tragic. One real estate company, which had advertised an auction of town lots, was obliged to call off the auction by postal card, for on the day that had been set for lots in question were several feet under water.

Germany is taking radical measures to save the little island of Heligoland from disintegration. The rocks, which are partly saline, crumble before the onslaught of the sea, and retaining walls are to be built as a protection. It is useful for the island is naval. It is useful for the protection of the Elbe and Weser Rivers.

HE CANNOT LOSE.

The conversation happened to turn on an eccentric capitalist, who had retired from business with a fortune large enough to satisfy the average ambition, but not so large as popular report credited him with having.

"What is he doing with money?" was asked.

"The only thing I have heard of his doing," was the reply, "is buying up mortgages on little one or two-story houses owned by widows or orphans."

"I should call that pretty poor business for a man of his money," he seemed to say. "He never forecloses the mortgages, and never collects any interest on them."

"Perhaps the eccentric capitalist knows what he is doing, and will return on his 'investment' some day."

Among sailors 445 in a million die of cancer, among nurses and 122 per million die of Uds disease

Diarrhoea

When you want a quick cure without any loss of time, and one that is followed by no bad results, use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It never fails and is pleasant and safe to take. It is equally valuable for children. It is famous for its cures over a large part of the civilized world.

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Meets in the Lodge room
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EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING
At 8 o'clock. L. MEIKLEJOHN, R.

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TRENTON, GRADUATE OF THE TORONTO
School of Dentistry, will visit Stirling
professionally, the second and last Friday in
each month, until further notice.
The Dental Engine, Vitalized Air, Gas, and
all the modern improvements known to Den-
tistry, will be used for the painless extraction
and preservation of the natural teeth.
Rooms at Scott House.

There is a maxim of unfailing truth
that nobody ever pries into another
man's concerns but with a design to do
him mischief.—South.

No Wild Camels.
In some part or other of the world
horses, cattle and sheep are found
wild; but, it is asserted, nowhere can
be found wild camels.

Winter Muskellons.
A winter muskellon that is at its
ripest and most luscious stage in De-
cember and January is one of the odd
fruits found in China. This, it seems,
is but one of many oddities as good as
they are strange that the man with the
cue has kept from the ken of his west-
ern cousins.

Debt in Turkey.
To seize a man's residence for debt
is unlawful in Turkey, and sufficient
land to support him is also exempt
from seizure.

The First Idea of the Telescope.
The telescope we owe to some chil-
dren of a spectacle maker placing two
or more pairs of spectacles before each
other and looking through them at the
distant sky. Their idea was followed
up by older heads.

The North Pole.
During the nineteenth century 200
ships, numbered lives and over \$30-
000,000 were lost in futile efforts to
reach the north pole.

A Moon Blunder.
The new moon appears in the west-
ern sky and sets from the moment it
becomes visible, but in the "Children
of Gibeon" Walter Besant caused a
new moon to rise in the east at 2 o'clock
in the morning.

Glass.
Dr. Schlemann found bits of glass
in his excavations at Mycenae, though
Homer does not mention it as a sub-
stance known in his time.

Hair Superstition.
There is a superstition among south-
ern children to the effect that hair
combing should never be thrown out
of doors for the reason that the birds
will use them in building their nests
and thus produce constant headache to
the person to whom they belong.

Natural Gas.
The origin of natural gas is the ac-
tion of water upon aluminum carbide,
by which methane is evolved.

Five Hundred Shocks a Year.
The empire of Japan has no fewer
than 700 earthquake observing stations
scattered over it, and the records of
the 500 shocks that annually visit that
country are accurately noted.

First of the World.
The first of the world was the first
of the world.

ON THE SIXTH NIGHT . . .

By C. B. LEWIS

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Overwork and worry had begun to
tell on Milton Sharpless, the contractor
on the Edgeware road. He was a sin-
gle man of thirty, having a good reputa-
tion for honesty, sobriety and hard
work. He had rooms in the house of a
widow.

For three nights he got a few hours
sleep; then came two nights in which
he did not close his eyes. He had
never been sick a day in his life and
had a contempt for people who were
ailing, but as he went to bed on this
night he agreed with himself that if
sleep did not come his case should be
submitted to a doctor on the morrow.
He went to bed at 9 o'clock, but at 11
he was still awake.

Thousands of sleepless persons have
counted themselves to sleep or taken
imaginary journeys to lose themselves
in oblivion before the end was reached.
Instead of this Milton Sharpless set-
tled down with his hands under his
head and began to plan a singular
thing. It was singular because he was
an honest man and a man of merciful
heart. He planned a burglary fol-
lowed by murder. On the Edgeware
road, a mile beyond his place of busi-
ness, was a villa occupied by two old
maid sisters. They were fairly rich,
but from motives of economy did not
keep a servant. Their name was Swift,
and Sharpless had been called to the
house several times to make repairs.
On his last visit, which was to repair
a ceiling, he had overheard a conversa-
tion going to prove that there was
quite a large sum of money in the
house and that the same might not be
invested for a month or so.

Why he should have thought of crime
he could not say; why he should have
thought of these particular persons
was just as much of an enigma. As he
lay there wooling sleep he lost his iden-



ty and became a burglar. In imagi-
nation he started from the house with
his coat collar turned up and his hat
pulled down over his face and armed
with a short crowbar for forcing doors.
In the walk of a mile he met no pedes-
trians, but he encountered two police-
men, and each one of them gave him a
sharp looking over. In fact, one of
them seemed inclined to accost him
and ask the reason of his presence there
at such an hour. The bells were strik-
ing midnight as he reached the villa.
He entered the grounds by climbing
the wall at the back, and he was care-
ful to avoid the gravel paths and the
flower beds. He found the back door
and windows safely locked, but after
carefully working away for ten min-
utes he had a window up and crawled
through into the kitchen. He knew
the lay of the house, and he got down
on hands and knees and crawled across
the floor, down all wall and into the sit-
ting room. In this room stood an old
fashioned mahogany bureau, and he
argued that the money would be kept
there if still in the house. When he
had presented his bill for repairs, one
of the sisters had taken the money to
pay it from the bottom drawer, which
had an intricate lock and was almost
as safe as an iron chest.

Upon reaching the bureau Sharpless
lighted a candle he had brought along
and began work. He found it a baffling
job. There was no picking the lock
and no crevice in which to insert his
jimmy. He was seeking for an advan-
tage when he heard a movement up-
stairs, and a moment later both sisters
came down, carrying a light. They had
been awakened by the noise he made.
As he heard them descending the stairs
Sharpless turned to flee, but fell over
a chair, and the women rushed in on
him with screams of "Thief!" and "Po-
lice!" They did more than scream—
they laid hold of him, and for a mo-
ment they had strength sufficient to
keep him down, and to render him still
more desperate they recognized him
and called him by name.

As he struggled to his feet he realized
that there was but one thing to do to
save himself from capture and prison.
He attacked them with the iron
bar. He struck to kill, and he did kill.

and when he made his way out of the
house he left the two sisters dead or
dying behind him. He did not return
to his lodgings by the Edgeware road,
but by way of Myrtle lane and Pente-
cost walk, and he had the good fortune
to meet no one but a half intoxicated
tramp. There was no blood on his
clothes and there were no marks on his
person, and he felt sure that he was the
last man in London who would be sus-
pected. He sat down and smoked a pipe
to give himself time to recover from
the excitement, and the bells were
striking 2 o'clock when he tumbled
into bed and went to sleep.

At 7 o'clock next morning he was
aroused by one of the lodgers rapping
on his door, and he got up feeling that
he had had a fairly good sleep. He ate
his breakfast, went away to his work,
and it was only after supper that he
picked up an evening paper and re-
ceived such a shock that for a moment
he was turned to stone. The Swift sis-
ters had been found murdered. On the
previous night some one had entered
the villa by prying up a back window
and while trying to open the old bu-
reau had alarmed the house. The two
women had come down to meet their
death at the hands of the desperate
villain. Every detail of his plan came
back to Sharpless as he sat there, and
every detail of the tragedy, as gather-
ed by the detectives, fitted in with
his. The horror of it overcame him,
and he fell to the floor, and for the
next month it was an even chance
whether he lived or died. He believed
himself the murderer. He believed
that he had got up in his sleep and
followed out the plan of his waking
moments, and his remorse was intense.
When he could leave his bed, he de-
termined to go to the police and give
himself up. Without a word to any
one of his intentions he set off for the
nearest station and entered it and be-
gan to relate his story. He was lis-
tened to for a couple of minutes, and
then the captain waved him away and
said:

"My man, you are off in your head
and should not be out on the streets
alone. The murderer of the Swift sis-
ters was captured this morning and
has made a full confession."

So it was. The crime had been com-
mitted by a professional burglar, and
it had been brought home to him so
clearly that he had broken down and
confessed to all details. It so hap-
pened that on that particular night
Sharpless' landlady was ill from the
time he went to bed until after day-
light, and he could not have left his
room without being seen. Again, a
fellow lodger looked in on him at mid-
night and found him sleeping. Very
few people ever came to know of the
case, and you will not wonder that
they accounted it a strange one. Sharp-
less certainly planned and executed
the double crime in his thoughts, while
a man he had never heard of did the
same thing in reality. It has been
asked if it is possible for a person to
leave his own identity for awhile and
enter upon that of another. You may
answer the question as you will, as it
will settle nothing.

Three of a Kind.

While we were visiting at a small
village in one of the Carolinas we
went one afternoon to see one of the
old negro mamies in her own log
cabin. She was highly honored at the
condescension of "de ladies" and was
much concerned that the call might
not be disturbed by the presence of
her children—"fo'teen pickaninies,"
she called them. Of course curiosity
was too strong for the youngsters, and
soon the door was blocked with curly
heads and wide open eyes. When
mammy perceived them she just turned
around and, gathering up her skirts
as one does in front of a flock of tres-
passing chickens, cried out "Shoo!"
and the cough drops disappeared.

But toward the end of our visit
mammy needed the services of a hel-
per to put out the jelly and cake that
she insisted we eat. Stepping to the
door, she called:

"Mariana!"
Soon three girls in single piece cov-
erings came bashfully but curiously
through the door, and all were given
orders by the bustling mother.
"But," said one of the callers in a
half jesting way, "are all three named
Mariana, mammy?"
"Yes," the old woman explained, "all
three. You see, when the lil' gals
came 'fo' I got round 'gain de folks
just call 'em all Mariana, an' no good
changin'." An' anyhow when I wants
a pickaninny I jes' calls 'Mariana,' an'
one's sho' to come."—Lippincott's
Magazine.

A Sure Remedy.

Do unto others as they do unto you
might well be the heading of this true
tale. Two men and a dog are the
characters therein. Man No. 1, being
unable to sleep for three entire nights
owing to the constant barking of the
dog aforesaid, got up and arrayed him-
self at 4 o'clock in the morning and
hid him to his neighbor's front door.
There he kept his thumb on the elec-
tric bell until the dismayed servant
appeared.

"I wish to see Mr. W."
"Why, sure he's in bed at this hour,
sir."

"I'm sorry, but I must see him now."
"He ain't, 'goin' ter get up at this
time ter see nobody."

"Well, I intend to stay here and ring
this bell until he does see me, and you
can go and tell him that."

After an ominous interval Mr. W.
descended, almost speechless with
wrath.

"What do you mean by disturbing me
in this manner? It's the most out-
rageous—"

"Yes, that's what I think, and I sim-
ply called to warn you that as long as
your dog keeps me awake every night
I shall come and ring this bell, for if I
can't sleep you certainly shall not.
Good morning."—New York Times.

AIDS TO HAPPINESS.

The Time When Help, Kindness and
Sympathy Count Most.

It is during the formative period, the
time when a man is seeking to get a
footing, that help counts for most.
A few books lent to Andrew Carnegie
when he was beginning his career
were to him an inspiration. He has
repaid the loan; made posterity
indebted to him for a millionfold by his ben-
eficent work in supplying libraries over the
whole country. Help the saplings, the
growing young men of vigor; the
mighty oaks have no need of your aid
when needed, not when they seem only
hypocritical protestations or dextrous
preparations for future favors. Co-
lumbus, surrounded by his mutinous
crew, threatening to kill him, alone
amid the crowd, had no one to stand
by him, but he heeded land, and riches
opened before them. Then they fell at
his feet, proclaimed him almost a god
and said he truly was inspired from
heaven. Success transmuted him; a
long line of pebbly beach and a few
trees made him divine. A little pa-
tience along the way, a little closer
companionship, a little brotherly love
in his hours of watching, waiting, and
hoping, would have been great balm to
his soul.

It is in childhood that pleasures
count most, when the slightest invest-
ment of kindness brings largest re-
turns. Let us give the children sun-
light, love, companionship, sympathy
with their little troubles and worries
that seem to them so great, genuine
interest in their growing hopes, their
yearnings. Let us put ourselves into
their places, view the world through
their eyes so that we may gently cor-
rect the errors of their perspective by
our greater wisdom. Such trifles will
make them genuinely happy, happier
by far than things a thousand times
greater that come too late.—From "The
Power of Truth," by William George
Jordan, Published by Brentano's.

ARABIC PROVERBS.

To the dog who has money men say,
"My lord dog."
Consult thy wife and do the reverse
of what she advises.

When the moon is with thee of what
account are the stars.

Joy lasts for seven days, but sadness
endures for a lifetime.

He who has gold is beloved, though
he be a dog and the son of a dog.

It is better to commit ten sins in the
sight of God than one in the sight of
men.

Those who are learning to shave
heads practice upon those of the op-
ponents.

The beauty of a man lies in his in-
telligence; the intelligence of a woman
is to be found in her beauty.

When thou seest two people in con-
stant converse thou mayest know that
the one is the dupe of the other.

Shun him who can be of no use to
thee. In this world he cannot serve
thee, and in that which is to come he
cannot intercede in thy behalf.—"Tun-
isia."

Squelched.

Feline amenities show themselves
most forcibly at committee meetings.
There was one of these latter gathered
together to discuss a charity bazaar.
The chairman smiled sweetly upon the
artist's wife and said:

"You'll get your husband to let us
have some little thing of his for the art
table, will you not, Mrs. Mahlstick?"

"Well, you know husbands are not
always easily managed, my dear."

"Ah, but take him after one of your
nice dinners and then put in a word
for our worthy cause. But remember
we are not allowed to have anything
which sells for over \$25."

"Indeed!" And then Mrs. M.'s eye-
brows went up alarmingly. "Then
perhaps he'll induce one of his pupils
to dash off something for you."

Painting Animals' Eyes.

One of the most difficult things which
the artists and taxidermists of the gov-
ernment studio have to do is the paint-
ing and preparation of glass eyes for
the mammals, birds and reptiles
mounted at that institution for exhibi-
tion in the National museum.

These "eyes" are made of glass, hol-
low within and from the rear, so that
the inner surface may be painted any
color desired. As no two animals' eyes
are alike and as the colors are often
complicated and unusual, it requires a
great deal of skill, study and practice
before one is competent to undertake
the work.

Life Saving Superstition.

The superstitious collier is often
laughed to scorn, but a miner in North
Wales is just now thanking his lucky
stars that he believes in omens. He was
boring under some coal and was
started by seeing a rat scuttling away.
He walked away from the spot, and
directly afterward a large fall of coal
occurred just over the place where the
man had been working.—London Stand-
ard.

The Beggar's Sign.

Smith (seeing beggar bearing sign
reading, "Deaf and Dumb")—I'd like to
help this poor fellow, but I don't know
how to tell whether he is really deaf
and dumb.
Beggar (softly)—Read the sign, mis-
tery, read the sign.

Be Known.

"This is rather an unusual hour for
you to be going to lunch. Not hungry
so early, are you?"

"No, but I will be by the time the
water condescends to notice me."—Ex-
change.

IDEOGRAPHIC FIGURES.

A Lesson in English That Was
Taught by a Chinaman.

That we have partially adopted the
Chinese method in our written lan-
guage was a new thought to me and
one that I got from the proprietor of a
Park avenue laundry when, in the nat-
ural Caucasian fashion, I referred to
his written language as being very in-
ferior.

"John," I said, "why do your people
use those chicken tracks instead of
having an alphabet, as we have?"
"A B C" too much trouble," he an-
swered quickly. "Why, you use chick-
en tracks, too, sometimes."

"We don't use them," I replied.
"Yes, you use them very good. I
show you." Then he dipped his con-
venient brush in the ink and made the
number "80" on a sheet of brown pa-
per. "That name of street over there,"
he continued, pointing, "You say,
'eighty-nine'; you don't write it with
'A B C' That Chinese. One mark is
one thing—you say 'idea'; yes, idea.
You don't put down 'n-i-n-e'—and here
his brush came into use again—"You
put down '9'. That's very good Chinese.
We do that all the time."

"That is ideographic," I suggested.

"Yes, English have much ideographic.
All figures ideographic. See?" And
again he used his brush. "You make
'1' and '4,' and you say 'minus,' 'plus.'
You don't spell with 'A B C'. That is a
mark for idea—ideographic. You make
'M' and say 'thousand.' That Chinese
way. Very good. I say, 'How hot?'
and you write '487.' All Chinese.
No 'A B C' no many letters, only
marks and ideas.

"Fine way. English know some fine
Chinese ways. See '8', '9'. You know
them. Ideas! You say ideographic.
You make many Chinese marks—marks
for stars, for plants, for measures, for
weights and signs for hundred and
hundred many things; same as Chi-
nese. Good!"

I actually left that laundry wiser
than I entered it.

A DRAMATIC LAWYER.

Effective Climax That Resulted In
Setting a Murderer.

Lachaud, the great French advocate,
was renowned for deliberate but telling
dramatic improvisations, as it were,
upon the original theme.

At one time, for instance, he was de-
fending a murderer on Dec. 21. All
day long he harassed witnesses, re-
calling them, causing delay after de-
lay before getting his final address to
the jury. It was well on in the eve-
ning before he commenced. Then sud-
denly, at the height of his passionate
appeals for the prisoner, the slow, sol-
emn bells of the cathedral next door
pealed for the midnight mass—the first
mass of Christmas morning. Lachaud
stopped as if overwhelmed by a sud-
den warning.

"Do you hear?" he said solemnly
after a moment's silence, and his man-
ner conveyed that all his own glib
eloquence had been shattered by the
divine interruption of Christ himself.
The Redeemer comes to amend our
pitiable endeavors. Which of us would
dare now, on this great day of mercy
and forgiveness, to condemn another
human being and, above all, to con-
demn one whose culpability is more
than doubtful?"

The prisoner was acquitted without
the least difficulty, though his death
sentence ten minutes before had been
regarded as certain. The actual sound
of the pealing bells had been too much
for nerves already strained to snap-
ping point by the fatigue of a long
day's sitting.

But nobody guessed, except the few
who knew Lachaud intimately, that
he had been maneuvering from the
time the court opened in the morning
to get that one stirring effect. The
prisoner was a dead man without it
and saved as certainly if it could be
brought off successfully.

Simple Headache Cure.

Here is a headache cure that is said
to be a marvelous remedy and to re-
lieve the sufferer when all else fails.
It is easy to make and easy to apply,
and it consists simply of black pepper
and camphor. Take a quantity of black
pepper and put it in a handkerchief
or then fold the handkerchief over so
that the grains cannot fall out and
saturate the whole thing with cam-
phor. Bind this "plaster" on the head
and lie down. In a very few moments
the headache will be relieved and the
patient will be asleep. When the hand-
kerchief becomes dry saturate again
with the camphor; that's all. People
who have tried everything else say
that this home remedy relieves them
quickest. At any rate, it is worth try-
ing.

Julius Perry's Escape From the Mob.
Julius Perry had a narrow escape
from violence at the hands of the Paris
commune, to whom he was especially
odious. He eluded their pursuit through
a church, letting himself down in a
basket out of a rear window while the
mob was forcing the outer door. The
basket fell to the ground with a thud
and gave its occupant a severe shaking
up.

Where Invention Is Necessary.
"Have you made any improvements
in your invention?"
"I have," answered the enterprising
scientist. "One of my assistants has
just discovered a new way to put stock
on the market."

Life's Surprises.
"Life," said the tobaccoist to the
wooden Indian, "is for most people a
continuous process of getting used to
things that they haven't been expect-
ing."

Paper was Invented by the Chinese
123 years before the Christian era.

SHAKY NERVES.
Sufferers from Nervous Troubles Are in a State of Continuous Torture—Suggestions as to How the Trouble Can be Overcome.
When your nerves are shaky your self-control is shattered—your will power is broken. Sudden sounds startle you; your temper is irritable; your hands tremble; there is weakness in your knees; your skin is pale and parched; you are restless at night and tired when you wake. It all comes from nervous exhaustion, perhaps due to overwork and worry, late hours, hot days, and want of blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only cure. They make new, rich blood. They brace up jangled nerves and strengthen tired backs. They give health and energy to dull, weary, despondent men and women. Strong proof is afforded in the case of Mrs. Wm. Westcott, of Seaford, Ont., who says: "For a long time my health was in a bad state. I was subject to headaches, dizziness and nervous exhaustion. My appetite was poor, and I was so badly run down I could not stand the least exertion. I tried several medicines and consulted different doctors, but they did not help me any. One of my neighbors strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before the second box was finished the turning point for the better had been reached, and by the time I had used a half dozen boxes, to the surprise of my friends and neighbors I was again enjoying good health, and have since been strong and well. I do not know anything to equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when the system is run down."
What the pills have done for others they will do for you, if you will give them a fair trial. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes at \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE LION AND THE BIKER.
Adventure in Which the King of Beasts Gets a Scare.
On a mellow moonlight evening a cyclist was riding along a lonely road in the northern part of the Ontario. As he rode, enjoying the softer beauty of the African evening, he suddenly became conscious of a soft, stealthy, heavy tread on the road behind him. It seemed like the jog trot of some heavy, cushion-footed animal following him. Turning round, he was scared very badly to find himself looking into the glaring eyes of a large lion. The puzzled animal acted very strangely, now raising his head, now lowering it, and all the time sniffing the air in a most perplexed manner.
There was a surprise for the lion. He could not make out what kind of animal it was that was following him, and sit still all at the same time, and an animal with a red eye on each side, and a brighter one in front. He hesitated to pounce upon such an outlandish being, a being whose blood smelled so oily.
The cyclist, since the Romans invented wheels, ever "scorched" with more honest and single mindedness of purpose. But although he pedaled and pedaled, although he pedaled and pedaled, although he pedaled and pedaled, he did not seem to place any more territory between him and the lion, for that animal, like Mark Twain's coyote, kept up his annoyingly calm jog trot, and never seemed to tire.
The poor rider, who was finally so exhausted from terror and exertion that he decided to have the matter over with right away. Suddenly, slowing down, he jumped from his seat, and facing abruptly about, thrust the brilliant headlight full into the face of the lion. This was too much for the beast. It was this fright that broke the lion's nerve, for at this fresh evidence of mystery on the part of the strange animal, who broke himself into halves and the east, his big eye in any direction he pleased, the monarch of the forest turned tail, and with a wild snarl retreated in a very hyena-like manner into the jungle, evidently thinking his stars for his miraculous escape from that awful being. Thereupon the bicyclist, with new strength returning and devoutly blessing his acetylene lamp, pedaled his way to civilization.

SICKLY BABIES.
Weak, sickly babies are a great trial to mothers. They need constant care both night and day and soon wear the mother out. Baby's little stomach is the cause of most of the trouble; it is very weak, and in consequence Baby's Own Tablets very easily upset it. Baby's Own Tablets will cure all baby troubles. They are mildly laxative and give prompt relief, concerning them Mrs. R. J. Balfour, of Wexford, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach troubles and constipation from which my little girl suffered and they entirely cured her. They produced sound, refreshing sleep, and I regard them as indispensable in any home where there are little ones."
Mothers from all parts of Canada write in favor of Baby's Own Tablets, proving the claim that they are the very best medicine for all the minor ills of infants and young children. Guaranteed to contain no opiate. Price 25 cents a box at all druggists. From The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Mesmerist's Wife — "Carlos!"
Mesmerist — "What, dear?"
Mesmerist's Wife — "I wish you would come here and tell baby he is asleep."
A Wellington, New Zealand, butcher once advertised: "Having now made the services of a University want, we can supply your department and Oxford sausages at five pounds for one shilling."

VERY ECCENTRIC WILLS
AND SOME OF THEIR VERY QUEER CONDITIONS.
How a London Merchant Dealt With an Objectionable Family.
There is a whimsical spirit, it would seem, whose function is to rule the minds of old folks at the crucial moment when they decide that it is time to make over to their heirs the goods and chattels which they will soon have to leave behind them, says the Edinburgh Scotsman.
If there is in a man's nature a spark of grim humor, a touch of cynicism, or a little vain glory above the average, we are likely to see it making itself known for the last time in his last will and testament. Very often old people are made mentally disquieted over the selection of recipients for their wealth, whether they count it in thousands or tens, or even in a few sticks of furniture, and lawyers tell us of old women who spend quite a large sum in adding codicils and making fresh wills for the leaving of a few pounds.
In many instances, the real intention of a will does not appear on the surface. It might be prejudicial to mention two or three cases that come to mind of large bequests which have been made to deserving charities, solely with the unlovely desire to annoy the expectant relations of the testator. It is almost ghastly to picture a man performing, in the awful presence of death, a last act of spite and malice, the carrying out of which he will not be there to see.
An old-fashioned expression, much in vogue among writers of romantic fiction, namely, "to cut off with a shilling," is better known in a figurative than in a literal sense. It meant originally something more than a sarcastic way of disposing of one's estate, or one's son or other interested person.
IN ROMAN LAW,
if a will was found to contain no reference to a man's natural heir, it was held to be the result of accident, and the neglected one was restored to his own. So Roman fathers, when they wished to disinherit a son so as to leave no opening for doubt, expressly stated that the person in question should receive one shilling, neither more nor less—hence our expression.
To an ordinary mind, this would seem a pretty enough way of dealing with an objectionable family. But Mr. Peter Thellusson, merchant, of London, was not so easily satisfied. He possessed a considerable fortune, which he was firmly determined should be put out of reach of any of his family living at the time of his death. Accordingly he left directions to his trustees that his money should be invested so as to go on accumulating until the last of his children and grandchildren had joined the majority.
The remote posterity for whom this heaped-up wealth was destined did not, however, profit to the extent proposed. During the lifetime of the barred generation, the money was so worn by the costs of litigation that the magnificent fortune of £1,900,000 had shrunk to £600,000, something under one-third the sum. The rest had gone to fill the pockets of a deserving profession, and many a lawyer had had reason to bless the name of Peter Thellusson. The interest aroused by this will gave rise to what is known as the Thellusson Act, by which it was made unlawful to tie up money so as to accumulate in such a way.
The body of Jeremy Bentham, beautifully preserved, with every appearance of life, sitting erect, and clad in his Sunday best, may be seen at this day, in the Museum of University College, in accordance with a condition of his remarkable will, by which the college greatly benefited.

LESS ECCENTRIC MINDS
have managed to hit on prettier and just as efficacious ways of "keeping their memory green." The "willard" place annually at Guildford, being a prize of £12 derived from money invested by Mr. John How in 1674; the money is awarded to a maid servant who shall have lived for two years under the same mistress in the old borough of Guildford, and the scenery serves as a reminder of that the "servant" question? We hear so much of to-day is no new thing, as Mr. How's stipulated term of service is by no means excessive. One William Glanville, of Wotton, left in his will £2 each as an annual reward to each of the boys of the parish who should with their fingers on his tombstone, repeat the Lord's Prayer, and the Commandments, and afterwards read I. Cor. xv., and write two verses of the same. This curious custom has now been repeated for the 185th time.
Sir Ralph Assheton, in his will dated 1679, left a sum to produce four guineas yearly to pay two clergymen to preach two sermons, one at Downham, near Clitheroe, on the day of his death, the other at Whalley on the anniversary of his birth. The preacher was not to be the incumbent of either parish—the knight evidently thought it possible to have enough of either Clitheroe and the custom was to continue as long as his places at Whalley and Downham continued in the name and family of Assheton.
Talking of such customs brings us to the story of the Dunmow will, which, though not exactly a bequest, is interesting enough to be recorded here. Harrison Ainsworth gives us THE STORY IN A BALLAD.
A wedded couple came in humble regiment to the Convent of Dunmow, to register a solemn vow that during a year of married life not one angry word had passed between them. The good monk of the convent, highly pleased at the lowly pair, hailed the convent cook, who was to prepare for them by a huge ditch of bacon on his back, and ordered it to be presented to the hap-

What shrank your woollens?
Why did holes wear so soon?
You used common soap.
SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE
Ask for the Octagon Bar.

A goodly Plymouth of Bacon.
By the will of Dr. Porteus, Bishop of London at the end of the 18th century, a certain sum is divided annually among six poor cottagers of his parish of Hutton, who attend divine service most regularly. The good folks of Hutton find that virtue is more than its own reward, the remuneration coming out something over 1s. 9d. per Sunday.
NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S PALACE.
Letters from the German exploring party in Mesopotamia state that the work of excavating the site of ancient Babylon is proceeding most satisfactorily. The great gate of Nebuchadnezzar's palace has been cleared of rubbish and its stately dimensions revealed. Numerous inscribed bricks have also been found. In one place there were 225 with closely written cuneiform inscriptions, believed to be fragments of some public library. They are from the very earliest period of Babylonian history. Six hundred cases of glazed tiles have been made ready for shipment to Germany. They bear most elaborate designs, and are from the gate of Nebuchadnezzar's palace and from a sacred processional avenue.

LUMBERMAN TELLS HIS EXPERIENCE
HOW DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS QUICKLY CURED HIS LAME BACK.
William N. Baskin, of Norwood, gives Good Advice and Others are Following it With Splendid Results.
Norwood, Ont., July 6 (Special).—William N. Baskin, the well-known lumberman and railroad contractor of this place, tells of an experience with Dodd's Kidney Pills that is bound to be of interest to the public generally.
"For two years," says Mr. Baskin, "I was laid up with Lame Back and Kidney Disease. I would at times become weak and have to leave off work. People who knew me as the C. P. R. and Parry Sound Railways knew how sick I was."
"Reading of wonderful cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills led me to try them. I used three boxes and am completely cured. I can say now I have not had any pains since I used Dodd's Kidney Pills."
"Others who have followed Mr. Baskin's advice and tried Dodd's Kidney Pills report similar results. No form of Kidney Disease can stand before them."

WEATHER SIGNS.
An "old salt" gives the following signs for weather. He claims they will come true five times out of six.
If the wind comes before the rain, soon you can make sail again.
If the rain comes before the wind, your topsails snugly in.
Rainbow at night, sailors' delight.
Rainbow in the morning, sailors take warning.
If the rain comes with setting sun, soon the showers will be done.
If the sun is followed by rain, you'll not see the sun again.
If the sun's red in the west, next day better than the last.
A streak of red, then streak of gray, and you will get a gloomy day.
I was Cured of Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT. MRS. A. LIVINGSTONE.
Lot 5, P. E. I.
I was Cured of a severe attack of Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. MAHONEY BAY. JOHN MADER.
I was Cured of a severely sprained leg by MINARD'S LINIMENT. JOSHUA WYNACHT.
Bridgewater.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Dandruff.
Clara — "Are you engaged to Douglas for good?" Gertrude — "It looks so. I don't think he'll ever be able to marry me."

EQUINE AUTOMOBILIST.
Breaking away from a wagon at Rheims, France, a horse dashed into passing motor-car, and leapt into the back seats. The chauffeur was struck by its forelegs and thrown into the road. Passers-by were treated to the novel spectacle of a horse driving alone in an automobile.
A bachelor one day set the table in his lonely abode with plates for himself and an imaginary wife and five children. He then sat down to dine, and as he helped himself to food he put the same quantity on each of the by all means and surveyed the prospect, at the same time computing the cost. He is still a bachelor.
How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
P. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known P. J. CHENEY for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.
WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINNAN & HARKIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the system, and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Small Boy (to gardener) — "You haven't any scarecrows in your garden?"
Gardener — "No, my boy."
Small Boy (innocently) — "Of course, you don't want them when you are there yourself."

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, DENVER
For the International Convention at Denver, July 9th to 13th, the official route selected by the Transportation Managers for Ontario and Quebec is via the Chicago and North-Western and Union Pacific Railways. Special train of tourist sleeping cars through to Denver. Tickets on sale July 6th, 7th and 8th. Return limit August 31st, 1903. Very low rates from all stations in Canada. Write for official Christian Endeavor folder, rates and full information to B. H. Bennett, 2 East King street, Toronto.

While man has approached the North Pole within 238 miles, no one has yet stood within less than 772 miles of the South Pole.
DENVER AND COLORADO.
On June 30th to July 10th inclusive, the Wabash will sell round trip tickets to Denver, Colorado Springs or Pueblo, Colo., at the lowest ever made from Canada, all tickets good to return until August 31st, 1903.
On July 1st to 10th inclusive, special low rate excursions to San Francisco, Los Angeles or San Diego, Cal., good to return until August 31st. Tickets good to stop over for thirty days west of first Colorado point. This will be the grandest opportunity ever given passengers to visit Colorado and California. Diverse routes going and returning.
All tickets should read via Detroit and over the great Wabash route. For full particulars address any Wabash Agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, Northeast corner Mill and Yonge streets, Toronto.

Germany dug 101 million tons of coal last year, raising her to third rank as a coal-producing country.
For Over Sixty Years.
AN OLD AND WELL-TRIED REMEDY. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, cures the wind, cures the colic, cures the diarrhoea, cures the teething, cures the eruptions, cures the skin, cures the eruptions, cures the skin, cures the eruptions, cures the skin. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.
23-74
"So she rejected you, did she? Your proposal didn't please her?"
"Well, I can hardly say it didn't please her. I thought she'd never stop laughing."

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT
Removes all hard, soft or calloused spurs and blemishes from horses' legs. Cures sprains, ring bones, swellings, stiffness, lameness, and all other ailments of the legs. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for English Spavin Liniment, and take no other kind.
Familiar Bore — "Fanny, but you are always busy when I come in."
The Victim — "But still you come in."
Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia
Lecturer — "The acoustics of your hall are very bad, sir." Proprietor — "No, sir; they're all right. It was the soap factory you smell."

BINDER TALK.
Some of the important features of the Massey-Harris Binder are:
FOLDING DIVIDERS. — No bolts or nuts to unscrew. You merely release a spring on the outside divider and unlock the inside one to fold them. A youngster can do it easily and properly. The Dividers are very rigid in their working positions, and remain at whatever angle they are folded over the conveyor cases.
FLOATING ELEVATORS. — They literally float. The grain cannot stick or choke in the Massey-Harris elevator, no matter how much it is bunched.
SIMPLE KNOTTER. — Capable of adjustment to take up wear.
REEL. — Suited for handling crops under all conditions of weather or land. It will pick up tangled or lay grain and lay it neatly on the table. It also handles long or short grain with splendid success.
ROLLER BEARINGS throughout to lighten the draft and make the work easy for the horse. The horse knows when they are hitched to a Massey-Harris—it runs so easily.

There is only one tea to people of discriminating taste and that is
Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea
It has no unpleasant flavor to pall on one. Simply a rich aroma and a charming delicacy.
Black, Mixed, Ceylon Green. Ask for Red Label.
FORTY CENTS—SHOULD BE FIFTY

Painters' Thoughts
Think of every good point a perfect Paint Brush should have and you'll have a mind picture of
BOECKH'S
FLEXIBLE BRUSH
The bristle can be easily removed and replaced—is not affected by water, oil or paint—works on a pivot and thus keeps the bristles elastic.
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

THE GREAT PRAIRIE INVESTMENT CO., LIMITED.
Capital, \$150,000. Divided into 30,000 shares of \$5.00 each.
TORONTO OFFICE: 71 Victoria Street.
J. J. BOREBANK, Secretary
A VALUABLE INVESTMENT
It is not unreasonable to expect a realization upon this property within twelve months of from 200 to 500 per cent. It has doubled in value since an option was obtained about eight months ago, before being finally purchased by the Company. Whatever the profits are, officers of the Company and shareholders are on the same footing, and the Company's books are always open to the inspection of shareholders.
All cheques payable on account of stock should be made payable to the order of The Trust and Guarantee Co., No. 14 King St. West, Toronto.
Write for prospectus.
STATEMENT OF ASSETS
The Company has purchased 4,500 building lots, 25 x 130 feet. Total frontage 112,500 feet.
The Company's estimate on present value of the land is from \$2.00 to \$10.00 per foot (according to location). This would yield at even an average of \$5.00 per foot, a total of \$562,500.00.
Cost of land, advertising, expenses of management for the ensuing year, approximated at \$110,000.00.
Profit balance to Company \$227,500.00

OUR BRANDS.
King Edward 1000s
"Headlight" 500s
"Eagle" 1000 & 2000
"Victoria"
"Little Comet"
HULL, CANADA
Don't Experiment with other inferior brands, USE **EDDY'S**

Georgian Bay's
Favorite Summer Hotels
THE BELVIDERE
PARRY SOUND
THE SANS SOUCI
MOON RIVER P.Q.
Write for rates.
JAMES K. PAISLEY,
Grand Union Hotel, OTTAWA, CAN.
Dominion Line Steamships
Montreal to Liverpool. Boston to Liverpool. Portland to Liverpool. Via Quebec.
Large and Fast Steamships. Superior accommodation for all classes of passengers. Saloons and Staterooms are amply large. Special attention has been given to the Second Saloon and Third-Class accommodation. For rates of passage and all particulars, apply to any agent of the Company, or
Messrs. Mills & Co., 7 State St. Boston.
Or Toronto & Co., Montreal and Portland.
0-60
If scientific principles point for anything the patent inflated air pad truss should be a success. It holds the parts in such position that we feel they must heal. It is light and comfortable to wear, and your confidence is restored the moment it is adjusted. You can purchase it only from the Bell and Trusts Mfg. Co., Hensley Specialists, 433 Spadina Ave., Toronto. Write now.
22-47
ORANGES **LEMONS**
We have Mexican, California Navel, Valencia, and Seville. WE HAVE THE BEST
BANANAS.
Carload every week. All the above at market prices. We can also handle your Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Maple Syrup and other produce to advantage for you.
THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited,
Cor. West Market St., TORONTO.
4-45
CLEANING LADIES' SUITS
Can be done perfectly by our French Process. Try it.
BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.
MONTREAL, TORONTO, OTTAWA & QUEBEC
4-44

HAMMOCK SALE.

Extra size Hammocks, with valance, pillow and double stretchers, fancy colors. VERY LOW PRICES.

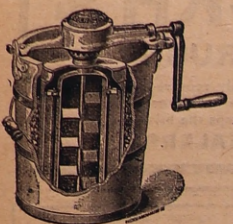
Pure Paris Green, Bluestone and Hellebore.

SPECIAL PRICES ON—

PURE WHITE LEAD,
PURE LINSEED OIL,
VARNISHES, BRUSHES, etc.

CHAS. E. PARKER,

PARKER'S DRUG AND BOOK STORE.



Ice Cream Freezers

All Styles,
All Sizes,
All Prices.

OIL STOVES.

We keep the best GERMAN OIL STOVES in ONE, TWO and THREE BURNERS. Handsomely finished and made to last.

We are also offering the "Auto-Valvo" High Oil Stove, with or without oven, at an exceptionally low figure. This stove is a blue flame-wickless, and is of the very latest construction, being perfect in operation.

Why bother with a wood or coal fire for domestic and cooking purposes during the hot summer when an Oil Stove will do your work at less cost, in less time, and with more comfort?

We shall be pleased to have you inspect these lines.

H. & J. WARREN,

HARDWARE, STOVES & TINWARE, MILL STREET.

Health Flashes.

By U. P. TO-DAY IN TORONTO STAR

Cultivate the "plant of cheerfulness." A merry heart doeth good like a medicine. Worry and bad health go together.

Some people think that nuts are very indigestible. Try eating them without salt. Remove the skins and chew very fine. They are about 50 per cent. fat and are very nourishing.

Stand up straight. Hold your head up like a man and breathe rightly through your nose. Try and get for yourself a good carriage.

Business men, tired mothers, wearied-out housekeepers, take a holiday. It will do you good. It says: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

It's well to brush your teeth after every meal; at least they should be cared for every night and every morning. Artificial teeth may be very good, but there is nothing like your own natural teeth. They are the best. Take good care of them. Too much candy, too hot drinks, and an abundance of ice cream are not good for the teeth.

Little people like candy. Perhaps it's good for them—perhaps it isn't—but why not try putting sugar on their bread and butter occasionally? I think they'd like it. It costs less than candy and is much more wholesome. Brown sugar is best.

The fruit season is now upon us. What a wealth of fruit we have in Canada! Eat plenty of it, but see that it is fresh and ripe. Don't eat half-decayed fruit. It doesn't make for good health. Try and get your fruit "well packed" by the sun.

Do you want to know the best work on Health and Hygiene? It's called "The Bible." Read it. It's up to you; you would be surprised to see how much there is in this old-fashioned book which if read and acted upon, would tend to give you health and happiness.

We are just on the threshold of summer now. Do try and live more out of doors. Open your windows wide. Why not eat out on your veranda or under a tent on your lawn or back yard? If possible, sleep in the open air, too. Walk more and ride less. Do these things and you will feel better.

The estate of the Anderson bank at Oakville, which failed some time ago has been wound up, the creditors receiving three cents on the dollar. The amount owed was \$150,000.

Edward Beaupre, the young Canadian giant who has been on exhibition some time in a St. Lawrence street museum, has gone to New York. Beaupre is twenty-two years of age, weighs 367 pounds, and is eight feet three inches in height. He was born on a ranch in the North-West Territories five hundred miles west of Winnipeg. His father and mother, he declares, are of ordinary stature, and he weighs only nine pounds when he was born. At the age of three he began to grow, and when nine years of age measured six feet four inches. He attended school in a little settlement near his home until he was thirteen years of age. He has a brother at home nine years of age, who is a little more than seven feet tall.

TRAVELLED FROM WINNIPEG.

A Mother and Two Daughters, in Needy Circumstances, Make the Journey from Winnipeg to Gravenhurst to Seek Admission to the Free Hospital for Consumptives.

An illustration of the many distressing cases constantly coming before the management of the Free Hospital for Consumptives at Gravenhurst is pointed this week. A week since, the Secretary, at the head office in Toronto, through whom all applications should properly be made, received a long-distance telephone message from the Physician-in-Charge at Gravenhurst, saying that a mother, with two daughters, both of whom were afflicted with consumption, had presented themselves at the doors of the Free Hospital, hoping to be at once admitted.

One daughter has the trouble only in a slight degree, and from a medical point of view is admissible, as soon as room can be made. The other has the disease in a more acute condition, and will need to take immediate rest until it becomes somewhat quiescent. The family are poor, their railway fares having been paid by a friend. The mother has been given entrance on the domestic staff of the Hospital, and the daughters will board in town until there are vacant beds in the Hospital to admit them. They came all this distance poverty stricken, but in the belief that somehow they would manage to get admission to the institution.

Want of money is the only thing, the Trustees tell us, that is preventing the increase of accommodation beyond the eighty patients already provided for. Up to the present no one has been refused admission on account of his or her poverty, but we are told that the want of funds is preventing the Trustees from providing the increased accommodation needed. Indeed, a heavy burden of debt is now pressing upon them, and must be promptly met if this work is to be carried on.

Contributions may be sent to Sir Wm. R. Meredith, Kt., 4 Lampart Ave., Toronto, or Mr. W. J. Gage, 54 Front St. West, Toronto.

White Blackberries.

By means of cross-breeding, Mr. Luther Burbank of Santa Rosa, California, has developed a variety of blackberries which are perfectly white, as bright as snow in the sunshine, and so transparent that the seeds can be seen inside the ripe fruit. The seeds are said to be unusually small, and the berries are as sweet and as meltingly tender as the finest of the black varieties. The familiar Lawton berry is described as the great-grandparent of the new white variety, to which has been given the name "Iceberry." The white berries are as large as the Lawtons.

Lady Minto is going on a trip to Japan.

Nine large cattle stables at the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition grounds were completely destroyed by fire on Sunday evening. The loss is \$10,000, covered by insurance. The fire is a serious blow to the Exhibition directors, as the fair is only two weeks distant.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

In the local column will be charged as follows: To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 75c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Trains call at Stirling station as follows:—
GOWAN & WATSON, GOWAN & WATSON,
Mail & Ex. 6:27 a.m. Accom. 10:35 a.m.
Accom. 4:43 p.m. Mail & Ex. 4:43 p.m.

The Stirling News-Argus.

THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1903.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Messrs. Grain and Barrow, contractors, of this place, have lately completed the brick work of a large house for Mr. Robert Lough, north of Marmora.

Meet me at Ward's Saturday evening.

The volunteers returned home by special train on Saturday afternoon last. They were a bronzed looking lot, and appeared to have had plenty of outdoor drill while at camp.

White Vests, White Shirts, Straw Hats at Ward's.

The decoration service by Stirling Lodge No. 239, I. O. O. F., last evening was very successful, a large number of visitors being present, though the turnout of Oddfellows was not large. There are now fifteen graves of deceased brethren in Stirling cemetery.

Cool Shirts and Underwear at Ward's.

New postage stamps are now issued, and you are now able to get a first class portrait of the King very cheaply. This likeness of his Majesty is copied from the latest painted since his accession to the throne, representing him in royal robes. The portrait is a striking and excellent one.

See Ward's window for Straw Hats.

Rev. S. A. Duprau, of Belleville, preached excellent sermons in the Methodist Church Stirling, last Sunday, morning and evening. He took Rev. Mr. Bell's work on that day, on account of the latter's illness. Mr. Bell is rapidly recovering, and expects to take his work next Sabbath.

LOST—At Oak Hill Lake, on July 1st, a bear. The owner will please leave at the News-Argus Office.

The party which left here for a month or six weeks visit to Manitoba and the Northwest last Saturday included Rev. S. S. Burns, B.A., Mr. Geo. E. Kennedy, B.A., Principal of Stirling High School, and Mr. H. M. Paulin, late Principal of the Public School. Mr. Gerald Clute left the day previous for Belleville, and intended joining the party at Toronto. He will visit his brother Harold at Napinka, and other friends and relatives in Manitoba.

We had not a complete list of honors awarded at Albert College closing last week, but have since been favored with the list, and find that we did not give Mr. Gerald L. Clute credit for all that should have been given to him. In intermediate piano he took honors, also in intermediate vocal, as well as the Gardiner prize in junior theory. Miss Mabel E. Free took honors in primary piano course. In bookkeeping, D. M. Wilson and H. A. Wilson were granted certificates.

A very successful lawn social was held on Wednesday evening under the auspices of the congregation of St. John's church. Col. Halliwell's lawn was utilized for the event, and was prettily decorated. A large number were present, and a rushing business done in ice cream, lemonade, candy, fruits, etc. Choice flowers were disposed of in large quantities at a very artistic flower stall. Music was supplied by the Stirling Brass Band, and harmonica solos rendered by Mr. Christy, of Toronto, were highly enjoyed. The workers were rewarded by gaining for church purposes the sum of about \$100, clear of all expenses.

About thirty cheesemakers met at Campbellford on the evening of June 27th to organize in order to secure better wages. No much was done at this meeting, and it was understood that another meeting would be held shortly, and a thorough organization effected. The Despatch says: "We cannot but feel that this agitation should be amicably and satisfactorily settled between the employers and the men without the necessity of a trades union. All that is necessary is for both sides to meet and talk this matter over before taking drastic steps. We feel satisfied that the farmers interested will take a common sense view and the cheesemakers will be satisfied with a slight advance. A fair spirit of justice and common sense will now, we trust, prevail with both parties and prevent trouble for next season."

The Bobcaygeon Independent gives this advice to the farmers of Ontario: "Don't involve yourself in debts on the hope of good sales in the fall. Avoid signing notes as you would the devil. Don't be inveigled by glib-tongued agents to buy things you can do very well without. The country is full of men preying upon the farmers—implements, pianos, societies, company stocks, pictures, sewing machines, books, every conceivable scheme to get the farmer to sign notes. Learn to say no, positively, emphatically. The good times are not to last forever, and if the agricultural slump that must come sooner or later should catch the farming community heavily involved with these notes, the smothering of a few loan companies and brokers will not be a flea-bite compared to the disaster that is meant by an involved farming community practically under suspension."

Fatal Accident.

Boiler on G. T. R. Exploded.

About 2:15 a.m., on Sunday last, as a double header train was coming up the Halloway grade, about two miles south of Madoc Junction, the boiler of one of the engines blew up. The crown sheet in front dropped and steam poured out through the fire hole. The engineer, Robert McAuliffe, of Peterboro, and fireman Porter of Millbrook, were both blown off the engine, and were found in the ditch, one on each side of the engine. The former was terribly scalded, but bore his sufferings with great fortitude. The engines were cut off from the train and brought the injured men to this place for medical attendance, where they were cared for by Dr. Alger, (Company's physician) and Dr. Zwick. After all was done that could be to relieve them they were placed on mattresses in a caboose and taken to St. Joseph's Hospital, Peterboro, where McAuliffe died on Sunday night. The fireman Porter, was not so severely scalded, though there is danger that his injuries may terminate fatally.

Promotions.

II. to III.—Marguerite Whitty, Florence Hewat, Violet Utman, May Sarples, Mollie Warren, Florence Chard, Hazel Hagerman, Blanche Montgomery, Robert Belshaw.

For special reasons the junior second class from the II. Dept. was placed with me in November last, and I allowed them to write for III. class, with my senior second pupils, but only the two last named in the above list have passed.

With Mr. Mackintosh's sanction I am promoting without examination, from Jr. III. to Sr. III. the following pupils:—
Irwin Boldrick, Arthur Fletcher, Fred Hulm, Hazel Calder, Annie Ashley, Alice Patterson, Robert Patterson, Roscoe Rosebush, Pearl Sharp.

M. K. LAMBLY, Teacher.

Village Council.

Minutes of a regular meeting of the Village Council held July 6th. Members present, J. Earl Halliwell, acting Reeve; L. Meiklejohn, Geo. Lagrow and Delbert Utman.

The minutes of last meetings were read and confirmed.

The following actions were on motion of Mr. Meiklejohn, seconded by Mr. Lagrow, directed to be paid:—

Mrs. Sharp, board of Mrs. McGowan, in June, \$5.00
Peter Fox, teaming, 2.75
A. Godfrey, duties in June, 12.34
2 days' work, 2.50
Gilbert Seeley, 1 days' work, 1.25
David Martin, nails, etc. for corporation, 10.47
M. Kirby, meals and horse feed to parties drawing gravel, 5.00
Grant, Hamilton Co., 2 bbls. gasoline, 25.22
Jas. Airhart, 2 days' work, 2.50

Moved by Mr. Meiklejohn, seconded by Mr. Utman, that the acting Reeve and the Treasurer be authorized to borrow from the Sovereign Bank, the sum of seven hundred dollars to retire note and interest held by said bank, and for current expenses, and to give their note for the same, said note to have the seal of the corporation, and to be payable in four months and to bear interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum. Carried unanimously.

On motion of Mr. Meiklejohn, seconded by Mr. Lagrow, leave of absence was extended to the Reeve for three months from July 1st, inst.

JOHN S. BLACK, Clerk.

FOR SALE—A well bred Brood Mare, a good roadster. Also, a new, 9-foot, all steel Hay Rake for one or two horses. Will be sold cheap. Apply to W. J. GRAHAM.

At the Belleville cheese board on Saturday last a large number of cheeses were offered. Buyers offered 9 1/2c., 9 1/4c., and 9 1/8c. Only a few were sold at the latter figure. The remainder were bought on the street.

Mr. F. B. Prior has resigned the office of Clerk of the township of Sidney. At a special meeting of Sidney Council held at the town hall on June 30th, Mr. Prior's resignation was accepted, and Mr. Arthur Chapman was appointed Clerk in his stead. The Council granted Mr. Prior a retiring gratuity of \$400.



Examine these Prices:—

Ladies' Fine Oxford Shoes, \$1.25
Dongola Lace Boots, \$1.25
Coarse, Glove Grain Boots, 80c. up
Men's Dongola and Box Calf Boots, Goodyear welt, \$2.50 to \$3.00
Boots for \$1.75
Coarse, everyday Boots for 80c., \$1.00 to \$2.50
Misses' Patent Kid, 4-strap Slipper for \$1.25
Dongola Bow Slippers and Oxfords from 80c. up
Children's Fine Dongola, lace or button boots, from 40c. to \$1.25
Boys' Everyday Boots, 50c., \$1.00 to \$1.50
Children's 1-strap Slipper, sizes from 4 to 7, only 25c., a pair, and they are good wearers. Come while we have all sizes.

Our Hand-Made Work is a specialty. Repairing neatly and promptly done. All rips sewed free. Our Shoe Dressing takes the cake, 10, 15, 20, 25c. Look out for your size in the Great Bargains we hang out daily.

GEO. REYNOLDS,

SHOE KING.

Best Highest price paid for Eggs.

Jas. Boldrick & Son.

Our Clothing business in the Corner Store is still vigorous, and securely successful. It is with the best class of citizens, they knowing our long reputation as reliable business men. The ready made Clothing stamp do not come to us, they belong to a class we do not crave for. People who do not value their appearance need not come to us. A man's standing has much to do with what he wears. We hope to remain in business for some years yet, and to still retain, as in the past, the best class of the high grade Tailor made Clothing.

J. BOLDRICK & SON.

REXALL HOUSE DYES.

These Dyes will dye Wool, Cotton, Silk, Tulle or mixed goods in one bath—they are the latest and most improved Dye in the world. Try a package. All colors at C. F. STICKLE, Agent.

PERSONALS.

Mr. E. F. Butler, of Toronto, is visiting his sister, Mrs. G. G. Thrasher.

Miss Howena Dobson, of Picton, is visiting her sister, Mrs. G. G. Thrasher.

Mrs. R. Sager, of Toronto, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mann.

Miss Kate Cahill, of Belleville, has been the guest of Miss Lena Lagrow, the past week.

Mr. Anson Wright, of Syracuse, is visiting his brother, Mr. Chas. Wright, and other relatives.

Misses Stella McWilliams and Nina Spencer, of Marmora, are the guests of Miss L. Phillips.

Mr. Alf. Heyworth, of North Bay, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Reynolds, the latter part of last week.

Mrs. (Dr.) Walt will be "At Home" on Thursday and Friday, the 16th and 17th inst., and on Thursdays thereafter.

Messrs. Cleve Conley, C. Seeley and E. Fox, of Rochester, spent Saturday and Sunday last, visiting relatives here.

Miss Lillian B. Stickle, soprano soloist of St. Paul's Church, Hamilton, came home on Monday evening to spend vacation.

Misses Mabel and Pearl Martin and their brother, Harold, of Green Bay, Wis., are visiting grandparents and friends in town.

Miss Bessie Parker, of the General Hospital, Toronto, accompanied by her friend, Miss McCulloch, also of that institution, are visiting her parents in town.

Stirling Cheese Board.

At the Board on the 8th inst. 1206 boxes of cheese were boarded as follows:

1 Cook's, 50
2 Central, 150
3 Enterprise, 150
4 Hard, 65
5 King, 50
6 Kingston, 50
7 Marmora, 120
8 Maple Leaf, 120
9 Monarch, 30
10 Riversdale, 50
11 Shamrock, 115
12 Spry, 35
13 Spring Brook, 90
14 Stirling, 90
15 West Huntington, 100
16 Glen, 50

Buyers present—Bird, Cook, Kerr, Rollins and Whittom.

Sales—Bird got 295 boxes at 9 7/16c.; Cook 270 boxes at 9 7/16c.; Whittom 331 at 9 1/2c. and 220 boxes at 9 7/16c.

Board will meet next Wednesday at 4 o'clock.

Holton's mill in Belleville was totally destroyed by fire on Monday afternoon. The fire started in the lumber cutting department, and was caused by the friction of pulleys. There was an insurance of \$4000 on the building in the Anglo-American. The loss will be a serious one to Mr. Holton, as the mill had just started up with a fine season's work ahead of it.

Births.

HUBBLE—In Campbellford, on July 1st, to Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Hubble, a son.

Married.

FANNING-GULLETT—At the residence of the bride's mother, on June 30th, 1903, by the Rev. Richard Burrill, Mr. Harry Fanning, to Nellie Warden, third daughter of the late William Gullett, both of Wellman's Corners.

HAWKINS-HOWSON—At the residence of the bride's parents, Campbellford, on June 30th, by Rev. J. C. Bell, Ada E. Howson, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Howson, to G. Herbert Hawkins, of Hope township.

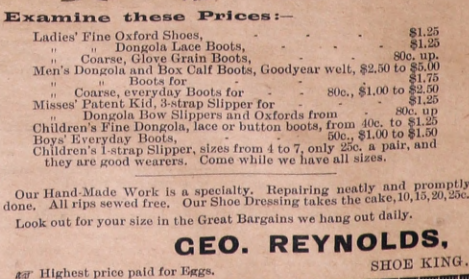
THE CELEBRATED EYE SPECIALIST.

Prof. J. H. De Silberg, Ophthalmic Specialist from Germany, will be in Stirling, at the Stirling House parlors, three times weekly, viz. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. All consultations free. Those having weak or imperfect eyes should not fail to consult the professor. Next visit will be in October.

Looking Into It.

When the Shoe Question is to be settled you must look carefully into it. You want the shoes that give the best service all round—not only the shoes that look best, but the one that feels easiest and wears best.

Ladies, do not wear anything but the KING Quality, if you wish to have comfort, a stylish shoe and a good wearer.



HARDWARE!

Plymouth Binder Twine.

Just got in my full stock of PLYMOUTH Twine.

Without a doubt there is nothing equal to it in Length, Durability, Evenness and Strength.

I guarantee my prices as low as any on the market.

My stock of HARVEST TOOLS are complete—Rakes, Forks, Cradles, Scythes, Stones, Grind Stones and fixtures. Grass Scythes guaranteed.

Pure Paris Green GUARANTEED.

Electroplating, Plumbing, Fitting and all job work done promptly.

My stock is complete.

L. MEIKLEJOHN.

The News-Argus

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS,

TO JAN. 1, 1904, 40c.

Notice to the Public.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING TAKEN out license as Auctioneer for the County of Hastings is prepared to attend all sales of shortest notice. Terms as low as the lowest, and satisfaction guaranteed. Orders left at the News-Argus Office or addressed to me at Stirling, will be promptly attended to. WM. RODGERS.

JOB PRINTING

OF ALL KINDS, AT

LOWEST RATES,

At News-Argus Office

THE Stirling News-Argus

is published every Thursday morning at the office of the publisher, North Street, Stirling, first door north of Parker's drug store, by JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per year.

If paid in advance. If not so paid, \$1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

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For ordinary business advertisements: Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for

1 year, 6 mos. \$2.00
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3 mos. \$1.00
1 month, 50c.

Whole col. down to half col. 7c.
Half col. down to quarter col. 5c.
Quarter col. down to 2 inches 3c.
2 inches down to 1 inch 1c.

If inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. If less than two months extra on above rates. If less than one month extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for such they will not be held responsible. Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, property to let or for sale, etc.

Two lines, \$1.00 per year; \$6 for six months; \$4 for three months; \$3 for two months; \$2 for one month. One inch, 50c. per year. Professional cards, limited to six lines, \$4 per year. A column measures twenty inches.

Advertisements may be changed at the option of advertisers without extra charge.

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Write today for a free copy of our interesting book "Inventors' Help." We have extensive experience in the intricate patent law of 50 foreign countries. Communications strictly confidential. For free advice, MARION & MARION, Experts, New York, London, Montreal, and Atlantic Building, Washington, D. C.

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MARS AGAIN SIGNALING.

PROF. LOWELL THINKS HE HAS PERCEIVED SIGNS.

Sir Robert Ball Says it Would Requite a Flag as Big as Ireland.

Is Mars inhabited by intelligent beings who are trying to signal us? This question is again brought to the front by the announcement that Prof. Lowell—who of all living astronomers knows most about the Red Planet—has just observed a brilliant projection from the edge of the disk. The brilliant projections of Mr. H. G. Wells have familiarized us all with the possibilities of life on Mars, and no one who has read "The War of the Worlds" can help shuddering slightly when he remembers that such a signal might indicate the commencement of that terrifying invasion. Let us be reassured. Astronomers will tell us that, however realistic Mr. Wells' story seemed, it is practically impossible that mankind should have to fight a life against a Martian army, and the hypothesis that what Prof. Lowell saw was the flash caused by the firing of a huge gun at the earth may be put out of court.

It is with less certainty, however, that we can decide that the signal theory is equally impossible. Indeed, one can hardly go so far as to say that it is entirely inadequate to explain this projection, though the improbability of its being intended for our notice and produced by quasi-human agency is considerable. In the first place, astronomers admit that the existence of life somewhat akin to our own on Mars is highly probable.

In the nature of things, there is no ground for supposing that the earth should be the only planet on which evolution has run the course which happens to have resulted in producing our noble selves. Setting aside the hypothesis of a special creation and a Divine reason for favoring the earth beyond any other planet—which may be true, but is not amenable to discussion by the light of that ordered reason which we call science—we can all see at once that, if all the planets are but cooled and hardened portions of the same original nebula, the reason would be not that life should exist on other planets, but that it should have come into being on the earth alone.

Similar causes must be assumed to produce similar effects, though man is too apt to think that an exceptional interest and merit attach to the inconceivable planet that has had the honor of being inhabited. If, then, we must assume the probability that there are "other worlds than ours," other sentient beings within the limits of our system, where are we to look for them?

LIFE ON MARS.

Every argument points to Mars as the most likely place. The outer planets are too far from the sun for such life as we know to maintain itself upon them; in the remote coldness of Neptune or Uranus only algae or bacteria could live with any comfort, imagination refuses to conceive a civilized society of typhoid germs. Jupiter is almost certainly still in a state of red-hot, and even might as well try to live in a Dutch oven as where Mercury swims in the sunbeams. The minor planets, these disject members of a "planet that never was," are barred by our knowledge of physics, which tells us that not even the largest of them can possess any vestiges of an atmosphere; while the smaller ones are so ill-provided with gravitating force that an ordinary man's jump would take him away into infinite space. It would be rash, perhaps, to assert that life without an atmosphere is impossible, but we cannot conceive it.

There remain, then, only our two nearest neighbors, Mars and Venus, as the possible homes of such life as we can imagine to exist in conditions not too utterly unlike our own. There are grave difficulties in the way of studying Venus from this point of view, and, as we have seen, been concentrated on Mars, where some eminent astronomers believe that they have found evidence for the existence of intelligent beings. The evidence is rather thin, indeed, consisting mainly of the demonstration that Mars is suited for the existence of life. In the first place, Mars possesses an atmosphere more rarified than our own—its pressure is probably not more than two or three pounds to the square inch, corresponding to a barometric reading of five or six inches of mercury—but still conceivably adequate to support life that had been developed in it, though a man transported thither or a Martian suddenly brought hither would equally be unable to survive without a diving costume.

WHAT HAS BEEN SEEN.

This is proved not only by spectroscopic observations which have shown the presence of an atmosphere containing water vapor, but by the regular waxing and waning of the white patches of snow that surround the Martian poles. In other physical respects Mars is essentially similar to the earth, and it is not to see how the human constitution could be modified to live there.

So far the evidence of life on Mars confines itself to asserting its possibility. Direct evidence of its presence has been sought, and, as some mainly in the apparently regular change of certain features of the planet's surface, which is attributed by Mr. Lowell and others to the action of intelligent beings. These are the well-known "canals," those in the best telescopes as a network of lines on the Martian surface, which at certain seasons of the year appear to be duplicated.

Some astronomers maintain that they

are simply an optical delusion—that the wish to see them is father to the observation. But a little positive evidence in such matters outweighs much negative; if two or three men have seen a thing, it is a poor answer that twenty or thirty have not. Hence we are entitled to consider at least as a working hypothesis, the theory that these singular marks are due to some vast engineering or agricultural operations on Mars.

If, then, we assume the probability of sentient life on Mars, it is an easy step to suppose that its inhabitants may wish to communicate with other planets, just as we should dearly like to communicate with them. Hence it is often supposed that a remarkable appearance on Mars may be a signal to our address. The chief difficulties in thus interpreting such an observation as Mr. Lowell has just made are twofold. The first is that the gigantic size of such a signal and the possibility of its artificial nature.

SIR ROBERT BALL

says that signalling from Mars to the earth would need a flag the size of Ireland or an electric light as big as London. There is no great exaggeration in this. The probability of the projection which has just been observed is due to sunlight striking a cloud at a height of some twenty miles in the Martian atmosphere, according to the received explanation of similar observations made four or five times within the last generation. But if the artificiality of the signal is admitted in engineering as to be able to carry out irrigation works on the vast scale that the canals imply, they ought to be capable of making such signals; if money was no object, even a terrestrial engineer could arrange a system of electric lights that would send a flash as far as Mars.

The second and more powerful objection to the signal theory is that no intelligent message has been sent, whence it is more natural to conclude that these projections are merely accidental cloud reflections. Before we accept the assertion that Mars is signaling, we must wait for something that can be twisted into a message, be it as elementary as the "one, two, three" which Mr. Tesla once found arriving from outer space on his wireless telegraphic receiver. What we have recently learned of the possibilities of wireless telegraphy, or of that still subtler form of radiation which is vaguely perceived in the phenomena of telephony are, though transferring, suggests that when Mars tries in earnest to communicate with us it will not be by mere heliography or "flag wagging." We are daily getting wireless messages from the sun; why should not a sentient being send us one from Mars some day? But there is no use in being "too previous," and one must conclude that there is no ground for supposing that what Mr. Lowell saw was a signal from Mars, though it would be highly unscientific to deny the possibility of such an explanation.

LI HUNG CHANG BURIED.

Astrologers Were Careful to Make a Propitious Date.

The great Chinese financier and statesman who died a year and a half ago has just been laid away, the press informs us, in a tomb prepared for him near a temple in his native village, in the province of Nanhai.

If the inscriptions on his casket and tomb mean anything he was certainly not without honor in his own country. Embroidered in letters of gold on the mantle saw the silk that covered the casket was the legend: "The universe is mourning." The time for his interment was a matter of prime importance and the astrologers made the most careful calculations to find a propitious date, worthy of the great man who had lived a life of such a date. We like to say nice things about the dead, but the Chinese as past masters in the art of panegyric, far excel us. The friends of Li Hung Chang solemnly inscribed on the door of his tomb, "He shook heaven and upset earth."

How similar Chinese respect for the dead is to that which we show in Western lands is seen in the funeral symbols employed—altars with candles, urns, and golden censers. It is said that a number of Li Hung Chang's descendants who live in the neighborhood of the tomb so jealously guard the resting place that it is difficult to gain access to the tomb.

HOW TO PROVE HIS DEVOTION.

He (just been refused)—"Then life has no further charm; I shall kill myself."
She—"By poison?"
He—"Probably."
She—"Well, you'll excuse my mentioning it, but brother Jack has just opened a champagne bottle, you know, and would you mind bringing the poison of him? It would encourage poor Jack, and prove your devotion to me."
He still lives.

TAX ON STOUTING.

The municipal council of a little Swedish town has just introduced a progressive tax on stoutness. Below 135 pounds one is free from tax, from 135 pounds to 200 pounds one has to pay \$3.12 a year, while from 200 pounds to 270 pounds the impost is \$6. As to great weights, they will be a luxury for military aces. One has to pay \$6 for every 20 pounds in excess of 270 pounds.

INDIAN CHIEF AS NAVVY.

Indians in large numbers are going to be doing the railway in North America. Among them is a man who applied for work as an engineer, the famous Sitting Bull, the most noted chief of the Sioux tribe.

SOME NOVEL DRUNKARDS.

QUEER METHODS OF GETTING INTOXICATED.

A Man Became a Hopeless Wreck From Allowing Water to Drip Into His Ear.

Some people adopt curious ways of becoming intoxicated. We are told that the cup that cheers also maddens; for excessive imbibing of strongly-brewed tea produces all the symptoms of drunkenness—not so much outwardly, perhaps, as that the mind experiences the mild delirium of the drunkard—the victim not betraying himself at the same time, which is an additional advantage to the secret imbiber.

One lady was a total wreck through indulging in exceedingly strong tea, and a deal of the green leaf in the brewing. She had a sort of delirium tremens, which the doctor declared was entirely due to tea-drinking. Recovering, she became an abstainer for a little while; but, old habits proving too strong, she once fell at the drink to the bitter draught, and suffered agonies at frequent intervals, eventually poisoning herself through the so-called harmless beverage.

A coffee drunkard was admitted to an infirmary some time ago suffering from an injury caused while in a state of intoxication—the result of excessive imbibing. His sufferings were excessive, for his clamoring for the beverage was granted only in an ordinary degree, and then in nothing like the strength to which he had accustomed himself. He confessed that of late he had drunk decoctions of the fragrant berry.

EVERY FIFTH MINUTES

of the day, and the result of such indulgence was a sensation of exquisite pleasure and most excruciating torture intermittently, as in the case of the opium-smoker. But perhaps one of the strangest methods of becoming intoxicated was that adopted by a man who, strange to say, had a peculiar loathing for beer or alcoholic drinks of any kind. He would rest his head under a cold water tap, which he would allow to drip gently into his ear, the water producing a sort of boiling sensation in the first instance, followed by a lulling and numbing of the senses, under which benign influence he would fall asleep.

When aroused from his slumber he experienced a sense of dulness—a stupor similar to that of an habitual drunkard. This unique habit so entirely mastered him that he would spend hours reclining in a position which brought his ear in contact with the drip of water, eventually becoming unable to go without such unusual stimulation, for that he felt better after indulging in his assured, though prostration followed in its wake. This individual became a hopeless wreck, and his life was despaired of. It would be interesting to learn the sequel of this curious instance.

A lady, at one time known to the writer, used to produce a species of intoxication by dosing herself with chloroform. She professed to believe herself inclined to be consumptive, and adopted this medicine to relieve her sufferings, dosing herself so frequently that her family became alarmed, and begged of her to try some other specific. She would consult no doctor, but avowed great faith in the

REMEDY OF HER CHOICE. It was soon apparent, however, that she had cultivated a passion for the medicine, and she scared a kitchen-maid out of her senses on one occasion by throwing a bottle at her because she had disturbed her during one of her spells of intoxication.

A band of gipsies, camping one summer on a strip of land by a farmhouse, had a curious custom of drinking to sleep. They would take a piece of bark and stalks of plants, which they procured from the woods and hedgerows, these being prepared by drying on a stone near the fire, after which they were separated into handy pieces for the old lady's delirium. The gipsies gave their curious name, they were believed to be the product of a species of nightshade, which produces sickness and stupor, followed by prostration, and even death in some instances. The old crone had acquired a liking for the deadly herb, and having grown its poisonous tendencies she chewed it incessantly, and was invariably in a semi-intoxicated condition.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The common house spider is harmless and renders positive service to mankind by killing flies and other insects. The missing link from Fashoda to Ujjini in the telegraph line from Cape Town to Cairo will be supplied by Mavconi wireless instruments.

The atom of hydrogen is the smallest of the "ultimate atoms" of matter, but it is 1,474 times as large as the corpuscles which have recently been demonstrated as the elements of the atoms.

In the case of the French ship valued at more on the Goodwins, evidence given in the Admiralty court showed that by means of one short wireless message property to the amount of \$272,940 was saved.

An official report on the Singapore railway tunnel, which is being pierced through the Alps at the high rate, shows that the extremely rapid increase of the rock temperature in May at the end of the tunnel, the undertaking, 129 degrees Fahrenheit being reached at one time.

An important meteorological factor in the health of a country is the amount of sunshine. Fresh air and sunshine are nature's most potent disinfectants and disease germ killers. Especially in May at the end of the tunnel, the undertaking, 129 degrees Fahrenheit being reached at one time.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some Prominent People.

The King of the Belgians is a brilliant talker on any subject. His habits of life are very simple. His Majesty rises at six o'clock and works for a couple of hours before breakfast, a meal which is served in the Queen's apartments. It consists of coffee, dry bread, tea, and an apple. The morning is spent in the transaction of State business. Luncheon is of homely fare. The King usually drinks filtered water, rarely wine. He is very particular to take out-door exercise in the afternoon. Dinner is a plain meal, for the King is fond of simple joints.

An Irishman to the core, Lord Wolsey is a Protestant and a Freemason, having received a dispensation to join the order at the age of twenty. All his ancestors have been soldiers, and his first pocket money was to buy military boots. Lord Wolsey holds that "you cannot win in your time more profitably than in sleeping," and when he is his own master he has always gone to bed between ten and eleven and been up before six. He used to be a great smoker, but has given it up of late years. From his bed he smoked constantly from morning till night, his fancy being thick black cigars.

Sir John Gorst is one of the very few persons in England who have mastered the Maori language. When a young man of twenty-five he was appointed a Government resident in one of the most disturbed districts of New Zealand. He found there a seditious paper called the "Hokioi," or the "Eagle," and to counteract its influence he issued and sold a weekly paper under the title of "Pihoko Mokenoko," meaning in English the "Little Sparrow on the House Top." A rebel band of Maoris raided Sir John's office one night, carried off all his type, and compelled him to seek refuge within the lines of General Sir Duncan Cameron.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone is still occasionally greeted by the historical nickname which he bore so cheerfully at Eton. When his father added twopenny to the income tax about thirty-five years ago Herbert, who was then a diminutive lower-form boy, was promptly christened "Tuppence," a name which clung to him through the remainder of his school days. Mr. Gladstone is a short, broad-shouldered man, of great physical strength, and with the complexion of a Spaniard. He is such an enthusiastic lover of golf that he has built himself a house near the links at Littlestone, where he spends several weeks of each year.

Mr. G. S. Robertson, whom the Lord Chief Justice has appointed as the Alaska Boundary Commission, is a junior barrister, extremely versatile attainments. At the University he not only carried off almost all the prizes in the domain of learning, but exhibited equal prowess in every department of sport. Not content with athletic distinction at home, he tried his fortune abroad, going on one of his visits to Gloucester Mr. Gladstone kept a rule of the Cathedral in the letter while breaking it in the spirit. Mr. Gladstone was conducted over the building by a verger named Cross—a man of unusual culture—whose account of feats of interest was more intelligent than some experts usually are. The statesman, highly pleased, tendered a "tip" of half a sovereign. The man respectfully declined the gift as against the rules. Mr. Gladstone dropped the piece of gold on the floor. "There," he said, "the rule is not proved wrong from picking it up." And they didn't.

When Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the famous millionaire, was a small boy at the village school of Loretto, Pennsylvania, he was renowned for his high spirits and his love of practical joking. The master, who was an Englishman, one day told the boys to bring him a specimen of some sort of stone to the next geology and geography lesson, and he would describe and tell his pupils all about them. This they did, young Schwab taking a broken brick from his country schoolworkhouse for the purpose, which he found little to his taste, and ran away to America. In New Orleans he saw an announcement in the shop of a Henry Mortlake Stanley that a boy was wanted. The lad obtained the situation and remained with his employer, who adopted him, until his death. In this way he came by his present name, having formerly borne that of John Mortlake Stanley.

The distinction of having commenced his career in a workhouse, a fact which has not prevented him from rising to dizzy heights of fame. Of Welsh origin, the great explorer cannot have all pleasant memories of his native land, although he can still speak the language. He left the workhouse for the Duke's school, which he found little to his taste, and ran away to America. In New Orleans he saw an announcement in the shop of a Henry Mortlake Stanley that a boy was wanted. The lad obtained the situation and remained with his employer, who adopted him, until his death. In this way he came by his present name, having formerly borne that of John Mortlake Stanley.

Little Princess Victoria of Wales is perhaps the youngest Royal cyclist in Europe. The dimensions of the bicycle are Lithuanian. Only 16 inches of tube separate the bracket and the seat pillar. The rims of the wheels, which are 20 inches in diameter, are made of aluminum, the diameter of the tires is 14 inches, and the machine is geared to 43 inches. On the front of the plain black enamel frame appears a small "M" in gold. The whole weighs only 15 pounds.

OF THE WORLD'S NAVIES.

GREAT BRITAIN LEADS EVERY COUNTRY.

Growth of the Navies as Shown By Recent Naval Annuals.

The great naval annuals for 1902, such as the British Brassey's Naval Annual, the German Nauticus, Jahrbuch für Deutschlands Seestreitkräfte, the French Aide-Mémoire du Marine, and the Austrian Marine Almanach, have made their appearance and there are some interesting points brought out in them.

The development and growth of the world's navies is the most general interest, and the comparison of the world's sea powers as they will be in 1906 affords some valuable data for thought and consideration. The year 1906 is selected because in that year the French naval law, the Russian programme for ship construction, building programmes for most of the other great nations will have been practically completed. To compare the fleets of the nations only battleships and large cruisers of over 5,000 tons displacement, which were launched not earlier than 1882 in case of battleships, or in case of cruisers 1887, are considered.

BATTLESHIPS AND CRUISERS.

An estimate made on this basis gives the following picture of the future:

	Battleships	Over 10,000 Tons	Total Tonnage
Great Britain.....	27	52	248,760
France.....	32	23	243,720
Russia.....	20	19	247,240
United States.....	29	19	244,190
Germany.....	25	18	212,045
Italy.....	13	19	189,675
Japan.....	7	8	53,610
Austria-Hungary.....	10	2	7,020
	Cruisers	Ar-moured	Total Tonnage
Great Britain.....	70	23	648,440
France.....	28	23	243,170
Russia.....	13	5	105,060
United States.....	13	13	274,130
Germany.....	11	8	91,550
Italy.....	6	6	39,875
Japan.....	6	6	39,875
Austria-Hungary.....	3	3	19,770

STRONGER THAN DEATH OR A RANSOMED LIFE

CHAPTER II.

Vivian Ardel was full of pity, but mingled with his pity there was something of impatience, even of anger, at this tale of misery, so easily averted.

"What wanton waste," he mused, "of the happy days due to her golden youth—days never to be recalled or replaced. How may I best redeem from misery this young life that I have saved from death?"

He paced the spacious room rapidly, as was his wont when in deep thought, pausing now and again abruptly to stare out with vacant eyes upon the shining river.

"What can I do?" The question repeated itself insistently again and again in his thoughts, finding no answer. His comfort is easily managed. I can get her to a good school, of course, for a year or two. But, poor child, she has been so lonely! Her nature longs for love and sympathy, and she will drop and pine for lack of it. The question began again.

Suddenly an answer came to him, and his face brightened in a moment.

"Yes," he said, "perfect for both. Eva, I know, will gladly consent. But what will John think or say? But then he is away on circuit at Liverpool. The delay is unfortunate; I will write to him at once."

He sat down at a writing-table, and his pen flew over the paper, but the writing was like copper-plate. One, two, three sheets were rapidly filled in as many minutes, and the letter closed.

He had written the name on the envelope, "John Trevor," and was adding the address when a knock came to the door.

"Come in!" he cried impatiently, glancing back over his shoulder; then suddenly, with a cry of pleasure, he leaped from his seat.

A well-built man of about forty-five years of age, with strong, honest face, clean-shaven, firm mouth, and shrewd, grey eyes, stood at the door.

"You come upon a wish, Trevor," Ardel said, heartily welcoming him. "How curiously those things happen! I was just writing to you; I hadn't finished the address on the envelope."

"May I read it?" Trevor asked gravely.

"May! You must read it at once. It's something I am anxious about."

There was a look of appeal in Ardel's face as the shrewd eyes, well used to documents, ran rapidly over the letter, missing no word. Then the frank, grey eyes were raised to the anxious dark ones with a look of kindly admiration.

"Of course," said Trevor heartily. "I think I can answer for Eva as well as for myself. She wants just such a girl as you describe to help her with the little ones—a girl who would be a companion and never none that I am so much away, a friend, a younger sister; some one she could love. It's Eva's nature to love, as you know. But are you quite sure of this girl's story, Ardel?"

"Quite sure."

"You learned it from—"

"The girl herself."

"I don't understand. You write here she is still unconscious."

"Don't misunderstand then; don't believe. Can't you trust me?"

"Of course I can, and do, but I must say, for a sceptic, Ardel, you sometimes manifest a most generous faith."

"You know my creed and practice; be as happy as you can; make others as happy as you can; for youth and life go by quickly, and never come back. But there is no credit for faith here, Trevor. I believe in the girl because I know."

"And I take your word for her most willingly; so that's settled."

"I hope Eva will be pleased."

"I know she will be delighted. Now it's my turn; I have a request to make too."

"I consent beforehand, whatever it is," said Ardel, smiling. "A request from you is a rarity."

"Mind, I hold you to your word. You dine with Eva and myself at Lavella to-morrow. Have you forgotten that to-morrow is your birthday?"

Vivian Ardel's face darkened ominously.

"I have not forgotten it," he said; "I wish I could. I hate the thought."

His earnestness startled his friend. "You, of all men, Ardel! he cried; 'whose life is so full of happiness and sunshine. What other thoughts and memories than pleasant ones can birthdays have for you?'"

"It is because the road is so pleasant," Trevor, because life is so happy that it hurts me to be reminded how much I have already spent—how little is left to spend. But don't mind me; it's a relief to break out like that sometimes. There, the light is over now."

"Of course, to spend the day with you and Eva. But my girl—"

"Eva will come to town for her early."

"That would be perfect. Eva's face and voice will win her heart at once. But are you sure she can come?"

"Certain. She was coming in any case for London shopping, and to carry you off by force, if my diplomacy failed."

Ardel kept his friend for the evening, and they dined luxuriously on a dinner of the host's designing. Trevor enjoyed himself as the ordinary man enjoys good wine and food; but he lacked the keen, appreciative pleasure of the other, whose every sense ministered to his delight.

After dinner they sat smoking at the window, looking out on the moonlit river, on whose dim waters the boats moved hither and thither, phantom-like, trailing black shadows. They smoked for a while in silence; the pleasant, restful silence of close comradeship. Ardel broke it first.

"How did you get back so soon?" he asked. "The assizes are not over."

"No, but I had to leave. You remember I am engaged to defend the young swell Wickham, who is charged with murdering his sweetheart. It's to be tried here in London, but the day is not yet fixed. I came back for that."

"They gave me an enormous fee in the case, but no fee pays for the worry of mind."

"I should think not; a life in your hands! a man's life, the one priceless, unpurchasable treasure, dependent on you to save or lose! This Wickham, I hear, is young, rich, and handsome, with all the enjoyments of the world before him—or the grave. It's a horrible responsibility, Trevor."

"You got him off?"

"I cannot say. The evidence is circumstantial merely. But I never knew a chain so close and strong—each link welded to the next."

"Is he innocent?"

"I cannot tell you that, either. I think he is. But I always believe my clients innocent while I'm defending them. I couldn't put my whole heart into the defence if I didn't. But in this case the general current of opinion is strongly the other way."

"Well, I hope sincerely that he will escape."

"If he is innocent, you mean?"

"Innocent or guilty, I hope he'll get off."

Trevor looked at him in surprise, for he spoke very earnestly.

"I cannot understand you at all, Ardel," he said, at last. "I thought, of all men living, you valued human life highest and most abhorred murder."

"So I do; I hate all murders. But I believe I hate judicial murder most of all, as the most deliberate and the most revolting. We cannot get back the life that is lost. Why destroy another, with all its wonders, all its possibilities, for the sake of a mere blind savagery, such disgusting

presumption, in man to ruin what he is so helpless to restore."

"I feel just like that myself when I see the prisoner in the dock, his face ashen grey and his eyes wild with the agony of fear. Then I would give my own right hand to save him, innocent or guilty. But in cooler moments my reason tells me it is well the murderer should die."

"Don't listen to your reason, then," said Ardel vehemently, "for it is wrong. If a man's heart and brain are sound and work together, his feelings are a better guide than his reason. They are his own real self. You loathe murder; so do I. But that does not justify the murder of the murderer—the cruel, remorseless quenching of that wonderful thing, life. It revolts me even to think of it. Oh, it is a mercy we can but dimly realize what death means. Our life is vigorous in heart and brain, rich in thought and memory, and hope, and keen, conscious enjoyment, recoils at the horrible glimpses it catches now and again of oblivion. If we could but manage to prolong or renew our lives in this beautiful world of ours, we need not envy the myths they call angels."

"Yet you were quite ready to risk this precious life of yours no later than this morning," said Trevor, smiling at this rhapsody of his friend.

"There was no risk; not the very least. I took every precaution against even the passing trouble of a chill. But I'll be quite frank with you, Trevor. I believe even if there were a risk I would have done the same. I didn't say I was not on my feelings, our impulses should govern us, and not our reason? It was an overmastering, unreasoning impulse that sent me into the water without thought of danger. I'm glad it is so. Life itself would be no worth having if one lived in constant terror of losing it. It is a delight to me to think her life and youth, with all its possibilities, with all its certainties of enjoyment in this best of all possible worlds. A God—if there were a God—could do no more for her."

"Steady there, Ardel," interposed Trevor, gravely. "Be content to work under God. If it gives happiness to help others, he won't object with deep feeling in his voice, 'you should be the happiest man on God's earth to-day.'"

"I am, Trevor, no man happier. All my life things have gone well with me. I have health, wealth and success. Better still, I have that keen relish for all forms of enjoyment alike—the simplest and the highest—which makes mere living to me no more than a few episodes of dull earth. The thing seems horrible, incredible; yet I know it must come."

"Why trouble with such thoughts? You are still young in years; you are younger than your years. A long and happy life stretches out before you."

"Why trouble? Because I cannot help troubling. The thought of death begins to force itself upon me. The best part of my life is gone, and I will be thirty to-morrow. I have twenty years more. After fifty the wine of life is gone and only the lees remain. You see, I have made careful calculation of my treasure."

"Don't frighten a fellow, Ardel. Remember I'm not so far off from fifty myself. Surely a man can make himself comfortable after fifty."

"Comfortable, yes; and even happy after a fashion."

"I mean to be as happy as I can. I assure you, while I live, if I should, as I hope, live to a hundred."

"But the shadow of the approaching doom will grow daily heavier as I grow older and nearer. As it is, I feel I have climbed the hill, and my thoughts, in spite of me, run on before to the bottom, where death waits, inevitable. Those few pleasant hours you and I have spent together have brought us nearer to it."

"You don't believe in another and better life, Ardel, worse luck for you. I am sure, what you call a religious man myself, but that hope is firm in me."

"No, I don't believe in a better life. I don't want a better life. I can conceive none better. To live this life in this world for all time is the utmost limit of my desire."

"Have you forgotten your Swift and his immortal, decrepit, miserable struldbrugs?"

"Swift was a very clever fellow, but the argument he embodied in his struldbrug was no more than an ingenious sophism. Eternal immortality is absurd. Immortal youth is the only immortality that is conceivable. To stop the wear and tear of the body in youth, or renew its forces, is the only way to live forever."

"You surely don't believe in the elixir of life?" broke in Trevor, laughingly.

"No, I had some notions of that kind when I was a boy of fifteen. I even went through the old books and tried all the old experiments and some new ones. But I quickly grew out of that folly, of course. The clever men believed in it and spent their life in pursuit of it; it is only a proof how intense and overmastering was the wish that mastered their reason and compelled belief."

"I am sure of those human clocks which we call our bodies, made to go for a hundred years or so. It runs down in the end, and we cannot wind it up again. The machinery is worn out. We can make it last a little longer by use, or a great deal shorter by carelessness."

now them. We can prevent the machine breaking down, but we cannot stop it from wearing out. I myself have found effective remedies for most of the diseases our flesh is heir to. It is possible, I believe, to find remedies for them all. But for old age there is no cure."

"Then there is no way out of it?" Trevor had been gradually captivated, in spite of himself, by his friend's earnestness and by the eternal interest of the subject. "We must endure what we cannot cure."

"I am not so sure of that," answered Vivian, with a strange look in his dark eyes. "We may perhaps answer what we cannot make. But that is only a vague dream that haunts me at odd times; born, I dare say, of the intense longing for life."

"How the time has gone by!" he broke off abruptly; "in another hour I will be thirty years of age—another year of life gone. You must look sharp, Trevor, or catch your train. Eva will be anxious."

"I have half an hour yet, and can do it in twenty minutes. But I am glad you spoke. How time flies!"

"How time flies!" echoed his companion gloomily. But he smiled away in a moment. "Remember, Trevor," he said with a smile, as he bade his friend good-night in the courtyard, "I shall expect you and Eva here at two o'clock."

"Two o'clock, we shan't fall," Trevor cried, as he leaped into his hansom, and was whirled away through the noise and glare of the crowded streets.

(To be continued.)

BEAUTIFY RAILWAYS.

The Catalpa Tree Could Be Made Useful and Ornamental.

Nothing is more dreary and depressing than the unsightly borders of railroad tracks—cinder, gray crushed stone, tangle of weeds, and dilapidated fences. In England and Europe grass banks, shrubs, and trees make a pleasing sight flying by the car window. A suggestion for our railways combining at once utility and beauty is made by the New York World in the following extract:

"Arboriculture is advocating the growth of Catalpa trees along railroad and telegraph lines, to supply ties and poles. The trees, it says, will attain the right size for telegraph poles in sixteen years, and at that age and size will furnish five railway cross-ties to a trunk. Upon almost every railway right of way may be grown 640 trees to each mile of track, omitting the inside line of curves, but planting one row of trees upon each side of the track and forty to fifty feet from centre, trees one rod apart."

"In sixteen years this will provide 3,000 ties, being enough to relay the mile of track. Since the catalpa renews itself from the stump when cut, and the young shoots grow very rapidly with the well-established roots to support the new growth, the trees would be permanent and fully supply all requirements for ties, fence posts, telegraph poles and lumber."

By cutting a portion each year the avenue of trees would remain unbroken. An avenue 1,000 miles long! As many railway lines are of much greater length than this, here would be the happiest views which America could possess."

THE SIGN OF THE FISH.

Used As a Symbol by the Early Christian Church.

The symbols upon early Christian monuments, of which so many have been discovered, are curious and interesting. One of the most frequent is that of the fish. The figure of the fish is used; and also the Greek word for fish, says Dr. A. W. Patten, who has looked into the subject. Ramsay, in his excavations in Asia Minor, has found some very important inscriptions in which the fish signs are frequent.

But why was it that the early Christians used this sign? The answer is simple. As I remember that they found in the letters of the Greek word for fish an acrostic on the name of the Saviour. The word was "ichthus." Each letter of the word in the original Greek begins one of the words in the following phrase: "Jesus Christ, Son of God, the Saviour."

So the word "ichthus" came to stand for a Christian, and it was used as a mark of Christianity. It was not only sculptured on burial monuments, but came to be used on various utensils. A great many terra cotta lamps have been found, especially at Spalato, in which is found the impress of the fish. Many of these "ichthus" lamps are found also at Rome. The word "fish" came to be used also to describe a Christian, and to call a man a fish was equivalent to calling him a Christian.

In one of the old Christian frescoes, indicating a baptism, a man is represented as pulling a fish out of the water. Ramsay tells us that it was customary in Asia Minor in the second century for the Christian to use this symbolic language. It was hardly safe, then, for them to speak openly of their faith in Christ. They were accustomed to wear rings with the fish sign as a signet, much as we wear symbolic badges to-day. One day two men met, either aware of the faith of the other. One, without saying a word, traced with his stick the figure of a fish in the sand. The other quickly burst out in assertion of his Christian faith, for the fish symbol had declared the other's allegiance to Christ.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.

A remarkable coincidence occurred at an inquest on the body of a woman at the London hospital recently. Three of the jurymen were named Bird; the foreman selected was also named Bird; a fifth was called

ON THE FARM.

SWINE BREEDING.

Mr. S. M. Federick delivered the following address before the meeting of the American Poland-China Record Association. Give them your best efforts at this time. A little neglect now will make you feel, when fall comes and the time for the sale of your stocks is at hand more than ever before. 'Of all sad words of tongue or pen the saddest are these: 'I wish I had been better.'"

"Construct your pens so that the pigs will get all the sunlight possible. By the time they are four or five days old see that they get exercise. Here the breeder will have to exercise his ingenuity. Place the pigs outside of pen until they become hungry; place sow in inside of pen; drive them with a whip, or put them in a box or barrel, and when hungry they will try to climb out to reach the sow. Use any and every way that suggests itself to give them exercise. Give them your best efforts at this time. A little neglect now will make you feel, when fall comes and the time for the sale of your stocks is at hand more than ever before. 'Of all sad words of tongue or pen the saddest are these: 'I wish I had been better.'"

"I want to digress enough right here to say that, in my opinion, to become a successful breeder of swine requires a greater degree of skill, closer observation to breed, than any other kind of live stock, owing to the large number at birth with its attendant weakness, and the susceptibility of the pig during his early life to his environment, being farthest removed from the

"Having now gotten the litter through the first four or five weeks of life, you can begin to let piggy depend less upon nature's food and more upon food which you will skillfully provide. Place a separate trough for the pigs' use. Begin by giving a little new milk for which you can substitute skimmed milk, with a little mill feed, and continue in the case of the sow, to feed foods rich in nitrogenous materials instead of fat. My treatment of the sow was designed to secure strength in the pig at the time of birth, but this influence does not end here; whereas, a pig with barely enough vitality to enable him to get through piggish in a very puny condition will not usually amount to much."

"One of the things to be guarded against is getting too fat while young. Excessive fat is not healthy; in fact, obesity is a disease. Too rapid growth at an early age throws too much work upon the immature vital organs; hence in a little time the pig that was so promising shows symptoms of indigestion and fever, or, terminating in thumps, which usually means the end of the pig. Even if he apparently escapes these ills if fed too heavily while young, you will observe his

"SHORTNESS OF BREATH upon the least exertion and general lack of constitution, the manifest result of early forcing. You may feed liberally if food is of the right kind, and if at the same time the pigs get plenty of exercise. Shut a pig up and you stunt him and he loses appetite. Exercise quickens the circulation, sharpens the appetite, and greatly aids digestion; hence, we see the improvement in growth, particularly in bone and muscular. The playful kitten, the frolicsome colt and romping child, most plainly show nature's method of invigorating the system."

"I have dwelt upon the need of exercise and the system of feeding to prevent excessive fattiness for the reason that Poland-China have been bred for easy feeding qualities until they possess this trait to a degree possessed by no other breed extant. We pride ourselves on our maturity, but I think this trait has been carried far enough, possibly too far. Having developed in a wonderful degree, such as is possessed by no other breed, his ability to make a pork under all conditions and circumstances, let us now with proper food and care, which he has not had in the past turn his wonderful feeding capacity to the upbuilding of a strong and muscular frame, thus keeping our favorite in the proud position thus far held in his career, the greatest hog the world has ever known."

LIGHT AND VENTILATION.

These are the farmers' busy days but they are not so busy that they should not be giving more or less thought to preparations for housing as well as feeding his cows. Stable in particular should receive very tentative consideration. Among the items not to be overlooked, are the questions of light and ventilation. Unless stable is well lighted now, summer or early fall. Unless there is proper ventilation now, arrangements should be made so that the cows can have pure air to breathe. These are not merely questions of speculative interest, but they have direct connection with practical returns. Light is a most effective germ destroyer. Fresh, pure air is absolutely indispensable for man or beast, if they are to do their best. Good air to breathe will lessen the amount of feed required and increase the returns. We beseech our readers to think on these things carefully. It is not necessary to go to a very great expense, but it is necessary, if one wants best returns, in some way to provide light and fresh air in the stable.

REMEDY FOR SCALY LEGS.

Make a saturated solution of fresh naphthalene flakes in good high test kerosene. Fill a small bucket with the solution, and dip the bird's legs into this solution once a week. Four or five drippings, will usually cure the worst cases, says the Poultry Monthly. After the first dripping remove all scales that will come away easily. Be careful to dip only the legs into the solution. Do not let it get on the skin of the thighs or it will raise a blister. Try to avoid soiling the feathers with it. Add Venetian red to the solution, as it makes it stick and colors the legs sufficiently to identify at a glance the birds that have been treated. The red stains soon wear off. Use only enough red to color the solution a good, red color. It is a safe, simple cure if used properly, but remember, that you can kill or badly blister fowls with kerosene if you are careless and sloppy in using it.

THE HARVEST TALKS.

It is not the number of acres plowed and planted, but rather the number of bushels harvested, that determines the profitability. Better plant less and have the soil in good tilth, sow the seed in good season and under as favorable conditions as possible, cultivate at the proper time and secure a good growth and yield rather than plant a larger acreage and be less able to have all work done in good season and in consequence secure a lessened yield. —Successful Farming.

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have caused testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. Write at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto, Dr. Chase's Ointment

WIRELESS TELEPHONY.

M. Maiche, a French inventor, has made some experiments with wireless telephony in the forests at St. Germain. The transmitter was placed on the top of a house, but connected to the ground in the manner of a lightning rod. A thousand yards distant two poles ninety feet apart were connected together by wire, and had a telephone receiver in circuit. Sounds from the transmitter were plainly heard in it. Receivers off the line of transmission do not catch the message.

SCARLET FUNERALS.

They have a curious custom at the burial of married women in Brazil. The coffin, hearse, and the liveries of the driver must be bright scarlet, the four white horses drawing the hearse must be covered with scarlet nets, and scarlet plumes must deck the horses' heads.

"Your marriage was the result of love at first sight, wasn't it?" "Yes," replied the near-sighted friend. "I never shall forget that day. Only time in my life I was ever known to forget my glasses."

Harry—"Miss Maston has pretty teeth, hasn't she?" Ella—"Yes, and yet she told me they were only \$25."

Dreadful Case of Itching Piles

Doctor Wanted to Burn the Skin With a Red Hot Iron—Patient Was Cured by DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Mr. Alex. McLean, Tarbot Vale, N. S., writes—"For two years I worked as sectionman on the Dominion Coal Company's Railroad between Sydney and Glace Bay, N. S., and during that time was exposed to all sorts of weather. Gradually my health failed, and I became a victim of protruding piles. At first I did not know what ailment was, but consulted a doctor, and though he treated me for piles, they only grew worse."

"I was forced to give up work and return to my home. My suffering could scarcely be described. I could not walk or lie down, but while the rest of the family was sleeping I would be groaning and aching from the excruciating pains."

"Again I decided to consult a doctor. This one stripped me, and said the piles would have to be burned with a red-hot iron. I shivered at the thought of burning the flesh, and told him I could not think of undergoing such an operation, so he gave me some salve, for which he charged me two dollars, but it did not do me any good."

"I was in a desperate condition, and had about given up hope of ever being freed from this dreadful suffering when a friend told me about Dr. Chase's Ointment. He said he had seen so many cases that it had cured that he would pay for it himself if it failed to cure."

"My experience with Dr. Chase's Ointment is that the first application did me more good than did the two doctors, and it has made me as well as as free from piles as any man. Since being cured I worked during the winter in the lumber woods and experienced no return of my old trouble. I am not putting it too strong when I say that Dr. Chase's Ointment was worth \$100 a box to me. You are free to use my testimonial for the benefit of others, as I feel it my duty to make known this great ointment."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box of his remedies.

Jim Dumps' physician once fell ill. Said he: "I'll have no draught or pill." Said Jim: "Ho, ho, you're on the shelf. You who cure others, cure yourself." Then Jim sent up some "Force" to him. "That's what he needs," quoth "Sunny Jim."

Force

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

for doctor and patient.

Has Eaten Three Cases.

"I was attacked last May by appendicitis. As I showed signs of recovery I began to eat around for a suitable diet and as a result we fell upon 'Force,' which has been a wonderful boon to me. I have eaten almost three cases. H. H. MILLER."

THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1903.

Canada's Prosperity.

The financial year ending June 30th has been one of unprecedented prosperity for Canada. The revenue on the consolidated account amounted to the enormous sum of \$63,739,271, giving a surplus of \$22,290,168 over ordinary expenditures, and of \$15,060,075 over all expenditures combined. All the receipts for the last financial year are not yet in. When paid they will augment the total revenue by about a million and a half. A number of liabilities incurred during the past twelve months have also to be met. It is not thought, however, that the totals given above will undergo any material change, as the receipts and expenditures still to come will about balance each other. Canada's big surplus will give the Government a chance to effect a large reduction in the public debt if it is desired. The increase in revenue in 1902-3, as compared with 1901-2, amounts to \$7,435,577. The ordinary expenditure underwent a reduction of \$906,218, and the capital expenditure a reduction of \$4,302,062. The Dominion has every reason to congratulate itself upon a well-filled treasury, and roseeat prospects for the future.

In the Dominion Parliament the redistribution of constituencies necessary on account of the recent census has occupied considerable time in a special committee, and as concerns Ontario was only completed on Monday. The County of Hastings was one of the last to be divided. The new division gives the county two members instead of three as heretofore. The county will be divided as follows:—

East Hastings—Town of Deseronto, townships of Hungerford and Thurlow, village of Tweed, townships of Tyendinaga, Bangor, Wicklow, McCulloch, Carlow, Duncannon, Elziver and Grimsby, Faraday, Limerick, Mayo, Montague and Herschel, Tudor and Coshel.

West Hastings—City of Belleville, townships of Sidney, Huntingdon, Madoc, village of Madoc, townships of Marmora and Lake, village of Marmora, township of Rawdon, village of Stirling, township of Wollaston, town of Trenton.

Last week may well be called "Farmers' Week at Ottawa." The clauses of the railway bill respecting cattle guards were so amended as to make the railway companies liable for damages done to cattle getting from the highway on to the tracks. Provision was made for the application of the proceeds laid down by Provincial laws to secure the right of drainage across railway property, and it was further provided that the additional cost of putting down a drain due to the construction of the railroad shall be borne by the railway company. Another most important amendment made was that which declares that if a fire is started by a locomotive the railway company shall pay for the damage done. Under this amendment it is not necessary, in order to recover damages, to prove negligence on the part of the company. At no session of the Dominion Parliament ever held have so many measures of special interest to the farmer been adopted as were adopted at Ottawa last week.—The Weekly Sun.

It is known that many railway companies will not employ men who are addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors. But it seems this rule is not lived up to by all the railways. The report of the commissioners who investigated the case of a cent railway wreck near Windsor, Ont., gives matter for serious consideration. The following quotation from the report is sufficient to show its import: "We find that Forward Brakeman Thorpe was under the influence of liquor, asleep on the fireman's usual seat, and was incapable of performing his duties or of maintaining a proper watch; that fireman Hill, who had neglected the opportunity for rest, properly provided at Richmond, when resting after the heavy work of firing the engine up the Bedford grade, was asleep sitting on running board in the engine cab, when the train rushed through Windsor Junction yard; that Driver Copeland of engine 277, who had in like manner neglected his opportunity for rest, and had been drinking when off duty, was capable of performing his duties, but fell asleep in his cab after passing the grade, and was asleep when the train went through the junction and until the time of the collision."

How often such a state of affairs exists on board railroad trains can only be surmised, but it is certain that many accidents due to the same causes are averted by the narrowest chance every year. A law forbidding railway companies to overwork their employees, even when they desire the extra mileage, would, if strictly enforced, help to better the condition of affairs to a certain extent, but so long as men who use liquor are employed upon train service, the recurrence of such accidents as the Windsor collision will continue to form part of the history of each year.

While a funeral was in progress at the Altona Cemetery, near Berlin, Ont., cries were heard to proceed from the young girl who was being buried to the alive. She died, however, within two hours.

Mr. Walter S. Alward has been commissioned to model a statue of the late Sir Oliver Mowat. The sum of \$5,000 was voted by the Legislature last session for this purpose. The new statue will be of bronze, nine feet high, and is to be erected in Queen's Park, opposite the Parliament Buildings.

Wise and Otherwise.

It is well to preach morality—better to practice it.

When you stop to argue with the devil he is making progress.

Place yourself in his place before you condemn your neighbor.

The stomachs of some men have more to do with their brains.

There are church folks that are long in prayer and short in giving.

It is a well filled purse to cover a multitude of bodily, mental and moral defects.

It is always too late to mend with some individuals, or at least their actions say so.

A whole lot of people are hogish enough to want to skim the milk of human kindness.

The man who will not shift front, when he knows he is going wrong, wants to go wrong.

The reason why some people have more than others, is simply because they help themselves to it.

While there is only one road to Heaven, there are dozens of them to the other place and poor house.

You and I are chronically dishonest when we lose sight of the fact that honesty—in all cases—is the best policy.

There is, so far as I can see, mighty little difference between the "dead beat" and thief. If there is any, it favors the thief.

Wasted Energies.

The world is full of people who don't accomplish much because they waste their energy. They don't hit high enough, or low enough.

When you want to drive a nail, the proper way to do it is to hit it on the head. A twenty-horse-power sledge hammer won't drive it if it doesn't hit it.

If your ambition points you to a certain goal, get after it. Don't go around the other side of it, or take a balloon and fly over it, or take a spade and dig under it.

A little diplomacy and maneuvering may be a good thing to start with, but you can't catch fish if you don't bait the hook and drop it in the water. You can't bring down your bird unless you aim right at him and pull the trigger.

If you want a job you don't ask the janitor: you ask the boss.

If you want to be a doctor, you don't apprentice yourself to an undertaker; that would be too roundabout a way to get at it.

If you want to be a sailor you don't go inland.

If you want to knock a board off the fence that keeps you out of the garden of success, hit it where the nails are.

Senator R. B. Dickey died at his home in Amherst, N. S., aged 92 years.

A Methodist College, to be called McDougall, will be established at Edmonton.

Albert Dunsford was upset out of a canoe while fishing near Peterboro and drowned.

Mr. Chas. F. Aylesworth of Madoc has resigned the position of Inspector of Colonization Roads, which he held for many years.

Estimates of the citrus fruit crops of California for the probable number of carloads of lemons and oranges for the season of 1903-4 at 36,000 carloads. This would be the largest crop on record.

The big tent where the Christian Endeavor convention at Denver, Col., was held, was blown down on Monday while over 6,000 people were inside. A dozen persons were injured, but none seriously.

The Hon. A. G. Blair has resigned his position as Minister of Railways and Canals in the Dominion Government. The reason given is a difference of opinion on the railway policy of the government.

Dr. James Third, Kingston, has been appointed visiting and consulting physician to the Gravenhurst Sanatorium for Consumptives. Dr. J. H. Stewart of Montreal has been the only member of the staff east of Toronto.

Hon. Mr. Fielding, in reply to questions stated that the accounts of the fiscal year just ended are not yet closed, but up to date \$1,245,382.25 have been paid in bounties on iron and steel, including \$147,022.91 deferred payments from the previous year.

Justice Sir John Douglas Armour of the Supreme Court of Canada, and a member of the Alaskan Boundary Commission, who had been ill for some time and recently suffered a relapse, died at the residence of his son in London, Eng., on Saturday last. He was 73 years of age.

The 5th annual convention of the Provincial Volunteer Firemen's Association will be held at Trenton on August 4th, 5th and 6th. On the last mentioned date, which is Trenton's civic holiday, there will be a grand parade and a good programme of sports, for which valuable prizes are offered.

The Elgin Loan Co., which failed at St. Thomas a few weeks ago, is now shown by the liquidators to have a surplus. The total assets are \$356,322.48, and the liabilities \$353,402.28, leaving a surplus of \$2,920.20. Ex-manager Rowley's total defalcations are placed at \$187,620.14.

The firm of A. E. Ames & Co., stock brokers and private bankers, of Toronto, who suspended business on June 2nd, have recommenced business. They have already paid their creditors 25 per cent of their indebtedness, and the balance is to be paid in six, twelve, and eighteen months, with interest at six per cent.

There was a sad drowning accident in the River Trent at Frankford on Monday last. Maggie, the twelve-year-old daughter of Patrick O'Sullivan while bathing with two other girls of the same age, stumbled over a rock and fell into deep water. The others could give no assistance. The body was found half an hour later, but life was extinct.

Mrs. Hopper, of Oshawa, is 104 years old, and still retains all her faculties. She was born in Devonshire, Eng. on March 25, 1799, and has a vivid recollection of the celebration of the victory of Nelson at Trafalgar, and of the British at Waterloo. She was married in 1820 to Richard Hopper, of Devonshire, Eng., nine children being the result of the union. Her husband died in 1885, at the age of 85 years.

The Irish Color.

Green is universally regarded, says the Westminster Gazette, as the Irish color, but antiquarians say that green as the national flag of Ireland is of comparatively modern origin.

The latest authority to express an opinion on the subject is the Rev. Canon French, a learned member of the Royal Irish academy. He does not accept the explanation that the green flag was adopted by the United Irishmen at the close of the eighteenth century by blending the orange and the blue, the latter being regarded by some as the Irish flag.

He asserts the emerald green standard was used in Ireland in the sixteenth century, but it was not till the eighteenth century that it became the national color.

The Shark Flies the Feather.

Speaking of sharks to an old sailor, I first heard the proverb "The shark flies the feather." It appears to be true. We are acquainted with the voracity of the shark. When following a ship it will devour without discrimination any article that may be thrown overboard, such as cordage, canvas, cloth, wood, shoes, knives, spoons, forks, plates, etc., but sailors declare that it will never touch a pilot fish or a fowl, either alive or dead. It avoids sea gulls, sea mews, petrels and every feathered thing. Such being the case, why do not people who bathe in shark infested waters wear a suit made of feathers?

Emphasizing a Fact.

There are peculiarities, idiosyncrasies of expression, which emphasize and accentuate facts. It is not enough to say, "he is deaf." We invariably add, "as a post." It would appear sufficient to say, "he is blind," but we prefer in nearly all cases to admit of no contradiction by announcing that he is "stone blind." To be "dead" should suffice; "dead as a doornail" clinches the fact.

Clubbing List

The News-Argus will club with the following papers at the rates mentioned:

The Weekly Globe	\$1.75
The Weekly Mail & Empire, with one premium picture	1.75
The Weekly Sun	1.80
The Family Herald & Weekly Star, with two premium pictures	1.80
The Farmers' Advocate (new subscribers)	1.80
The Toronto Star (Daily)	2.20
The Toronto Globe (Daily)	4.50

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Underpriced Housefurnishings.

Here are a few items from our Housefurnishing Department which will show conclusively its ability to at least equal the other departments in low price value giving.

Our reputation for complete assortments necessitates the clearing of ends and odd lots which after the season's selling have dropped below this high standard. This and the necessity for valuable space now occupied by these incomplete lines, make such advantageous prices for you.

Our desire is not only to sell, but to sell quickly. The prices below should convince you we have made our best effort to make a journey to our store interesting and profitable. Bargains in every department.

5 only Fancy Wool Door Mats, reg. 35c. for 20c.

6 only Rugs, 18 in. x 36 in., assorted colors, regular 50c. for 25c.

5 only Fringed Axminster Rugs, 18 in. x 36 in., regular 90c. for 55c.

A lot of choice remnants in Brussels Carpet, made up into Rugs with fringed ends, lengths from 1 to 2 yds., prices \$1.00 to \$2.00, all HALF PRICE.

3 only Turkish Design Rugs, 30 x 60 in., regular \$1.75 for \$1.00.

2 only Turkish Design Rugs, \$2.50 for \$1.50.

2 only Union Rugs, 2 1/2 x 3 yds., \$4.50 for \$2.50.

Ends of Borders and Bodies in Carpets, ranging in price from 90c. to \$1.25, suitable for mats, HALF PRICE.

Half Price Covers.

An odd lot of small Table Covers which have not sold as freely as we desire.

We have cut the price in two to clear them before continual handling makes them soiled and undesirable.

Not the newest designs—still many would not be out of place in the best fitted rooms, and then the price—JUST HALF.

Odd lot of Silk, Velvet and Wool Table Covers, with and without fringe, were 95c. to \$1.50—HALF PRICE.

A desirable lot of White Bed Spreads, slightly soiled in the manufacture, size 72 x 90 in., all much below regular value price, at 95c.

The RITCHIE COMPANY Limited.

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Victoria and Napoleon.

Queen Victoria once gave a remarkable description of her visit to the tomb of Napoleon I. during the reign of Napoleon III. "The coffin is not yet here," she wrote, "but in a small side chapel of St. Jerome. Into this the emperor led me, and there I stood at the arm of Napoleon III., his nephew, before the coffin of England's bitterest foe, I, the granddaughter of that king who hated him most and who most vigorously opposed him and this very nephew, who bears his name, being my nearest and dearest ally! The organ of the church was playing 'God Save the Queen' at the time, and this solemn scene took place by torchlight and during a thunderstorm. Strange and wonderful indeed!"

Willing, but Not Anxious.

Ministers sometimes observe some curious phases of human nature among persons soliciting their services in the performance of a marriage ceremony. "Will you take this woman for your wedded wife?" asked a clergyman of a would-be bridegroom. "Yes; I'll take her," remarked the man in a half dejected tone, "but," he added, with surprising frankness, "I'd rather it were her sister."

Worm.

"I am but a worm!" I protested, being in a groveling, penitential mood. "Oh, I think you're just nice enough to eat, actually!" cried the faithful little wife.

"That shows you're getting to be an old hen," whimpered I, more cast down than ever.

As He Understood.

Mr. Crawford—I swan, Martha, property must be cheap up in the city.

Mrs. Crawford—What makes you think so, Sils?

Mr. Crawford—Why, the paper says they have five and ten cent stores. Man could take a dollar and buy a dozen of stores.

A Literalist.

Wealthy Citizen—But I said distinctly in my advertisement that I wanted "a reliable colored coachman," and you are a red faced Irishman.

Applaud—But, sure, isn't red as reliable a color as black?—Baltimore American.

The Acme of Meekness.

McJigger—Chicken hearted? Well, I should say; he's the limit.

Thingumbob—Is that so?

McJigger—Nothing can make him fight. Why, I've even seen him let a man cheat him out of his turn in the barber shop, and he never said a word.

Jane the Unexpected.

By ANNIE P. DOBIE.

JANE THORNTON reclined at ease in the most luxurious of hammocks, on the veranda, the warm June sun falling on her hair.

She had been waiting for her husband and Virginia creper. Jane felt that she owed it to herself to take things easy after her efforts of the past two weeks. She had entertained all her friends, and paid all her social debts. She felt that she could look the whole world in the face, for she owed not any man or woman either, which was more to the point. Such a time as she had had, too, with mother away in Europe, not that she was much help when she was at home—and how terribly disappointing that had been, with her father taking her just at the very time she was most needed. Tommy had done some of the best work of his life, but small brothers of twelve are not always to be counted upon. It had taken nothing of two evenings and two afternoons to get around all the people in the set. It was really an awful thing to live all one's life in a growing country town; one's circle of friends was ever growing and entailing larger responsibilities.

And then, following to mother's ill-health they had been to the body's debt—in everybody's, that is, but the Martins'. It was really too contemptible the way those people acted! They were asked everywhere, and never gave much as an old-fashioned tea in return. And so popular with the men, it seemed too bad to cut them. But why on earth couldn't they give something? Even if it were only an "At Home," that one only goes to show one's newest gown. And then the mean little tricks they resorted to! Just as everybody was getting tired of inviting them, and they were just about to topple off the social wave, they always gave out that they were going to have a large party, were going to ask everybody; and on the strength of this they received invitations for the rest of the season. But the "large party" was never held, and said it was because their upstairs was "awfully shabby," but really, if people couldn't keep in the swim they should retire from the struggle gracefully. At any rate, Jane had left them out; she was not going to be imposed upon.

A light step on the walk startled Jane. Eleanor Smith, came tripping up in radiant summer garb.

"How can you lie there this lovely morning? You said you had ever so many things to see to before going to the mountains. Are you going next week?" Eleanor's conversation consisted largely of questions that she seldom gave one time to answer.

"Oh, well, I need a rest before I go. No one ever wants to go to a summer resort fagged out. You know how wearing it is," said Jane.

"What do you think I got at the post this morning? Guess who is giving a pink envelope bearing her address in a delicate hand? 'You could never guess in the world! I nearly faint with surprise when I saw whom it was from.' 'The Martins' faltered Jane at a venture.

"How in the world did you know?" said Eleanor. "Someone told you, of course."

"No," indeed," said Jane; "your mind must have communicated it to mine." "Well, they are actually giving a garden party! They have asked everybody. You should have been at the post to see all the people walking off with pink envelopes. It looked too funny!" laughed Eleanor. "What shall you wear, Jane? Your gown from '93?"

"Perhaps," replied Jane, "invited," said Jane. "You know I left them out when I gave my parties, and I fancy Mrs. Martin and Lou are rather cool to me when we meet."

"Oh, the ideal!" said Eleanor. "Just as if every hair of their heads doesn't owe you an invitation! Of course you'll be asked."

"When is it to be?" asked Jane.

"To-morrow. I met Mrs. Skinner and she told me all about it. That woman knows everything. It's a mystery to me where she gets her news. The party is for Bob Martin, who has done so well out in Vancouver. He is making a flying visit, and they intend to give something for him, you know."

"You going to do this afternoon, Jane?" "Nothing in particular. I am going to the Willsons' for a while this evening, but shall come home early."

"I promised in a moment of weakness to take Bob and Jack to the beach this afternoon," said Eleanor. "I can't get out of it. Come along and help me take care of them. We can have tea there and you can go to the Willsons' after."

"Very well," said Jane. "I shall meet you on the two o'clock boat. The sail will do me good."

Eleanor went off, leaving Jane to review the possibilities of her wardrobe in the event of her being invited to the Martins'. Her blue muslin with the lace was still fresh, but then pale blue was rather trying to any but the most youthful complexion by daylight. Why not wear her cream voile with the medallions at the Mountain House, and when she might as well look her best, especially as Bob Martin would be there. One cannot afford to overlook possibilities when one is thirty-two.

When Tommy came in to lunch the pink envelope was not forthcoming. Jane felt some misgivings; but when she questioned him and found that he had been off at noon Lake all morning with the chum, Dick Wake, and had forgotten to go to the post-office, she felt relieved. Luncheon was late, so that Jane had time to call at the post-office herself; in fact, she had no time to think about the boat.

The afternoon was anything but dull, with the children to be amused and rescued from several more or less perilous situations. Eight o'clock found them making the home trip, each with a young Smith fast asleep on her hands. Jane hurried on to the Willsons', where she spent the evening, and twelve o'clock was just chiming out as she reached home, weary in body, but with a glow in her heart.

As she passed through the hall on her way upstairs she glanced at the little table where the family letters were al-

ways placed—there, sure enough, was the pink envelope directed to her in a neat hand!

Next morning Jane slept late, and had to rush about to keep her appointments at various dressmakers' and dry goods shops. Several times she met Besie Martin, who greeted her with the most engaging of smiles. She was late for luncheon, and had barely time to snatch a little rest before it was time to dress for the Martins' party.

This was a very important ceremony. Baths and wavings of hair and arrangement of laces absorb a large amount of time; but when at last Miss Thornton sallied forth she was well with the most of the result. To see her mounting the stairs, alone, the perfection of grace and elegance, one could never have guessed how hard it had been to get her back hair done at the proper angle or the fearful struggle she had had in getting arrayed in her new voile.

When she reached her destination the party was in progress. Some of the younger guests were playing tennis, while others were scattered in groups on the lawn. The older ladies preferred to remain chatting indoors or huddled the verandahs, trying to look as if they were thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Jane made her way to the drawing room, where the Martins were receiving their guests. As they greeted her she was conscious of a peculiar note in their cordiality, a vague indefinable something which quickly communicated itself to her. A sort of veiled surprise, impossible to explain or describe. She was presented to the cousin, who proved to be a fine-looking man of simple manners, with whom one was at ease in a moment. But much as Jane felt inclined to stay and enjoy his society, she felt impelled to get away as soon as she could and decently make her escape. After partaking of the ethereal viands usually served on such occasions, Jane made her adieu, excusing herself on the ground that she had many preparations to make for her intended journey.

On the way home, try as she would, she could not desert the strange feeling she had experienced in greeting the Martins. There was something wrong, but what? As she neared home an awful thought struck her. She hurriedly opened the door and rushed to the hall. There lay the pink envelope still unopened. She hastily tore it open, and read the following:

MRS. ARNOLD

will demonstrate the uses of

BARKE'S CHOCOLATE

to the ladies of M. 6

David Young's Grocery Store.

Tuesday and Wednesday next, from 2 to 6.

You are cordially invited.

Jane turned cold and collapsed on the lowest step of the stair, utterly regardless of her new voile in her humiliation.

Was ever anyone in such a predicament? What would the Martins think? And Bob Martin! And she had made such a good impression. If she had only opened that envelope, and not taken so much for granted! How should she ever explain? She could not eat at dinner, thinking and planning out ways of making the matter right; and by bedtime she had in imagination apologized and explained to the Martins in about twenty different ways. Occasionally the ridiculous side of it would come uppermost and she would laugh heartily, but misery returned when she faced the awful facts.

Her sleep that night was troubled, but when morning came her resolve was made. Taking the pink envelope in her hand she started out, dreading the encounter and trying to imagine what the Martins would do and say. She was shown into the drawing-room, and when Mrs. Martin came in a few minutes later Jane at once entered upon her difficult task. Of course they treated the mistake as a huge joke, and Jane soon felt quite reassured. In the midst of it all Bob Martin came in and joined in their laughter, and the end of it was that his visit was not the flying one he had intended. He lingered on in M. for some weeks longer, much to the surprise of Mrs. Skinner and gossip of her type. Somehow Jane postponed her visit to the mountains, and when her mother returned home three months later there was a trousseau to be provided and a wedding day was fixed for the following January.



Both—Well I never seed a huglier mug in all my nat'ral!

The Truth.

Old Plutoer (with irony)—Do you think you can support my daughter in the style that she has been accustomed to?

Young Suitor—Well, no; but I can support her in the style to which her mother was accustomed for a good many years after she married you.

Old Plutoer (abashed)—Take her, my son, and be happy—"Pick-me-up."

Farmer Hornhand (reading the markets)—Pity 'th' President didn't hev no kere 'bout when he was a-huntin' down there in Mississippi. Mrs. Hornhand—Why, Silas? Farmer Hornhand—Hain't you b'reading 'bout 'th' 'bears is playin' 't' smash with the cotton crop?—Baltimore American.

Teacher—A reptile is a creature that does not stand on feet, but crawls on the ground. Now, who'll give me an example of a reptile?—Pupil—Baby, brothers.

VIOLIT

By FREDERICK WHITE

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She did not understand the significance of her name, this child of the streets and tenements, and it is doubtful if her parents did.

"Violit," as the other children called her, was not either sweet or beautiful, nor was she expressive. Children were cheap in that neighborhood, and their keep was the dearest thing about them. Violit's parents were good to her in their way—as good as they could afford to be—but work and food were the pressing things in life, and she was only one of five.

Violit was eight years old and possessed of a surprising vocabulary for one of her age. She could swear fluently in English and even in Yiddish when occasion demanded, although it is doubtful if she appreciated the meaning of the words she used except as a means of retort under certain conditions. These conditions arose fre-



"WOULD YOU NOT LIKE TO HAVE SOME OF YOUR NAMESAKES?"

quently in the course of her day, for she played and fought with many children, and one must have an effective counter irritant on hand when one is irritated. If Rosa Lichtenstein rushed up the narrow stairs to her mother's room, crying as if her heart would break, it is safe to assume that Violit had called her some dreadful foreign name which Rosa understood better than Violit did. Violit had the faculty of applying certain epithets to certain people and always to the anguish of mind of the recipient.

Had she attended school she might possibly have learned some little consideration for the feelings of others, but her only classroom was the street and her one study to look out for herself. By some look or crook the truant officer had passed her by, and she rejoiced in her freedom and felt a certain contempt for the restraints imposed upon other children.

One morning she sat upon the curbstone eating a raw carrot which she had surreptitiously removed from a huckster's cart. It was very good, that carrot, and she had the added satisfaction of knowing that in curling it she had outwitted a grown up.

The sun was warm, the street full of life and movement. No one bothered her. Children eating and playing in the gutter were too common a sight to attract attention.

Violit's sharp eyes caught a glimpse of something unusual coming down the street. It was a shiny open wagon, with a beautifully dressed man driving a shiny pair of horses. In the wagon were two ladies, also beautifully dressed. The carriage drew up before a house a few doors from where she sat gazing with wide open eyes at this vision of glory from that unknown land "uptown."

Violit had no false modesty. She stared curiously at the carriage and its occupants. One of the ladies stepped down and, crossing the sidewalk, disappeared in the door of a tenement. The other, a younger woman, settled back in the cushions and looked curiously about her.

Violit, having finished her carrot, scrambled to her feet and proceeded to examine the vision in the carriage. The vision was beautifully dressed, and she wore a hat with feathers on it. She had a bunch of blue flowers in the front of her dress.

Violit drew nearer. She concentrated her attention on the gentleman holding the reins, much to his embarrassment. "Come here, child, and tell me your name," Violit looked up. It was the vision who was speaking, and the remark was evidently intended for her. Violit hesitated. She felt scared for some unknown reason.

"Will you not tell me your name?" said the soft, beautiful voice again, while the vision's eyes rested, half curiously, half pityingly, on the dirty little figure below her.

"Violit!" That is a very pretty name. Would you not like to have some of your little namesakes?" and the vision

drew some of the blue flowers from her breast and held them out invitingly. Violit hung her head. She was afraid or ashamed or—something annual. "Won't you smell them?" said the vision, smiling.

Violit drew back. She knew that trick and would not be fooled. It was easy to conceal a pin in a flower and to smell meant a scratched nose. She was on her guard now and consequently don't want 'em."

"Oh, but I think you do. They are cause you must love them because you are named for them, you know," she placed the cluster on the step of the lanthan.

Violit drew nearer. She was becoming interested. She understood vaguely that the flowers were called by her name. With a dart and a clutch she had them and then sprang quickly back out of reach. The vision looked surprised and a little amused. The gentleman holding the reins looked disgusted.

Violit, having discovered that there was no hidden sting in the fragrant blossoms, went to them and sniffed. As the perfume stole over her something seemed to come up in her throat. She felt queer. She would have cried, but nothing was hurting her, so she refrained.

The vision noticed some subtle change in the child's face and wondered. She realized that this forlorn little being was undergoing an experience of some kind. "I am very glad you like them, my dear," she said kindly. "I always think they are the most beautiful flower of all, and you should be very glad that you have the same name. They are so sweet, so beautiful, so good, that you must try to be sweet and beautiful and good too. Then every one will love you and love to have you near them."

Violit's eyes were fixed upon the vision in wide open wonder. No one had ever talked to her like this before. No flowers had ever smelled like these before, and they were hers or she was theirs. This much she understood, and if she was good she would be sweet and beautiful like they were. That is what the vision had told her, and of course the vision knew. It was an entirely new idea, to be sweet and beautiful like these and the vision. She stared at the flowers in her hand, then at the lady in the carriage and took to her heels.

In a sheltered nook behind a coal bin in front of the corner grocery Violit hugged the idea and the flowers to her heart. Visions of what might be came to her. She saw green fields and trees, beautiful houses and broad roads. She saw herself good, sweet and beautiful, riding in a shiny carriage with shiny horses and a shiny gentleman in front dispensing violets to Rosa Lichtenstein, Mamie Sullivan, Annie Meyers and even Tommy Smith. She revelled in the scent of the flowers in her hands. She kissed them, fondled them and called them by endearing names.

That was a memorable afternoon on one downtown block. Peace and happiness were diffused lavishly by Violit to all with whom she came in contact. Not a quarrel, not a harsh word, marred the serenity of the neighborhood. She displayed her treasures and told the story to Rosa. She also intimated that perhaps a rose might prove a saving means of grace for her. Rosa was deeply impressed by the idea and the evident reformation. Virtue was in the very air, and wickedness hid its head in despair.

The next morning Rosa came down the steps, her face newly washed, her black hair in two tight little braids.

"Yah, yah, Sheeny Rosa!" sang a well known voice.

Rosa hurt and startled, looked down at a red tongue stuck provocingly in her direction. She was dazed. Affairs were moving too rapidly for her comprehension.

"Ain't you 'shamed, Vil't Murphy," she said at last. "An' you tol' me how the flowers would make you good yet."

"Aw, rats!" said Violit. "They curled up an' got black an' rotten, an' I chucked 'em away!"

And wickedness smiled and returned to its customary haunts, while virtue departed sadly—uptown, perhaps.

Invidious Distinction.

The candidate for ordination had been worried for the best part of the day by the learned doctors who were examining his theology and his Biblical knowledge.

"Will the young brother give us the names of the minor prophets?" solemnly asked one of the dignitaries.

Just the suggestion of a smile played over the faces of a few, for they all knew that not one of them could do what the worried candidate had been asked to do.

But the worried candidate was not altogether a fool, and he concluded to imitate the example of the traditional worm and turn.

"Would it become one so young as I," quoth he, "to be making invidious distinctions and odious comparisons in speaking of the Lord's prophets?"

Decorum was thrown to the winds, the council took a good laugh, and the "young brother" passed without a dissenting voice or vote.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Lost a Breakfast.

A good story is told of Paul Du Chail, the explorer. When in London early in his career he received an invitation to breakfast signed "S. Oxon." On going to the address given he found it was a boot shop in Pall Mall and came away, deeming it, as he said, an impertinence that a bootmaker whom he did not know should invite him to breakfast. He afterward learned that the invitation was from the famous Bishop Wilberforce of Oxford, whose London lodgings were over the boot shop. The prelate met him later and was greatly amused when the explorer told him of his mistake.

THE MARKETS

Prices of Grain, Cattle, etc
in Trade Centres.

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, July 14. — Wheat — There is a fair demand for milling and the market is steady to 1c up at 76c for No. 2 red and white and 75c middle freight. Goose is steady at 66c for No. 2 east. Spring is steady at 66c for No. 1 and 72c for No. 2 east. Manitoba wheat is steady at 84c for No. 1 hard, at 83c for No. 1 northern, at 83c for No. 1 hard, and No. 1 hard is quoted at 87c to 88c and No. 3 northern at 84c to 87c at Georgian Bay points, and 6c more grinding in transit.

Flour — Is in moderate demand and steady. Strong 90 per cent. patents sold to-day at \$2.80 in buyers' bags middle freight. Choice brands are quoted 15c to 20c higher. Manitoba flour is steady at \$4.20 for cars of Hungarian patents and \$3.90 for strong bakers' bags included, on the track, Toronto.

Milled — Is quiet. Cuts of shorts are quoted at \$17 and bran at \$14 in bulk east or middle freight. Buckwheat — Is quiet at 41c for No. 2 east and 40c middle freight. Bye — Is steady at 52c for No. 2 east, and 51c middle freight.

Corn — The market is steady. Canada is quoted at 50c west. American is quoted at 59c for No. 3 mixed and 60c for No. 3 yellow in car lots on the track, Toronto.

Oats — Are steady. No. 1 white are quoted at 32c to 32c, and No. 2 white at 32c east, and No. 2 white are quoted at 31c high freight north and west, and at 31c middle freight.

Oatmeal — Is steady at \$3.60 for cars of bags and \$3.65 for barrels on the track here and 25c more for broken lots.

Pears — Are steady at 62c for No. 2 high freight north and west, 64c east and 63c middle freight. A car of W. E. Bell at 75c north.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Montreal, July 14. — Pears, 72c to 73c; rye, 58c; No. 1 oats, 37c; No. 2 oats, 36c to 37c; alfalfa, and No. 2 oats, 35c to 36c; No. 3 buckwheat, 48c to 49c; alfalfa, No. 3 barley, 52c; alfalfa.

Flour — The demand is good, and on the whole an active business is passing. We quote: Choice Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.20; second, \$3.90; strong bakers', \$3.90; winter wheat patents, \$3.90 to \$4.00; straight rollers, \$3.50 to \$3.60; do in bags, \$1.70 to \$1.75; extra, 1.60 to \$1.65.

Meal — Sales are principally in small lots at \$1.80 to \$1.85 per bag, and at \$3.75 to \$3.80 per barrel.

Milled — The demand for milled continues good, and the market is active at firm prices. We quote: Manitoba bran in bags, 19c; shorts, \$21 to \$22 per ton; Ontario bran, in bulk, \$18.50; shorts, \$20.50 to \$21, and mouille, \$24 to \$30, as to quality.

Cheese — The tendency is unquestionably downward. Ontario cheese are nominal owing to the disinclination of holders to consent to sacrifices if they desired to trade, and the bulk of the current dealing on spot is in Quebec makes, at a range of 9c to 10c.

Butter — Butter rules dull and quiet, at a range of 18c to 18c, but the outside price is hard to realize in the present temper of buyers.

Eggs — Fresh gathered stock in lots to the trade sold at 14c, and in a jobbing way at 15c to 15c, while selected brought 16c to 16c, and No. 2 stock 13c.

Provisions — The tone of the market for hams, bacon and lard is steady, under a good demand from local and country buyers, but the movement of pork is slow, and prices have an easy tendency. We quote: Heavy Canadian short cut mess pork, \$22 to \$22.50; Canada short cut back pork, \$21.50 to \$22; light Canada short clear pork, \$21 to \$21.50; finest kettle lard in 20-pound pails, 10c; extra pure lard in 20-pound pails, 10c; choice refined compound lard, 8c to 8c; hams, 13c to 14c, and bacon, 14c to 15c per pound.

EUROPEAN GRAIN MARKETS.
London, July 14. — Parcel No. 1 northern, Manitoba, per bag, 31s. 14d. Corn on passage firm, but not active. Cargoes, Odessa, P.O. R.T., prompt, 12s. 9d. Parcels, mixed, American, arrived, 21s. 14d. Wheat parcels No. 1 hard, Manitoba, July 31s. 14d. No. 1 parcels No. 1 Calcutta club, June 27s. 9d. Wheat, parcel No. 1 northern, Manitoba, passage, 30s. 10d.

Antwerp, July 14. — Wheat, spot quiet; No. 2 red winter, 16 1/2. Corn, spot, American, mixed, 22 1/2. 6c. Flour, spot, Minneapolis, 26 1/2. 6c. Paris, July 14. — Wheat, tone steady; July 25 1/2. 30c; November and February, 22 1/2. 55c. Flour, tone quiet; July 33 1/2. 70c; November and February, 30 1/2. 60c. French country markets dull.

CATTLE MARKETS.
Toronto, July 14. — Export cattle were firm and active, but quotations were lower at the Western Market to-day. Sheep and lambs also declined, and were slow of sale. Other descriptions of cattle were unchanged.

The dominant feature in the market was the activity in exporters

that prevailed. Their values, however, were maintained undisturbed at last Tuesday's quotations. The foregoing improvement in trade was due to the rise that occurred in Chicago this week, and thereby compelled one or two of the largest local buyers to operate here extensively. The tendency abroad has lately been an upward one, and has proved beneficial to Canadian producers.

The quality of the offerings of cattle on the whole was only fair, there being too many light, grass-fed animals brought forward, and these were not wanted. Stall-fed cattle now seem to be practically all sold, and the product of the grass has not had time to come to the proper stage of maturity for the market.

The receipts of butchers' consisted almost entirely of grass animals of not extra good quality, and the prices of this class were lower. The demand for this class was fairly brisk, and nearly all were sold, the inferior descriptions proving the hardest to move.

The following is the range of prices prevailing to-day:

Export cattle —	Per 100 lbs.
Medium to heavy	\$4.80 \$5.20
Butchers' —	
Picked lots	4.50 4.65
Good loads	4.25 4.40
Medium	4.00 4.30
Fair	3.50 4.00
Cows	3.25 4.00
Feeders, light	3.25 3.75
Feeders, short-keeps	4.00 4.25
Steers	2.50 3.75
Sheet —	
Export ewes	3.60 3.75
Do., bucks	2.75 3.00
Spring lambs	2.25 4.50
Calves, per cwt	3.50 5.00
Hogs —	
Cows	3.50 4.00
Stags	2.00 4.00
Selects, 160 to 200	
lbs.	5.65 0.00
Thick fats	5.40 0.00
Light	5.40 0.00

A NARROW ESCAPE

A Peculiar Accident in the House of Commons.

A despatch from Ottawa says: An unprecidented sensation was caused in the House of Commons on Thursday afternoon of last week by a workman falling through the glass roof of the chamber and dropping a pail of ice to the floor below. The chamber is ventilated from above, and during the hot weather the air is cooled by being forced through ducts in which ice is placed. Patrick Farrell, one of the employees, was replenishing the ice supply, when he missed his footing, and fell upon one of the squares of prism glass of which the roof is composed. The window was shattered, and the fragments crashed to the floor, 60 feet below. Farrell saved himself by catching one of the beams supporting the ceiling. He hung suspended, with both legs through the roof, and with some difficulty drew himself up. A piece of thick glass struck Mr. McGowan of Centre Wellington on the forehead, inflicting a painful wound, from which the blood poured down his face. Farrell, in saving himself, fractured one of his fingers. The accident caused the wildest excitement amongst the members. A lump of ice weighing over ten pounds and a heavy metal pail fell within a foot of Mr. McGowan, and everyone who witnessed the accident realized that it was by the merest chance that a double fatality had been avoided. Mr. McGowan was able to resume his place in the chamber later in the afternoon.

SWALLOWED SAFETY-PIN

And Taken Four Hundred Miles For an Operation.

A New York despatch says: Mrs. Thompson, wife of Lewis S. Thompson of Red Bank (N.J.), who has leased the Copper camp on the St. Regis Lake, made a journey of about four hundred miles on Saturday afternoon by a special train with her seven-months-old boy, who had swallowed a safety-pin. At the hospital one of the house surgeons took an instrument especially constructed for such cases, and the pin was caught, the point closed, and then the closed pin withdrawn. The operation required less than two minutes for its completion and left the child unhurt, except for a slight irritation of the lining of the throat, where it had been pricked by the pin.

EAGER TO COMPETE

New Zealand Trying Hard to Capture British Market.

A London despatch says: A conference at Wellington, representing 20,000 New Zealand farmers, has adopted a resolution supporting Mr. Chamberlain's preferential policy. The New Zealand Government has appointed two dairy experts to organize and improve the export of dairy produce to the British markets. One is from Canada and one from Denmark, and each receives \$2,000 annually with allowances for responsible for carrying out the important developments which the New Zealand Government is contemplating in competition with Canada and other countries.

A LOVER'S DEED

An Ottawa Romance That May End in Death.

A despatch from Ottawa says: Rene Schilling, aged 26, painter, shot himself in the head last night, because he had been forbidden to continue paying attentions to Miss Albertine Firth, by her mother. He has been unconscious since the shooting and may not recover.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

Notes of Proceedings in the Canadian Parliament.

POST-OFFICE ACT.

Sir William Mulock's bill to increase the salaries of certain classes of post-office employees, and generally to improve their conditions of service, was passed with practically no opposition. The bill also provides for a decrease of postage rates from 1c to 1c a pound on newspapers circulating within 300 miles of the point of publication. It is estimated that the bill will entail an additional expense to the Post-office Department of between \$50,000 and \$75,000 a year.

BUTTER-MAKING.

Mr. Fisher's bill to prohibit the manufacture of spurious imitations of butter, and the making of "process" butter, was also passed, with the addition of several amendments presented by Mr. Fisher. Mr. McGowan registered a vigorous protest on behalf of a Winnipeg firm of "process" butter makers, but Mr. Brock pointed out that it would jeopardize Canada's great export dairy interests for the sake of one firm, and the bill went through without any opposition.

INSPECTION FEES.

Mr. Prefontaine gives notice of two resolutions, one to provide for the abrogation of steamship inspection fees, and dues and for the better regulation of yachts propelled by gas, fluid naphtha, or electric motors; the other to amend the Act relating to the certificates of masters and mates of ships by providing for a new certificate called the Home Trade Certificate.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

The municipalities have gained an important point on the telephone question. Mr. Blair has consented to the following amendment to his Railway Commission Bill:

Wherever any municipality or corporation has authority to construct, operate, and maintain a telephone system in any district, and is desirous of obtaining telephonic communication with any station or premises of the company in such district, and cannot agree with the company with respect thereto, such municipality or corporation may apply to the board for leave therefor, and to board of directors of the company to provide for such connection or communication upon such terms as to compensate them as the board may deem just and expedient, and may order and direct when, how, where, by whom, and upon what terms and conditions such telephonic connections or communication should be constructed, operated, and maintained.

RURAL MAIL DELIVERY.

Sir Wm. Mulock, in reply to Mr. Maclean, stated that he was not prepared to make any definite announcement upon the question of a rural mail delivery. A great many statements have been published respecting the operation of the system in the United States, especially in reference to the paying qualities of the service. Investigation, however, showed that they were not founded on fact. He noticed that many of the high officials of the United States service were under criminal indictment for fraud, and their reports were not, he thought, reliable; therefore, he was not guaranteed in taking the United States as a safe criterion in this regard. He did not, however, wish to take any attitude against it. Officials of the department had investigated the system from the Atlantic coast west to Detroit, and he would be delighted if during his term of office he found himself justified in inaugurating a system of such importance to the people of this rural district. He could not, however, take the step rashly and without full investigation.

RAILWAY BILL.

A most important amendment to Mr. Blair's Railway Bill in protection of the rights of the farming community was passed. The amendment was moved by Mr. Cowan, of South Essex, in lieu of his Drainage Bill. It provides in short that any citizen or municipality can drain across the lands of a railway company by the same proceedings as would be applied to any other land-owner. Under the old law a private citizen could not secure drainage across railway lands. In fact, if a railway cut man's farm in two and obstructed his drainage he could not compel passage for his drain from one part of his farm, across the tracks, to the other, because the drainage laws were provincial, while the railway laws were Dominion. All these disabilities will be abolished by Mr. Cowan's amendment, which not only gives the land-owner the right to drain across railway lands, but provides that he shall not be put to more expense in the latter than if the railway tracks were not there, and the extra expense caused by the presence of the railway track must be borne by the railway company. In fact, the railway company is not to be put to any expense in the private land-owner in this respect, because it becomes necessary to secure drainage across the lands of a private individual, any expenses in the way of cutting through embankments must be borne by the private owner requiring such drainage, but under this amendment the railway company must bear the cost of cutting through its own embankments.

IN THE SENATE.

In the Senate Hon. R. W. Scott announced that the United States had invited the Imperial Government to co-operate in the appointment of an international commission to investigate the waters on the boundary line. The commission had been appointed, but the members were not yet named. The bill to incorporate the Lumbermen's Fire Insurance Company was read a third time and passed. There was some debate on

the consideration of the amendments to the bill to aid in the settlement of railway labor disputes. The Senate placed the power of summoning witnesses in the hands of the Chairman of the board; the Commons placed it in the hands of the board. Hon. Mr. McMillen thought the amendment a mistake, and Sir Mackenzie Bowell thought the whole bill a farce. The amendments were concurred in.

U.S. CROP REPORT

Acres According to Reports to the Department.

A Washington, D. C., despatch says: Preliminary returns from the chief of the Bureau of Statistics of the U. S. Department of Agriculture show the acreage of corn planted to be about 89,800,000 acres, a decrease of 4,200,000 acres, or 4.5 per cent., from the area planted last year, as revised in December. The average condition of the growing crop on July 1 was 79.4, as compared with 87.5 on July 1, 1902; 81.3 at the corresponding date in 1901, and a ten-year average of 89.8.

The average condition of winter wheat on July 1 was 73.5, as compared with 82.2 last month, 77 on July 1, 1902, 88.3 on July 1, 1901, and a ten-year average of 78.2.

The average condition of spring wheat on July 1 was 82.5, as compared with 95.9 last month; 92.4 on July 1, 1902; 93.6 on July 1, 1901, and a year average of 85.1.

The average condition of July 1 of spring and winter wheat combined was 80, as compared with 82.9 on July 1, 1902, and 91.1 on July 1, 1901.

The amount of wheat remaining in the hands of farmers on July 1 is estimated at about 42,500 bushels, equivalent to about 6.3 per cent. on the crop of last year.

The average condition of the oat crop on July 1 was 85.8, as compared with 85.5 one month ago; 92.1 on July 1, 1902; 83.7 on July 1, 1901, and a ten-year average of 87.8.

The average condition of barley is 86.8 against 91.5 one month ago; 93.7 on July 1, 1902; 91.3 at the corresponding date in 1901.

PRISON CONVICT SKIPS

Dug a Hole Through Wall of the Storehouse.

A Toronto despatch says: Charles Quackenbush, one of the most daring crooks the Toronto police have ever had anything to do with, succeeded in escaping from the Central Prison shortly before six o'clock on Friday evening. The manner in which he regained his liberty is typical of the desperate character. In some way unknown to his guards he dug a hole through the wall of the storehouse and just before the prisoners were taken in to tea he slipped out and has not been seen since. Quackenbush was serving a term of 23 months for house-breaking, and this is not the first time that he has taken French leave of the authorities. About two years ago he was conveyed to the Toronto Jail in a van, and when he was being taken out he suddenly broke away from his captors and made good his escape. Six months previous to that he temporarily secured his liberty in a similar manner while being taken into No. 4 Police Station. The escaped convict is about 21 years of age, fair complexion, grey eyes, and stands 5 feet 5 1/2 inches in height. He weighs about 147 pounds, and has a scar on his left hand and left thigh. He has only served three months of his present sentence.

BOTHA'S PROTEST

Government's Refusal to Have Dutch Language Taught.

A Heidelberg despatch says: Gen. Botha, addressing the burghers whom he had convened to discuss public questions, said the Government had, unfortunately, refused to permit an hour a day being devoted to the teaching of the Dutch language, or to allow the parents to have a voice in the election of teachers. He trusted Sir Arthur Lawley would further consider the matter, otherwise they would be reluctantly compelled to inaugurate their own schools. Another resolution was carried asking the Government not to place sixty-five millions of war debt on the country before representative institutions had been granted.

NO MORE FRANKFURTERS

Sausage Factories in Germany Are Forced to Close.

A Frankfurt despatch says: Several sausage factories depending on America for the sale of their product are closed, owing to the retaliatory measures adopted by the United States to punish Germany for excluding American pork. News from Westphalia says that half a dozen large sausage factories there are shut. Westphalian hams likewise threaten to be put on the market. The German fiscal situation is such that the great masses can no longer afford to buy pork and sausage.

BROKE THE BANK

The Cashier Confesses to a \$50,000 Shortage.

A Newburgh, N. Y., despatch says: Jos. W. Cummin is in jail here on the charge of grand larceny. He was Secretary-Treasurer and cashier of the Cornwall Bank and is alleged to be a defaulter to the extent of about \$50,000. The bank failed Saturday the State Bank Examiner appeared at the bank and before the examination of the books Cummin took his side and confessed that he was short in his accounts between forty and fifty thousand dollars. It is said that he speculated with bank funds.

THE PEACEMAKER

Lord Charles Beresford's Tribute to King's Diplomacy.

A despatch from London says: At the Pilgrims Club luncheon to the visiting American officers, at the Carlton Club, Vice-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford presided.

In proposing the toast of "The King," Lord Beresford said he believed the day was coming when King Edward would be known as "Edward the Peacemaker."

Lord Beresford then toasted "President Roosevelt," and asked why the President was liked in England? He added:—

"We like the man. We like the strong, generous man, what I may call the real, human man. The President will do his very best to bring the two English-speaking nations together in one harmonious whole, which is the same idea King Edward had on the occasion of his visit to the President of France. If President Roosevelt were to come here I believe the enthusiasm would be far greater than in the case of any reception ever accorded to any visitor from any country."

In proposing "The American Navy," Lord Beresford said that whenever there was anything disagreeable abroad Great Britain and America generally drifted together.

If the two nations got together to maintain their common interests and commerce it would make for the peace of the world. Neither Great Britain nor America wanted an alliance; "but," the speaker added, "we want an understanding. Both Great Britain and America are increasing their fleets, but that is no more a threat to other nations than increasing the police force of the cities in order to maintain order."

GREAT PEN MAKER DEAD

Idea of Making Pens Conveyed to Him by His Sweetheart.

A London despatch says: The death of Mr. Joseph Gillott on Saturday, at the age of 76 years, removes the last survivor of a famous pen-making family. His father was the inventor of steel pens, and the first to introduce their manufacture into Birmingham. Coming into Birmingham from Sheffield in 1822, Mr. Gillott, senior, obtained employment as a buckle-maker, and, saving a little money, he commenced operations on his own account in a small garret in Bread Street. The idea of making steel pens is said to have been conveyed to him by his sweetheart, Miss Mitchell, whose brothers were making experiments in this direction. The story goes that he finished and sold for £17 4s. a gross of pens on the morning of his marriage. He died worth a million sterling, his collection of paintings alone realizing £170,000.

WOMAN'S AWFUL DEATH

In Trying to Escape She Falls Down an Air Shaft.

A despatch from New York says: In attempting to escape from Mrs. Thomas Healy, an angry wife who accused her of an intrigue with her husband, Mrs. Bridget Cavanagh plunged to a horrible death from the fifth storey fire escape platform of her home at 743 Third avenue to the courtyard below. Pursued by his incensed wife, his son and a policeman, Healy had reached the fire escape and had then quickly descended to the street level. Mrs. Cavanagh tried to escape by using an ironing board as a bridge to the roof of an adjoining building. The board turned under her and she was hurled into the air shaft. Mrs. Healy, with a policeman, went to Mrs. Cavanagh's rooms to serve a summons. A knock on the door alerted the man and the woman, and there was a mad rush to escape.

HONORED BY THE KING

Officers of American Squadron Received by His Majesty.

A London despatch says: King Edward signally honored the officers of the American squadron on the night of the State ball given at Buckingham Palace. His Majesty formally received Admiral Cotton, the captains of the American ships and 25 of the junior officers, and Queen Alexandra later gave them the same distinction. The ball-tossing was a brilliant function. 2,200 guests being present, including President Loubet and his suite, practically all the Ambassadors and Ministers in London, the majority of the members of the Royal family, prominent representatives of the nobility, and the officers of the American and French squadrons now in British waters. To Rear-Admiral Cotton the King expressed his gratification at the excellence of the squadron. His Majesty had a pleasant word to say to each of the officers present.

FURTHER SOUTH YET

Particulars as to Exploits of Antarctic Explorers.

A San Francisco despatch says: Captain William Colebeck, of the relief ship Morning, tender to the exploring ship Discovery, now in the South Pole regions, is here on route to London to report. He says the Discovery worked as far as latitude 77 degrees, 50 minutes south. By sleds the members of the party got as far as 82 degrees 17 minutes south latitude, the farthest south any man has gone. The cold there is far worse than in the Arctic. In the latter region in the summer time the temperature gets up to 50 and 60 degrees above zero. In the Antarctic it is below zero in summer weather. Valuable geological, scientific and meteorological data have been secured.

NOTES FOR FRUIT GROWERS

HINTS FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

A Warning—Orchard Cultivation—Pear Leaf Blister Mite—The King Apple.

The Fruit Division of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, issues the following warning to fruit growers:—It is to be feared that the wet weather at present prevailing will lead a good many orchardists to neglect spraying. Last year the summer and autumn were wet and many growers of fruit failed to give their orchards more than two or three sprayings. As Mr. MacKinnon points out, the commonest weather is peculiarly favorable to the development of fungous growths, and it is only by seizing every opportunity and spraying whenever a day of wet weather comes along that sound fruit can be secured. Wet weather should be an incentive to greater diligence in spraying, rather than an excuse for not spraying. Eternal vigilance is the price of safety in fruit growing. It behooves every one who desires a full crop of first-class fruit to spray early and often.

ORCHARD CULTIVATION.

There is a danger that on account of the wet weather, orchards will not receive their usual cultivation, which is urgently needed to destroy weeds, aerate the soil, and conserve soil moisture for future use. If the ground is not stirred it bakes, cracks open, and evaporation goes on rapidly. By stirring the soil through frequent cultivation, thus keeping a loose mulch on the surface, capillarity is broken up and moisture retained. As soon as it is possible, therefore, to get on the ground after a rain, the cultivator should be started in the orchard and kept going as steadily as time and weather will permit.

PEAR LEAF BLISTER MITE.

The Fruit Division, Ottawa, sends the following information with reference to this insect to Mr. R. Bray, Walkerton, Ont.—The pear leaves shown at the Farmers' Institute meeting at Teeswater are infected with the Pear Leaf Blister Mite, (Phytoptus pyri). This insect is sometimes quite prevalent, and although it spreads slowly from tree to tree, is likely to do much harm. Dr. Fletcher, Dominion Entomologist, treats of this insect in his report for 1895, page 160. He recommends as the most practical remedy the use of the kerosene emulsion just as the leaf buds are opening.

Dr. Fletcher gives the following description: "Reddish spots appear on the leaves, somewhat irregular in shape, about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, and frequently confluent. These appear on the young pear leaves early in spring, and as the summer progresses they turn to corky, blister-like swellings with a hole in the centre through which large numbers of minute elongated mite tissue and attack the fresh parts of the leaf."

THE "KING" APPLE.

The "King" is one of favorite varieties of apples in the market, but, unfortunately, is so shy a bearer on its own roots, that it is not at all profitable. It has, however, frequently been noted that by top-grafting it on any vigorous stock it becomes much more prolific. The Fruit Division, Ottawa, invited correspondence upon this subject and has received some valuable information. Mr. C. L. Stephens, of Orillia, has the "King" top-grafted on "Duchess" and finds that its bearing qualities are quite satisfactory. Mr. Wm. Read, of Jarratt's Corners, has twelve "King" trees grafted on "Duchess," and reports equally good results. Mr. Judson Harris, of Ingersoll, has an orchard of two and one-half acres, the crop from which for the past eight years has never brought him less than \$500.00. Many of these trees are "Kings" grafted on "Duchess." Mr. Robt. Murray, of Avening, has a number of "King" trees on their own roots and others grafted on "Tolman Sweet," and notes that the top-grafted trees are the only ones that give him paying crops.

The experience of these growers and many others goes to show that it would be a very profitable piece of business to top-graft at least some of the early apples with "Kings" over Ontario, with "Kings." The "King" is a fancy market variety, as it is of excellent quality, color and size, and well-known in the English market. If its only defect, want of productiveness, can be cured by the simple method of top-grafting, it would prove a boon to many people who have vigorous trees of undesirable varieties.

Ottawa, June, 1903.

CAPT. BERNIER CONFIDENT

Expects \$80,000 Grant For Polar Expedition.

An Ottawa despatch says: Capt. Bernier, who is busy securing descriptions towards his proposed voyage of discovery into the Polar seas, says he has every reason to expect this session his \$80,000 grant from the Federal treasury. The private subscriptions toward his expedition total something over \$24,000, whilst he has offers of all manner of supplies for the trip. If he would allow the name of the boat to be chosen by a certain firm as an advertisement, he could have \$10,000 more. But the captain declines the proposition. He has been paged over by Parliament the last two years, but thinks he has the sympathy of Ministers and members this time.

Shop opposite Post Office.
Parker Brothers' Bank.
W. W. HAGERMAN, Proprietor.

LEO'S SUN SETS AT LAST

Surrounded by the Sacred College He Handed the Reins to Cardinal Oreglia

Rome, July 20.—The Pope died at 4.04 this afternoon.

Sunday was spent by the aged Pontiff in a continuous state of coma. During the night he rested only at short intervals.

To-day the weather was dull and heavy and the sky was overcast. Early in the morning since the Pope's illness people have gathered before his window to gather an omen from Centra's face as he opened the shutters. This morning he did not appear at the usual time and a rumor flew around that the Pope was dead.

He had, however, merely suffered from a cardiac attack, from which he rallied. Dr. Lapponi succeeded in having him swallow several spoonfuls of coffee, milk and brandy mixed. The silence of the sick room was occasionally broken by a hacking cough, due to the gathering of phlegm in Pope Leo's throat. These coughing spells had the effect of rousing the Pontiff, causing him to open his eyes and revive slightly.

At 11.40 a.m. there was great alarm at the Vatican, as the Pope was suffering from a severe increase of cardiac affection. Dr. Lapponi really thought the end had arrived, and Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, the grand penitentiary, began the prayers for the dying and gave the Pontiff absolution in articulo mortis. His death was considered so imminent that all the cardinals were present and the members of the diplomatic corps were admitted to the sick room.

HANDLED OVER REINS.
When, during the alarming crisis, about noon, he was lying on his bed perfectly motionless, while around him knelt the Cardinals and other members of the Papal Court, praying and not knowing whether the Pope was not already dead without

any preliminary restlessness, the Pontiff opened his eyes, which fell on Cardinal Oreglia, who was at his side, and he said solemnly, "To your Eminence, who will so soon seize the reins of supreme power, I confide the Church in these difficult times."

Then Monsignor Bisletti, the Master of the Chamber, asked for the Pope's benediction for the court, which the Pontiff granted, adding, "These my last greetings."

Then the Pontiff gave his hand to kiss to the cardinals present, who were Oreglia, Rampolla, Serafino Vannutelli, Volpe and Vives y Tuto. Dr. Lapponi profited by the Pope's animation to administer restorative medicines, whereupon the patient sank back as suddenly as he had revived.

The words the Pope addressed to Cardinal Oreglia were his last utterance, the last supreme effort of that intelligence which has astonished the world. They are much commented upon, and it is wonderful whether the intention of Leo XIII. was to indicate Cardinal Oreglia as his successor. They will certainly have considerable weight in the decision of the cardinals who will take part in the conclave.

At 4 p. m. the Pope had lost all consciousness.

For two hours telegraphic communication with Rome was suspended.

Owing to the strained relations between the Quirinal and the Vatican the Italian Government determined some time since to leave to the Vatican the duty of announcing the death of the Pope to the world. To this end it was arranged to stop all telegraphic communication from Rome at the moment of the death of the Pontiff and to turn the wires over to Cardinal Rampolla to enable him to make the official announcement.

TO PREVENT TAINTED MILK

HINTS FOR THE PATRONS OF CHEESE FACTORIES.

Careful Investigations of the Dominion Department of Agriculture.

The patrons of a cheese factory have a direct financial interest in supplying only good pure milk, free from taints or bacteria. Thousands of dollars are lost to the country annually because patrons send to the factories tainted milk, which, if used at all, not only precludes the manufacture of first class cheese, but diminishes the quantity of cheese per pounds of milk. Some of the chief causes of tainted or gassy milk have been enumerated by the Dominion Division of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, in order that patrons may be induced to guard against them. In many cases the source of trouble may be found in the undesirable germs that get into the milk during and after milking.

These germs are always associated with filth in some form or other. Careful investigations show that very large proportion of the cases of taints or bad flavors in milk and its products are caused by the germs which are always present in the droppings of animals. Such germs are to be found in large numbers wherever such droppings are deposited. The mud of stagnant ponds, where cattle are allowed to drink, and the surfaces of barn-yards or milking-yards are always swarming with them. For this reason the udders and flanks of cows should always be brushed before milking to remove the dirt, mud, particles of manure, hair, etc., which might otherwise fall into the milk pail.

STRAINING THE MILK.
While it is necessary to remove the visible dirt, does not get rid of these foul germs, which are the actual cause of the tainted, gassy milk. Improperly cleaned milk pails, strainers and milk cans are constant sources of contamination.

The whey tank is a common source of infection at those factories where the whey is returned to the patrons in the milk cans. This practice is detrimental to successful cheese-making, but when it cannot be arranged to have the whey disposed of in some other way, the tanks should be kept thoroughly clean in order to lessen the danger of contamination. They should be emptied at least once a week.

It is a well-known fact that milk will absorb some odors to which it is exposed. Warm milk will absorb odors quite as freely as that which has been cooled; hence the necessity for removing it from the stable or milking-yard as soon as possible after it is drawn.

An abundant supply of pure water for the cows is one of the essentials for the production of good milk. When cows are compelled to drink water of stagnant muddy ponds, or sluggish streams, and when there is which there is decaying animal matter, including their own droppings, health, and unless the cows are in good health, they cannot give first-class milk. Moreover, the milk is full of foul germs, which, if fed on the legs, flanks and udders of the cows, and falls into the milk at the time of milking, is the most direct source of infection which is often overlooked.

IMPROPER FEEDING.
There is in Canada an abundance of good, wholesome food available for cattle feeding purposes. The natural pastures in the whole, excellent, and it is only in limited districts or at certain seasons of the year that trouble is experienced with weed flavors. Among the cultivated

foods, turnips and rape are two prominent exceptions to the rule of suitability which applies in general to Canadian fodder crops. While they are undoubtedly valuable in ration for growing or dry cattle, if turnips and rape are fed, even in limited quantities, to milking cows, there is a likelihood of imparting to the milk a taint which cannot be eliminated by any process known to the cheesemaker's art. Some first-class foods when fed alone, and to excess, will cause indigestion and thus indirectly affect the milk. One example of this kind is found in green clover.

In conclusion, it may be said that when cows have free access to salt at all times they will give more milk, which will have a better flavor and keep sweet longer than when they do not get any at all, or receive it only at intervals.

ROWLEY PLEADS GUILTY.

Will Have Time to Render Aid to the Liquidators.

A St. Thomas despatch says: George Rowley, the defaulting manager of the Elgin Loan Company, came up for trial before Judge Ermi at Kingston on Monday morning. There was a large crowd in court, including many ladies. Rowley, through his solicitor, withdrew his former plea of not guilty, and entered a plea of guilty to all the charges. The whole trial was over in less than half an hour. A question of sentence was argued by counsel. Crown Attorney Donahue asked for a remand for some length, as it was understood Rowley was willing to assist the liquidators in straightening out the affairs of the company. Finally it was agreed to postpone the sentence till August 10th, at 11 a. m.

LEG CRUSHED BY TRAIN.

Man Killed While Attempting to Board Freight.

A Kingston despatch says: P. N. Presley, Deseronto, was visiting at Collin's Bay, and on Sunday, accompanied by a cousin named Purdy, boarded a freight train and rode to Napanoe. After spending an hour or two there, they boarded another freight train for Kingston, but were put off. Nothing daunted, they attempted to get aboard the next freight train that came along. Presley miscalculated the speed at which the train was moving, missed his hold, and fell beneath the wheels, both legs being terribly mutilated above the knees. Dr. Leonard, Napanoe, was summoned, and temporarily dressed the wounds. The injured youth was placed aboard the train, but died before Kingston was reached.

NO GRAIN TO CARRY

C. P. R. Argument Against the Grand Trunk Pacific.

A Winnipeg despatch says: The last of the crop of 1902 having been shipped out in June, the grain elevators at Fort William and Port Arthur are practically empty, and there is less than a million bushels in the inland elevators, which will be used for local purposes. No grain cargoes are offering via the lakes, and the Canadian Pacific Railway is hauling empty cars east to take care of freight destined west. This condition, which is chiefly owing to the enormous additions that have been made to the rolling stock of the railway companies, exists now for the first time since western Canada became a grain exporting country.

THE MARKETS

Prices of Grain, Cattle, etc in Trade Centres.

MARKETS OF THE WORLD.

Toronto, July 21.—Wheat.—The market is quiet and steady. No. 2 Ontario hard, and white quoted at 75c middle, and at 74½c east; No. 2 spring is quoted at 71c middle freight; No. 2 goose at 66c on Midland. Manitoba wheat steady; No. 1 hard quoted at 88c, Goderich, and No. 1 Northern at 87c Goderich. No. 1 hard, 94c grinding in transit, lake and rail, and No. 1 Northern 93c.

Oats.—The market is quiet and steady. No. 2 white quoted at 32 to 32½c middle freight, and at 31½ to 31½c high freight. No. 1 white, 33½c east.

Barley.—Trade is quiet, with no business reported. No. 3 extra quoted at 41c middle freight, and No. 3 at 42½ to 43c.

Rye.—The market is steady at 52c middle freight for No. 2.

Peas.—Trade dull, with No. 2 white quoted at 61c high freight, and at 60c east.

Corn.—Market is steady; No. 3 American yellow quoted at 57½c on track, Toronto; and No. 3 mixed at 57c, Toronto. Canadian corn purely nominal.

Flour.—Ninety per cent. patents sold to-day at \$2.80 middle freight, in buyers' sacks, for export. Straight rollers of special brands for domestic trade quoted at \$3.25 to \$3.40 in bulk. Manitoba flour steady; No. 1 patents, \$4.20 to \$4.30, and strong bakers', \$3.90 to \$4, in bags, Toronto.

Milled—Bran steady at \$17 and shorts \$18.50 here. At outside points bran is quoted at \$15 to \$15.50, and shorts at \$17. Manitoba bran, in sacks, \$19, and shorts at \$22 here.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Beans.—Trade is very quiet, with prices nominal. Prime white are quoted at \$1.65 to \$1.75 a bush.

Hay.—The market is firm, with demand fair. No. 1 timothy is worth \$11 to \$11.25 on track, Toronto.

Straw.—The market is quiet at \$5.25 to \$5.50 per ton for car lots, on track.

Hops.—Trade dull, with prices nominal at 17 to 20c.

Potatoes.—Offerings of new are large, and prices easy at 70 to 75c per bushel.

Poultry.—Spring chickens are quoted at 60 to 75c per pair; turkeys, 12 to 13c per lb.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter.—The market is steady, with receipts good and fair demand for best qualities. Choice—Choice 1-lb. rolls, 15c; 16c; 17c; uniform color, 15c; secondary grades, store packed, 12 to 13c; creamery prints, 18 to 19c; solids, 17½ to 18½c.

Eggs.—Market is dull. We quote: Fresh candled stock, 14 to 14½c; seconds and checks, 10 to 11c.

Cheese.—Market quiet, and prices unchanged. We quote: Finest, 10 to 10½c.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Dressed hogs are unchanged. Cured meats are steady, with a good demand. We quote: Bacon, clear, 10 to 10½c, in ton and case lots. Pork, mess, \$21; do, short cut, \$22.50.

Smoked meats—Hams, 13 to 13½c; rolls, 11 to 11½c; shoulders, 10½c; backs, 14 to 15c; breakfast bacon, 14c.

Lard.—Market is dull. Tierces, 9½c; tubs, 9½c; pails, 10c; compound, 8 to 9c.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, July 21.—(Special.)—The local markets show little change. Butter is rather quiet, though a fair business is being done in cheese, at unchanged prices. The Liverpool quotation is lower again, at 48s 6d for colored, and 47c for white.

Grain.—Peas, 63c high freight, 72c here; rye, 52c east, 58½c aloft here; buckwheat, 48½ to 49c; No. 2 oats, 38½ to 39c in store here; flaxseed, \$1.15 on track here; feed barley, 50c; No. 3 barley, 62½c; corn, 60c for No. 3 yellow American. Flour—Manitoba patents, \$4.20 to \$4.30; strong bakers', \$4.20 to \$4.30; strong bakers', \$3.50; Ontario straight rollers, \$3.50 to \$3.60; in bags, \$1.70 to \$1.75; patents, \$3.90 to \$4. Feed—Manitoba bran, \$19; shorts, \$21 to \$22, in bags, included; Ontario bran, in bulk, \$17 to \$18; shorts, in bulk, \$20 to \$21; middlings, \$21. Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, \$22.50; short cut backs, \$22; light short cut \$21.50; compound refined lard, 8 to 9c; pure Canadian lard, 10 to 10½c; finest lard, 11 to 11½c; hams, 13½ to 14½c; bacon, 14 to 15c; fresh killed abattoir hogs, \$7.75 to \$8.25.

Butter—Townships creamery, 18½ to 19½c; Quebec, 18c; Western creamery, 17½c; Western dairy, 16c; Cheese—Ontario colored, 9½c; white, 9½c; Townships, 9½c; Quebec, 9½c. Eggs—Candled, 16c; straight, 14c to 14½c; No. 2, 12½c. Honey—White clover, in sections, 12c per section; in 10-lb. tins 8c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Duluth, July 21.—Wheat.—To arrive—No. 1 hard, 87½c; No. 1 Northern, 85½c; No. 2 Northern, 84½c; July, 85½c; September, 77½c; December, 75½c.

Minneapolis, July 21.—Wheat—Cash, 88½c; July, 88c; September, 75½ to 75½c; on track, No. 1 hard, 89½c; No. 1 Northern, 88½c; No. 2 Northern, 87½c; No. 3 Northern, 84 to 84½c.

Milwaukee, July 21.—Wheat—Steady; No. 1 Northern, 89 to 89½c; new September, 77 to 77½c. Rye—Dull; No. 1, 54½c; barley—Dull; No. 2, 58 to 60c; sample, 45 to 55c.

Corn—September, 50½ to 50½c.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Toronto, July 21.—Trade in butchers' and exporters' cattle was

quiet at the Western market to-day, and prices were barely steady. The leading feature was the scarcity of good qualities of butchers' cattle, and the abundant offerings of lower grades of inferior cows that were not wanted by local butchers, and therefore almost unsalable, buyers being object to the farmers' country on them while they have, or should have, plenty of pasture for at least two or three months yet. Canners and grade cows were much on sale. There was also a dearth of good exporters' descriptions, and buyers had to go to Chicago to obtain what they wanted. There seems to be plenty of good stuff in the country, but it is not coming here, as holders are hanging on to their stock in the hope of an advance in prices there before long.

There was little enquiry for either feeders or stockers, and the offerings were light, and values about steady.

A better tone in sheep prevailed, and all offerings were sold early.

Calves were firm, but the offerings being fairly liberal no change in their values was recorded.

The run of cattle was not heavy. It comprised 1,083 cattle, 1,287 sheep, 1,721 hogs, and 69 calves.

The most of the exporters were disposed of at from \$4.70 to \$5 per cwt., from a few cents higher was paid in a few exceptional instances.

Butchers' classes sold lower, owing to the inferior quality of the offerings. We quote: \$4.50 to \$4.65 per cwt.; loads of good, \$4.30 to \$4.50; fair to good, \$4 to \$4.30; medium to fair, \$3.20 to \$4; common to fair, \$3.50 to \$3.85; rough to common, \$3.50 to \$3.85; rough to common, \$3.50 to \$3.85.

Milch cows sold at \$30 to \$55 each. There was little demand for either feeders or stockers. We quote as follows:—

Export Cattle—Per 100 lbs. Medium to heavy \$4 70 \$5 12½

Butchers'—

Picked lots 4 50 4 65

Good loads 4 25 4 40

Medium 4 00 4 30

Fair 3 50 4 00

Cows 3 25 4 00

Feeders, light 3 25 3 75

Feeders, short-keeps 4 00 4 25

Stockers 2 50 3 75

Sheep—

Export ewes 3 60 3 75

Do, best 75 80

Spring lambs 2 25 3 00

Calves, per cwt. 3 50 5 00

Hogs—

Sows 3 50 4 00

Stags 2 00 0 00

Selects, 160 to 200 5 65 0 00

Thick fats 5 40 0 00

Light 5 40 0 00

STORMED THE JAIL.

And Lynched Two Condemned Murderers.

A despatch from Red Lodge, Montana, says: Jim Gorman, who killed his brother about a year ago and ran off with his brother's wife, and a man named Walters, who killed a woman named Hoover at the Hot Springs two years ago because she refused to marry him, were lynched at Basin, Wyo., on Sunday. C. E. Pierce, a deputy sheriff, was killed during the attack on the jail. Lawlessness now prevails in northern Wyoming as a result. Sheriff Fenton of Big Horn county has appealed to the Governor for military assistance. Last Wednesday it was reported that a mob was descending on Basin to lynch Gorman and Walters and the Sheriff hid the men in a gulch. Gorman escaped but was recaptured yesterday. On Sunday a mob of about 50 men entered Basin, proceeded at once to the county jail and fired a volley into the prison. Deputy Sheriffs Pierce and Meade were guarding the prisoners. One bullet grazed Meade's shoulder and entered Pierce's heart. Members of the mob then tore up the telephone poles and battered the jail door down. They first came to Walters, who was crouched in his cell, begging piteously for mercy. Walters was shot and instantly killed. The mob next forced Meade's shoulder and was pierced by five bullets. Gorman lived some hours.

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.

Two Men Killed and Many Seriously Injured.

A Roanoke, Va., despatch says: By the explosion of a large quantity of dynamite and blasting powder stored in a magazine near Petersburg on Saturday two men were killed, sixteen were more or less injured and about one hundred others severely shocked. A westbound passenger train on the main line of the Norfolk & Western was going at full speed past the magazine which stood 200 yards from the track, when the explosion occurred. The windows of the train were broken and not a single person on the train escaped injury or shock. The dead were laid out, and their bodies were found near the wrecked magazine. The cause of the explosion is not known.

TO FIND GRAIN ROUTE

Party Will Prospect in the Hudson's Bay Vicinity.

A St. John's, Nfld., despatch says:—The Canadian Government has chartered the Newfoundland sealing steamer Neptune to convey the scientific expedition to Hudson's Bay. The expedition will winter at Chesterfield Inlet. Its object is to determine the availability of the region for a Canadian grain route. Captain Samuel Bartlett, for several years navigator of the Peary steamer, is in command of the ship, the crew of which consists of Newfoundlanders, familiar with ice work. The scientific party is composed of Canadian geologists, and will also enforce the Canadian customs laws against American whalers who are operating in Hudson's Bay.

CHINESE MINERS KILLED

Explosion in a British Columbia Mine.

A Vancouver, B. C., despatch says: Twenty Chinamen, who disobeyed the law forbidding the employment of Mongolians underground, paid the penalty on Wednesday night, when twelve were killed and eight severely burned through an explosion in No. 3 incline, No. 6 shaft, of the Wellington Collieries at Cumberland, owned by former Premier Dunsmuir and his associates. It was feared that several white men were also victims, but it was afterwards learned that there was only one employed in the mine, and he escaped with nothing worse than a shaking.

The explosion is attributed to fire-damp, but its origin is mysterious, as all the miners carried safety lamps, owing to the gassy stage of the working, and all the lamps were found to be locked. The actual explosion was so slight that next to no damage was done to the mine, and no concussion was felt at a short distance from the scene. Nevertheless, it was deadly in its nature, for, as is usual in long-wall workings, it swept the face, killing and scorching as it went.

No sign of the disaster was apparent at the pit head, and nothing was known until the cage was run up and frightened Chinamen reached the top, when they excitedly told of a fire. Thirty-eight out of the fifty Chinamen employed underground reached the top in safety, and then a white rescue party went down to search for the others. The dead bodies of the dozen were reached, but not without some danger to the searchers, because of after-damp, which prostrated one pit boss.

The colliery company claims that the law prohibiting the employment of the Chinese underground is unconstitutional.

RAISING THE STANDARD.

Normal School Course Will Last One Year.

A Toronto despatch says:—Sessions of the Ontario Normal schools will hereafter convene on the second Tuesday in September and end the third Friday in June. No one will be admitted as a teacher in training without at least junior leaving standing and one year of successful experience as a teacher. A fee of \$10 must accompany applications for admission. The standing is to depend on the results of sessional examinations conducted by the staff and on a final examination in practical teaching, conducted by the Education department. Candidates must obtain 40 per cent in each subject of the written and practical examinations, and 60 per cent of the aggregate. Those obtaining 75 per cent of the aggregate will be awarded honors. Those obtaining 50 to 59 per cent of the aggregate may obtain a limited certificate, valid for three years, and this may be made a life certificate by passing the final examination. Those making less than 50 per cent. must attend another session.

PREDICTS RICH HARVEST.

Glowing Report From West Received by Molsons Bank.

A Montreal despatch says: The Molsons Bank has received reports from many parts of the country with reference to the crops. The West reports excellent prospects, some of the farmers going so far as to say that not only is the growth in advance of former years, but the farmers' condition financially is fifty per cent. better than last year. In every case in Manitoba and the Northwest Territory the crops are only the question, "How does the farmer's condition compare with last year?" is "Much better!" In some parts of Manitoba the statement was made that the prospects at this season were never better. In most cases the reports state that acreage under cultivation is greater, and the growth better. And many reports the note is added that present indications predict a rich harvest.

KINDNESS WON HIM \$7000

Man Nursed Guest in Hotel and Now Gets Legacy.

A Toledo, Ohio, despatch says: Because he was kind to an old man who was ill in a Kendallville hotel, of which he was clerk, Wesley Hovetter of No. 424 Thirteenth-street has an inheritance of \$7000. Mr. Hovetter, who has been employed by the Prudential and Western Southern Life Insurance Companies, has gone west to claim the estate. Some years ago, while Mr. Hovetter was clerk in a hotel in Kendallville, Ind., Mr. Harper was a guest there. He was ill for several weeks, and during that time Mr. Hovetter nursed him. A few weeks ago Mr. Harper died in Des Moines, and Mr. Hovetter received word that \$7000 had been left him in the will of the deceased. Mr. Hovetter is single and 27 years of age.

TOAST KING IN PURE WATER

His Majesty says Wine is Not Essential.

A London despatch says:—King Edward has taken action which will greatly excite teetotalers. A naval officer wrote to his Majesty asking him if he would issue an order that when his health was toasted it need not be drunk in his honor. The King replied through his secretary that the Lord of the Admiralty probably would not like his interfering by issuing orders, but he would be glad to have it circulated privately that he considered drinking in his honor by those using wine.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

Notes of Proceedings in the Canadian Parliament.

INSPECTION FEES.

Mr. Prefontaine moved a resolution that it was expedient to amend the Steamboat Inspection Act to make provision for the abolition of steamboat inspection fees and dues, and for the better regulation of yachts propelled by gas, fluid naphtha, or electric motors. Mr. Prefontaine explained that the bill was intended to legalize the abolition of the fees promised by the Government some time ago. Power was to be taken to reimburse the dues by order-in-Council if such a course should be deemed necessary, after a period of two years.

In regard to yachts, it was proposed that where they were over three tons they should be required to carry a life buoy and one life preserver for each person on board, and if they carried passengers they should be subject to the general law.

It was also proposed to abolish inspection fees in the cases of vessels from foreign countries which impose no fees on Canadian vessels. This was a measure of reciprocity with the United States. The resolutions were accepted, and a bill founded on them introduced and read a first time.

MR. BLAIR'S RESIGNATION.

The galleries were crowded to their utmost capacity, even the aisles being occupied by a mass of ladies and gentlemen, who patiently stood for nearly two hours, listening intently to the important utterances of the Premier and his late colleague in reference to the withdrawal of Hon. A. G. Blair from the Cabinet. The Premier's announcement was dignified, and concisely set forth that his colleague's withdrawal was due, not to a difference of opinion regarding the necessity of another transcontinental route, but simply to disagreement as to mode of construction and operation. While expressing for himself and the other members of the Administration his regret at the severance from the Cabinet of an able colleague, Sir Wilfrid expressed his gratification that upon all questions of public policy, except this one, Mr. Blair is in accord with the Government.

Mr. Blair with some emphasis gave a refutation of the newspaper reports concerning alleged friction with his colleagues, whom he entirely exonerated from the allegations of discourtesy or caballing. He repelled with scorn the suggestion that he had been prompted by pique in his resignation, and spoke with deep feeling of the severance of the connection with his colleagues. He attributed his resignation to inability to endorse the Government's policy of building a second line of railway from Quebec to Montreal, paralleling and destroying the Intercolonial, or to embark upon the construction of a railway from Quebec to Winnipeg, without first obtaining more definite information. Mr. Blair wanted the Government to be satisfied with declaring its intention to construct a transcontinental line as soon as the need arose, and in the meantime making an appropriation for a thorough exploration of the territory to be traversed. That road, when completed, should, he said, either be operated by the Government through a commission or by a trust.

Mr. R. L. Borden paid a graceful tribute to Mr. Blair's diligence and ability, and assured him the opposition offered to him by that side of the House had not been personal. Mr. Tarte entered a protest against newspapers from Quebec, Mr. Blair and himself had not enjoyed the confidence of their colleagues during the past two years, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier replied that during the time his late colleagues had been in the Cabinet their relations had been most cordial.

INDIAN BOYS SENTENCED.

Terms for Setting Fire to the Mohawk Institute.

A Brantford despatch says: The Indian youths charged with arson in connection with the destruction of the Mohawk Institute were sentenced on Monday by Judge Hardy. Roy Wilson, the principal offender, was given five years in the Industrial School at Mimico. Isaiah Antone, Frank Winney, and Jesse Deba each got three years, the first named for the incendiarism, and the other two for the arson. Mr. Antone and Wilson will have to face another charge on Saturday, namely, that of burning the barn of Mr. Alexander, a farmer living near the institute.

ATE MUSTARD AND DIED.

Sad Ending of a Stratford Boy From Poisoning.

A Stratford despatch says:—Gaspar Rosso, the three-year-old son of Frank Rosso, 8706 Broadview, of this city, died early on Friday morning from poisoning. Three of Mr. Rosso's children were playing round a stable and rubbish heap, upon which they found a can of English mustard and partook of it. The three became very sick, and Gaspar succumbed.

SMOKED HIMSELF TO DEATH

Kalamazoo Man Dies From Excessive Use of Tobacco.

A Kalamazoo, Mich., despatch says:—William G. Pattison, of this city is dead in his eighty-ninth year as the result of excessive use of tobacco. His tobaccoist, from whom he bought exclusively, gave out the statement, after his death had been made public, that in 42 years Mr. Pattison smoked more than 48,000 cigars, which cost him \$4,800.

WEAK AND FAINTING

THE SAD PLIGHT OF ANAEMIC PEOPLE.

They Have Headaches and Back-aches—Are Languid and Unable to Stand Exertion.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.

You can always tell anaemic men and women. They are pale, weak and languid. They have headaches and backaches. They can't eat—or they can't digest what little they do eat. And it all comes from poor blood and unstrung nerves. Banish anaemia at once by enriching your blood and toning up your nerves with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Thousands of grateful women have said that these pills have restored them after all other means tried had failed. Mrs. Josias McIlroy, of Orangeville, Ont., was a great sufferer for several years and spent much money looking for a cure. To a reporter of the Sun Mrs. McIlroy said: "Several years ago my health gave out completely. I felt so weak that I could not do my housework. If I went upstairs my heart would palpitate violently, and sometimes I would faint away through weakness. My nerves were unstrung, and I suffered much from dizziness. I tried many remedies, but they did not help me. The doctor advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to do so. I am glad I did for the pills soon built me up and made me a well woman. My health remained good until last spring, when I was again taken with weakness. I now know by experience the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and at once got a supply. The result was as beneficial as before and I can conscientiously say the pills have done me untold good. I am grateful for this and hope my experience will benefit some other sufferer."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured more sickly, pale-faced girls and women than any other medicine ever discovered, for they supply new, rich, red blood and so strengthen every part of the body. They are equally suitable for men, women and children, and cure not only anaemia, but decline, consumption, indigestion, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, and the special ailments which all women dread. These pills can be had through any druggist, or will be sent post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Look for the full name on every box, so that no worthless substitute may be palmed off on you.

MATTERS MATRIMONIAL.

In Denmark a girl of twelve and a boy of fourteen can marry. In most places the limit for age is eighteen for men and sixteen for women. In Germany a man can only contract marriage before his twenty-first year when he is specially declared of age, and this can only be done when he has completed his eighteenth year. In several parts of America it is unlawful for the persons to marry black on white. The law of France is specially notable for stipulating about the legal rights of each party, and the relations of each to the earnings of the other. It is literally true that the man who marries a French woman becomes by French law liable to be called upon for the support of his wife's near relatives if they are in need. The relations created by a betrothal in Hungary are expressly declared to give no right to demand the conclusion of a marriage.

A SHOCK FOR THE DOCTOR.

In Norfolk, England, it is customary to speak of attending a funeral as "following" the remains. A young medical man from London, who had taken a practice in Norfolk, was sadly nonplussed the other morning on receiving a letter from a disconsolate widow announcing the death of her husband, and adding as a postscript: "We all hope you will follow him."

THE DANGERS OF CHILDHOOD.

Summer is the most deadly season of the year for little ones. The little life hangs by a mere thread; diarrhoea, infant cholera and other hot weather ailments come quickly and sometimes, in a few hours, extinguish a bright little life. Every mother should be in a position to guard against, or cure, these troubles and there is no medicine known to medical science will act so surely, so speedily and so safely as Baby's Own Tablets. A box of the Tablets should be kept in every home where there are little ones, and by giving an occasional Tablet hot weather ailments will be prevented, and your little one will be kept well and happy. Don't wait until the trouble comes—that may be too late. Remember that these ailments can be prevented by keeping the stomach and bowels right. Mrs. A. Vandervoer, Port Colborne, Ont., says: "My baby was cross, restless and had diarrhoea. I gave her Baby's Own Tablets and they helped her. I have never since. I think the Tablets are a splendid medicine for children."

The Tablets are guaranteed to cure all the minor ailments of little ones; they contain no opiate or poisonous drug, and can be given safely to a new born babe. Sold by medicine dealers, or mailed at 25 cents a box by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Schoolmaster—"Now, Smithson, that we have read of the principal reigning monarchs of the world, tell me which ruler inspires the most respect, and for what?" Smithson (thinking of his knuckles, still sore)—"The one on your desk, sir."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

NOSEBLEED.

Usually Very Simple Remedies Will Stop It.

Bleeding from the nose may be caused by an injury, such as a violent blow, or sneezing too hard, or snuffing irritating substances up the nostrils, or it may occur as a symptom of constitutional disease. In the latter case it may be the result of any one of several causes. It is advanced authority for instance, it sometimes means that the person is suffering from Bright's disease or from heart trouble, causing the vessels that feed the brain to become overdistended with blood.

Some people suffer from nosebleeds when they climb mountains, or when they first go to live at a much greater altitude than that to which they have been accustomed. In these cases, and in all cases caused by overdistention and pressure, the attack of nosebleed is a distressing one, and is therefore a blessing in disguise. In young people who are making a rapid growth, or when the system requires—there often occur violent attacks which must be, of course, suitably treated, but need cause no obstinate to simple remedies. This form of nosebleed with disappear as the patient approaches adult life and the whole system finds its balance.

Certain diseases, such as scarlet fever, typhoid fever, blood-poisoning and erysipelas, are often accompanied by attacks of nosebleeds. These attacks are then only one of the symptoms of a serious disorder, and as such would naturally be dealt with by the physician in attendance.

In the ordinary cases of bleeding from the nose in children or young adults, very simple household remedies are generally all that will be needed. It is only when these attacks become too frequent, or when enough blood is lost to make the sufferer white and weak, that more energetic measures will be needed. There is an old wives' theory that the dropping of a large cold doorway down the back will stop nosebleeds. This theory, as usual, is a little germ of truth. If a doorway is the biggest and coldest thing at hand, it would be well to use it in this way. As the virtue, however, does not lie in the key, but in its coldness, cold water compresses applied to the back of the neck and the forehead would do the work quicker and more scientifically. This has no effect, but the sufferer should lie down with the nostrils compressed and the arms raised above the head. Sometimes plugging the nostrils with absorbent cotton soaked in some astringent, such as alum or tannic acid, will be found necessary.—Youth's Companion.

TROUBLES OF EX-CHIEF OF POLICE

COULD NOT STAND BEFORE DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Mr. Charles Gilchrist had Diabetes for Years—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him.

Port Hope, Ont., July 20 (Special).—Mr. Charles Gilchrist, Chief of Police here for fifteen years and afterwards Dominion Fisheries Overseer, is always willing to add his testimony to the volume of proofs from all parts that Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure any form of Kidney Disease.

"I am a healthy man. Dodd's Kidney Pills have done the job," is the way Mr. Gilchrist puts it. "When I first started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills I was in an awful state. I had been a sufferer from Diabetes and Kidney Disorder for ten years. My urine was of a dark brickly color and I would suffer something awful while passing."

"I tried everything and tried the doctors but could get no help till I was advised to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. They have made me a new man."

Mr. Gilchrist is getting on in years but he feels young. That's what Dodd's Kidney Pills do for a man.

KING OF SERBIA IGNORED

PETER KARAGEORGEVITCH BEYOND THE PALE.

His "Brothers" Will Not Speak to Him While Under a Cloud.

King Edward's action in withdrawing his Minister Plenipotentiary from Belgrade appears to be the subject of widespread misapprehension. It does not necessarily mean that all intercourse between the Governments of Great Britain and Serbia has been suspended, or even that England declines to recognize the de facto Government at Belgrade, but that Edward VII., who, by virtue of the constitution, is in supreme control of England's foreign policy, has declined to maintain with Serbia's new executive the relations of friendship that characterized his intercourse with other courts until Peter Karageorgevitch has taken some steps to dissociate himself from the assassins of his predecessor and to clear himself of all complicity and connivance in the tragedy.

Sir George Bonham, in quitting Belgrade by direction of his sovereign, did not intrust the care of British interests in Serbia to the hands of some foreign power, as would have been the case had there been a complete rupture, but conferred their representation to the Hon. W. G. Thesiger, the English Consul. The latter, as such will transact all necessary business with the Serbian Government, but will hold aloof from the court of Belgrade.

MUST PROVE INNOCENCE.

Monarchs in the old world, in addressing one another use the word "brother," and look upon them

"Pure soap!" You've heard the words. In Sunlight Soap you have the fact.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Sunlight Bar.

selves as forming a species of fraternity bound together by "esprit de corps," and, to put the matter bluntly, King Edward does not feel inclined to treat King Peter as a "brother" until he is assured that he is innocent of all connection with the peculiarly horrible murder of King Alexander and Queen Draga at Belgrade.

In order to discover a precedent for King Edward's action it is necessary to recall the attitude of the Russian Government with regard to King Louis Philippe. The latter, it may be remembered, owed his throne to the revolution of 1830 at Paris, in which he was implicated, and which resulted in the overthrow and exile of his cousin and benefactor, King Charles X. Amperor Nicholas I. declined either to visit Paris or to accredit an Ambassador to the court of the Tuileries, leaving Muscovite interests to be represented officially by a mere charge d'affaires, who treated not with the King but with the Minister of Foreign Affairs while unofficially Russian Jews were persecuted by the famous Princess Lieven, who was the political Egeria of Guizot, the most influential political adviser of the bourgeois king.

PRINCIPLE OF LEGITIMACY.

Nicholas I. declared that he could not, without ignoring the principle of legitimacy, which is the fundamental basis of the monarchical system, recognize as a king and a brother sovereign a prince who owed his crown to a revolution.

The same Emperor Nicholas at first refused to recognize Napoleon III. as a brother sovereign, taking exception to the revolution and sanguinary coup d'etat, by means of which he had obtained possession of the imperial crown of France, while Queen Victoria, availing herself of her constitutional prerogative, dismissed Lord Palmerston from the office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs for having directed the British Ambassador at Paris to recognize Louis Napoleon as Emperor without having previously obtained her consent. Nor was it until after the Crimean war and the death of Nicholas I. that the new Czar of Russia could be induced to address Napoleon III. as "mon frere."

WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE 'EM.

Russia as well as Prussia declined for many years to recognize either Isabella as Queen Regent of Spain or Maria della Gloria as sovereign of Portugal, on the ground that they had usurped the legitimate rights of their respective uncles, the late Don Carlos and the late Dom Miguel, to their thrones; nor was it until after 1870 that Emperor Alexander II. consented to recognize Victor Emmanuel as King of Italy, having up to that time refused to acknowledge his annexation of the Kingdoms of Naples and the two Sicilies, obtained through Garibaldi's insurrection of 43 years ago.

In more recent times we find not only the late Emperor of Russia, but likewise the present Czar declining to recognize Prince Ferdinand as ruler of Bulgaria, on the ground that he had violated his plighted word, given to Alexander III. Nor was it until Ferdinand had submitted to the most humiliating terms imposed by the court of St. Petersburg, including, among other things, the conversion of his eldest boy, Boris, from the Roman Catholic church to the orthodox rite, that he at length secured recognition by Nicholas II. as Prince of Bulgaria.

85 million pounds of tobacco passed last year through the Custom House for home consumption in the United Kingdom.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

975 persons out of 1,000 inoculated for hydrophobia died being bitten by a mad dog are saved from death.

ANOTHER CALIFORNIA EXCURSION.

On July 31st to August 13th inclusive, the Wabash will sell round trip tickets to San Francisco or Los Angeles, Cal., at the lowest rate ever made from Canada, tickets good ever made until October 15th, 1903. All tickets should read via Detroit and over the great Wabash line, the short and true route to Pacific Coast points. This will be the last, best and cheapest excursion to California this season. Do not miss it. For full particulars address J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, Northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

\$460,000 has been provided by the Admiralty for the annual payment of good-conduct money to petty-officers and bluejackets.

For Over Sixty Years.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children, soothing with perfect success. It soothes the child, cures his colic, soothes his sore throat, and cures his diarrhoea. It is pleasant to the taste and is the best remedy for all these ailments. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is sold in all the drug stores.

23-74

Husband—"If I get ill, my dear, send me to the hospital. What! Among all those pretty nurses! Rather not!"

THE CURE OF STINGS.

All sorts of stings—whether from wasps, bees, hornets or bumblebees—should be sucked to remove as much poison as possible; then have a slice of acid fruit, apple, lemon or peach, or a crushed berry or grape, either ripe or green, bound lightly to the wound. If the pain is very severe after a minute take off the fruit, wash the sting in warm water and batho it well in alcohol. Then wet a folded linen rag in either alcohol or vinegar, and bind on the sting. If neither alcohol, vinegar nor fruit of any sort is at hand, try a bruised plantain leaf. Change the application, whatever it is, every ten minutes until the pain subsides.

MARK TWAIN'S GALLANTRY.

Mark Twain was once standing in a crowded street clinging to a strap. As the car swung round the strap broke, dumping him into the lap of a well-dressed woman. Mark rose and bowed. "Madam," said he, "this is the first time the street-car company ever conferred a favor on me."

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous services.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A full-grown whale weighs 100 tons; that is, as much as 80 elephants or 400 bears. Seventy feet is the utmost length of a whale.

PLAN NOW FOR SUMMER TOURS

No matter where you are going, if in the United States, write to Fred. P. Fox, care Lackawanna Railroad, Buffalo, N. Y., for rates and routes. Very cheap excursions during the summer to Atlantic City, Boston and New York. Excursion rates now in effect to all resorts. Plan now.

Undertaker (to gentleman)—"Are you one of the mourners?" Gentleman (sadly)—"Yes; he owed me one hundred dollars."

I was Cured of a severe cold by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Oxford, N. S. R. F. HEWSON.

I was Cured of a terrible sprain by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

FRED COULSON.

Yarmouth, N. S. Y. A. A. C.

I was Cured of Black Erysipelas by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

J. W. RUGGLES.

Inglesville.

7-59

Threadneedle—"Wonder where I can find Dodson?" Throgmorton—"Let's see. This is Thursday, and Thursday is his wife's afternoon for being 'at home.' You'll find Dodson at the club."

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

Removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and bachelors from horses, blood spavins, splints, ring bone, swellings, stiffness, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Give \$10 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Bleasish Cure ever known.

Lincolshire has the biggest English farm. Over 2,000 acres are under plough. The second largest is near Coldstream, in Northumberland.

Libby's
NATURAL FLAVOR FOOD PRODUCTS

Meet every requisite of the housewife or of the weather.

Potted Ham, Beef and Tongue, Ox Tongue (Whole), Veal Loaf, Deviled Ham, Roasted Beef, Sliced Roasted Beef, etc.

All natural flavor foods—palatable and wholesome. Your grocer should have them. For full particulars address J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, Northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago, Ill.

INFANTS' DELIGHT
Toilet Soap

Best for Best for
Big Folks Little Folks

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.
Perfumers and Soap Makers
TORONTO.

ISSUE NO. 30-03

BLUE RIBBON TEA COMPETITION

Owing to the great number of advertisements received in the Blue Ribbon Tea Competitions, the labor of selecting the prize winners has taken several weeks. The following are the successful competitors:

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1st J. H. Morrow, Ellen St., Winnipeg. | 13th S.F. Killaby, New Westminster, Vancouver. |
| 2nd Ed. Doran, Westminster Block, Winnipeg. | 14th Mrs. Foster, Robson St., Vancouver. |
| 3rd J. B. Mitchell, 518 St. Paul St., Montreal, Que. | 15th C. J. Thacker, Winnipeg. |
| 4th Ed. Hawke, Moose Jaw. | 16th R. W. Torrance, Galt, Ont. |
| 5th J. Dow, Burr Block, New Westminster. | 17th Miss S. J. Harvel, Stollarton, Pictou Co., N. S. |
| 6th Ralph N. Reade, 252 D'Aiguillon St., Quebec, Que. | 18th Robt. Kepling, 10 Windsor St., Toronto. |
| 7th W. C. Forman, Ingersoll, Ont. | 19th A. G. E. Lowman, 275 Fortage Ave., Winnipeg. |
| 8th R. N. Meredith, Regina. | 20th J. C. Tudhope, Ingersoll. |
| 9th F. D. Smith, 250 King St., Winnipeg. | 21st Mrs. W. Nickel, Reaburn, Man. |
| 10th Sara Chapman, Niagara-on-the-Lake. | 22nd Mrs. W. Nickel, Waterloo, Ont. |
| 11th Mary Forman, Ingersoll. | 23rd D. M. Fleet, Ingersoll. |
| 12th Jennie Beaton, Loreo, Ont. | 24th A. R. Smith, Box 548 Woodstock, Ont. |
| | 25th Geo. H. Larwill, 628 Broadway, Winnipeg, Man. |

"A Boeckh Broom for a Clean Sweep."

The necessity of reliability—saves labor—saves carpets—saves time—saves money.

BOECKH'S Bamboo-Handled Brooms.

Shrewd buyers need no urging—they insist upon being supplied with these Brooms that stand alone. At all dealers.

UNITED FACTORIES LIMITED Head Office, Toronto

OUR BRANDS.
King Edward
"Headlight"
"Eagle"
"Victoria"
"Little Comet"

Don't Experiment with other and inferior brands, USE EDDY'S

HULL, CANADA

"There is always room at the top, young man," said the coal merchant to the lad who wanted to know if there was a place for him in the office. "Yes; I've noticed that whenever I've seen the sacks in your wagons go by," said the youth. But for all this evidence of his being a close observer he did not get the berth.

CHENILLE CURTAINS

and all kinds of house hangings, also LACE CURTAINS DYED & CLEANED. Write to us about you. BRITISH AMERICAN DYING CO., Box 153, Montreal 1-44

Dominion Line Steamships

Montreal to Liverpool. Boston to Liverpool. Portland to Liverpool. Via Queenstown.

Largo and Fast Steamships. Superior accommodations for all classes of passengers. Saloons and Staterooms are available. Special attention has been given to the Second Saloon and Third-Class accommodations. For rates of passage and all particulars apply to any agent of the Company, or Richards, Mills & Co., D. Terrace & Co., Montreal and Portland. 9-60

22-47

ORANGES LEMONS

We have Mexicans, WE HAVE THE BEST. California Navel, Valencia, and Seville.

BANANAS. Carload every week. All the above at market prices. We can also handle your Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Maple Syrup and other produce to advantage for you.

THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited, Cor. West Market St., TORONTO. 4-45

Newton is the most common of town names in England. It occurs either alone or with some affix no less than 22 times.

THE JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

AND THE MASAI WARRIORS.

REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

On the occasion of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's recent visit to Mombasa, East Africa, a thrilling war dance by the picturesque Masai warriors was given in his honor. In this connection a striking incident, as showing the world-wide use of Holloway's famous remedies, is illustrated by the accompanying photograph, taken on the spot by a correspondent of the Sphere. Indeed,

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT

are used wherever the white man has set his foot.

The Masai warrior carrying his greasy pot along from the lobe of his right ear. The pot in this case was a HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT Jar, and the lobe of the ear had been stretched to get round the pot.

THE PILLS

are a wonderfully prompt and effective, but gentle and benign, remedy for all disorders of the Liver and Bowels. They cleanse and thoroughly regulate the system. Females should never be without them.

Manufactured only at 78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

13-33

Diarrhoea

When you want a quick cure without any loss of time, and one that is followed by no bad results, use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It never fails and is pleasant and safe to take. It is equally valuable for children. It is famous for its cures over a large part of the civilized world.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

CHAS. F. WALT, D.D.S., L.D.S.
FIRST CLASS HONOR GRADUATE IN DENTISTRY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, Graduate of and Late Demonstrator in the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto.
Office—Over Parker's Drug Store.
Open every day and evening.

J. McC. POTTS, M.D., C.M.
GRADUATE MCGILL UNIVERSITY. Late House Surgeon Montreal General Hospital; formerly resident accoucher Montreal, and Assistant in the Department of Women in General Hospital. Licentiate Illinois State Board of Health, and Member College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario.
Office and Residence—Front Street, Stirling.

HALLIWELL & BOLDRICK, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES.
Public Commissioners, Conveyancers, &c.
OFFICES: Stirling and Bancroft.
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FRANK ZWICK, M.B.
GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO Medical College. Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:—Dr. Boulter's former residence, Stirling.

G. G. THRASHER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c.
Office over Brown & McCutcheon's Store, Stirling, Ontario.

W. J. McCAMON, BARRISTER, ETC., BELLEVILLE, ONT.
Office: McManis Block, Cor. Front and Bridge Streets.
MONEY TO LOAN.

JOHN S. BLACK, CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER FOR TAKING Affidavits.
Office, over the store lately occupied by G. L. Scott, Stirling.

STIRLING LODGE, NO. 239, I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room, every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
L. MEIKLEJOHN, R. S.

DENTISTRY, C. L. HAWLEY, L.D.S.
THRENTON, GRADUATE OF THE TORONTO School of Dentistry, and a specialist in professionally, the second and last Friday in each month, until further notice.
The Dental Engineer, Halted Air, Gas, and all the modern improvements known to Dentistry, will be used for the painless extraction and preservation of natural teeth.
Rooms at Scott House.

Women Who Drink Whiskey.

That physicians are responsible for a good deal of inebriety among women is charged by a writer in the "Hospital" (London). Of 479 cases treated during the past nineteen years in an English home for inebriate women, only eleven were beer-drinkers, and thirty-six habitually drank wine. The rest became drunkards through taking spirits, and especially whiskey. The fact that so many of these women were whiskey-drinkers is ascribed by the writer to the frequent prescription of this liquor by doctors. He says: "While of late years doctors have very largely avoided recommending alcohol to their patients at all, when they do prescribe any it is whiskey. If a man or woman of middle age feels twinges of gout or rheumatism, the medical attendant very often advises the giving up of the glass of sherry or claret which the patient has been in the habit of taking, and substituting a little whiskey and soda-water. From the profession the public have learned to believe that whiskey is the 'safest' of all spirits, with results very advantageous to distillers. These figures, which tell the temptation to which six hundred inebriate women succumbed, make one doubt if the advice is equally good for the public. It is little stimulant, and may even increase the quantity, but they have no guarantee that their limitations are adhered to. The warmth of the spirit not merely induces a pleasant sense of well-being, but may even give a temporary relief from pain. This tempts the patient to return to it when the pain comes back. The doctor is not told of this extra indulgence, and the patient consoles herself with the notion that whiskey is 'so safe.' Neither wine nor beer gives the temporary alleviation sought, but spirits do, and the notion that whiskey is not conducive to the development of any disease is a temptation to take it. This is a point which medical men might do well to consider. They may assure their patients from falling if they can assure them that whiskey-drinking will cause some disease. But it is of no use to warn them of the risk of acquiring the habit of inebriety. That only gives offence, and does little good, for no one realizes their susceptibility to that temptation until, unhappily, it is too late."

Bayley's broom factory at Kingston was burned. Loss \$80,000.

Patty's Predicament.

By JEAN WEBSTER.

"HELLO, Patty! Have you read the bulletin-board this morning?" called Cathy Fair, as she caught up with Patty on the way home from a third-hour recitation. "No," said Patty; "I think it's a bad habit. You see too many unpleasant things there."

"Well, there's certainly an unpleasant one to-day. Miss Skelling wishes the Old English class to be provided with writing materials this afternoon."

Patty stopped with a groan. "I think it's absolutely abominable to give an examination without a word of warning."

"Not an examination," quoted Cathy; "just a little test to see how much you know."

"I don't know a thing," wailed Patty; "not a blessed thing."

"Nonsense, Patty; you know more than anyone else in the class."

"Bluff—it's all right. I come in strong on the literary criticism and the general discussions, and she never realizes that I don't know a word of the grammar."

"You've got two hours. You can cut your classes and review it up."

"Two hours!" said Patty, sadly. "I need two days. I've never learned it. I tell you. The Anglo-Saxon grammar is a thing no mortal can carry in his head and I thought I might as well wait and learn it before examinations."

"I don't wish to appear unfeeling," laughed Cathy, "but I should say, my dear, that it serves you right."

"Oh, I dare say," said Patty. "You are as bad as Priscilla!" and she trailed gloomily homeward.

She found her friends reviewing biology and eating olives. "Have one!" asked Lucile Carter, who, provided with a hatpin by way of fork, was presiding over the bottle for the moment.

"No, thanks," returned Patty, in the tone of one who has exhausted life and longs for death.

"What's the matter?" enquired Priscilla. "You don't mean to say that you man has given you another special topic?"

"Worse than that!" and Patty laid bare the tragedy.

A sympathetic silence followed; they realized that while she was, perhaps, not strictly deserving of sympathy, still her impending fate was of the kind that might overtake anyone.

"You know, Priscilla," said Patty, miserably, "that I simply can't pass."

"No," said Priscilla, soothingly, "I don't believe you can."

"I shall flunk flat—absolutely flat. Miss Skelling will never have any confidence in me again, and will make me recite every bit of grammar for the rest of the semester."

"I should think you'd cut," ventured Georgie; that being, in her opinion, the most obvious method of escaping an examination.

"I can't. I just met Miss Skelling in the hall five minutes before the blow fell and she knows I'm alive and able to go about; besides, the class meets again to-morrow morning, and I'd have to cram all night or cut that too."

"Why don't you go to Miss Skelling and frankly explain the situation," suggested Lucile the virtuous, "and ask her to let you off for a day or two? She would like you all the better for it."

"Will you listen to the guileless babe!" said Patty. "What is there to explain may I ask? I can't very well tell her that I prefer not to learn the lessons as she gives them out, but think it easier to wait and cram them up at one fell swoop just before examinations. That would ingratiate myself in her favor!"

"It's your own fault," said Priscilla.

Patty groaned. "I was just waiting to hear you say that! You always do."

"It's always true. Where are you going?" as Patty started for the door.

"I'm going," said Patty, "to ask Mrs. Richards to give me a new room-mate; one who will understand and appreciate me, and sympathize with my afflictions."

Patty walked gloomily down the corridor, lost in meditation. Her way led past the door of the doctor's office, which was standing invitingly open. Three or four girls were sitting around the room, laughing and talking—and waiting their turn. Patty glanced in and a radiant smile suddenly lightened her face, but it was instantly replaced by a look of settled sadness. She walked in and dropped into an arm-chair with a sigh.

"What's the matter, Patty? You look as if you had melancholia."

Patty smiled apathetically. "Not quite so bad as that," she murmured, and leaned back and closed her eyes.

"Next," said the doctor from the doorway; but as she caught sight of Patty she walked over and shook her arm. "Is this Patty Wyatt? What is the matter with you, child?"

Patty opened her eyes with a start. "Nothing," she said; "I'm just a little tired."

"Come in here with me."

"It's not my turn," objected Patty.

"That makes no difference," returned the doctor.

Patty dropped limply into the consulting chair.

"Let me see your tongue. Um—um—um—can't catch very much. Your pulse seems regular, but perhaps a trifle febrile. Have you been working hard?"

"I don't think I've been working any harder than usual," said Patty, truthfully.

"Sitting up late nights?"

Patty considered. "I was up rather late twice last week," she confessed.

"If you girls persist in studying until all hours of the night, I don't know what you can do."

Patty did not think it necessary to explain that it was a Welsh-rabbit party on each occasion, so she merely sighed and looked out of the window.

"Is your appetite good?"

"Yes," said Patty, in a tone which belied the words; "it seems to be very good."

"Um—um," said the doctor.

"I'm just a little tired," pursued Patty, "but I think I shall be all right as soon as I get a chance to rest. Perhaps I need a tonic," she suggested.

"You'd better stay out of classes for a day or two and get thoroughly rested."

"Oh, no," said Patty in a sudden perturbation. "Our room is so full of girls all the time that it's really more restful

to go to classes; and, besides, I can't stay out just now."

"Why not?" demanded the doctor, suspiciously.

"Well," said Patty, a trifle reluctantly, "I have a good deal to do. I've got to cram for an examination, and—"

The word "cram" was to the doctor as a red rag to a bull. "Nonsense!" she ejaculated. "I know what I shall do with you. You are going right over to the infirmary for a few days."

"Oh, doctor!" Patty pleaded, with tears in her eyes, "there's truly nothing the matter with me, and I've got to take that examination."

"What examination is it?"

"Old English—Miss Skelling."

"I will see Miss Skelling myself," said the doctor, "and explain that you cannot take the examination until you come out. And now," she added, making a note of Patty's case, "I will have you put in the convalescent ward, and we will try the rest cure for a few days, and I shall see if we can get that appetite back."

"Thank you," said Patty, with the resigned air of one who has given up struggling against an inevitable fate.

"I like to see you take an interest in your work," added the doctor, kindly; "but you must always remember, my dear, that health is the first consideration."

Patty returned to the study and executed an impromptu dance in the middle of the floor.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Priscilla. "Are you crazy?"

"No," said Patty; "only ill." And she went into her bedroom and began slinging things into a dress-suit case.

Priscilla stood in the doorway and watched her in amazement. "Are you going to New York?" she asked.

"No," said Patty; "to the infirmary."

"Patty Wyatt, you're a wretched little hypocrite!"

"Not at all," said Patty, cheerfully. "I didn't ask to go, but the doctor simply insisted. I told her I had an examination, but she said it didn't make any difference; health must be the first consideration."

"What's in that bottle?" demanded Priscilla.

"It's for my appetite," said Patty with a grin; "the doctor hopes to improve it. I didn't like to discourage her but I don't much believe she can." She dropped an Old English grammar and a copy of "Beowulf" into her suitcase.

"They won't let you study," said Priscilla.

"I shall not ask them," said Patty. "Good-by. Tell the girls to drop in occasionally and see me in my incarceration. Visiting hour from five to six." She stuck her head in again. "If any one wants to send violets, I think they might cheer me up."

The next afternoon Georgie and Priscilla presented themselves at the infirmary, and were met at the door by the austere figure of the head nurse. "I will see if Miss Wyatt is awake," she said dubiously, "but I am afraid you will excite her; she's to be kept very quiet."

"Oh, no; we'll do her good," remonstrated Georgie; and the two girls slipped in after the nurse.

The convalescent ward was a large airy room, furnished in green and white with four or five beds, each surrounded by brass poles and curtains. Patty was lying in one of the corner beds near a window, propped up on pillows, with her hair tumbled about her face, and a table beside her covered with flowers and glasses of medicine. This elaborate paraphernalia of sickness created a momentary illusion in the minds of the visitors. Priscilla ran to the bedside and dropped on her knees beside her invalid room-mate.

"Patty, dear," she said, anxiously; "how do you feel?"

A serene smile spread over Patty's face. "I've been able to take a little nourishment to-day," she said.

"Patty, you're a scandalous humbug! Who gave you those violets? With love from Lady Clara Vere de Vere—that blessed freshman—and you've borrowed every drop of alcohol the poor child ever thought of owning. And whom are those roses from? Miss Skelling! Patty, you ought to be ashamed."

Patty had the grace to blush slightly. "I was a trifle embarrassed," she admitted; "but when I reflected upon how sorry the world would have been to lose my little I knew, and how glad she will be to find out how much I know, my conscience was appeased."

"Have you been studying?" asked Georgie.

"Studying!" Patty lifted up the corner of her pillow and exhibited a blue book. "Two days more of this, and I shall be the chief authority in America on Anglo-Saxon roots."

"How do you manage it?"

"Oh," said Patty, "when the rest-hour begins I sit on my own axis, and my eyes, and my tongue over and look at the book and whisper, 'she's asleep,' and softly draw the curtains around the bed; and I get out the book and put in two solid hours of irregular verbs, and am still sleeping when they come to look at me. They're perfectly satisfied."

I heard the nurse telling the doctor that she didn't believe I'd had any sleep for a month. And the worst of it is," she added, "that I am tired, whether you believe it or not, and I should just love to stay over here and sleep all day if I weren't so beastly conscientious about that old grammar."

"Poor Patty!" laughed Georgie. "She will be imposing on herself next, as well as on the whole college."

Friday morning Patty returned to the ward.

"How's Old English?" enquired Priscilla.

"Very well, thank you. It was something of a cram, but I think I know that grammar by heart, from the preface to the index."

"You're back in all your other work. Do you think it paid?"

"That remains to be seen," laughed Patty.

She knocked on Miss Skelling's door, and after the first polite greeting, stated her errand: "I should like, if it is convenient for you, to take the examination I missed."

"Do you feel able to take it to-day?"

"I feel much better able to take it to-day than I did on Tuesday."

Miss Skelling smiled kindly. "You have done very good work in Old English this semester, Miss Wyatt, and I should not ask you to take the examination at all if I thought it would be fair to the rest of the class."

"Fair to the rest of the class?" Patty looked a trifle blank; she had not considered this aspect of the question. And a slow red flush crept over her face. She hesitated a moment, and rose uncertainly. "When it comes to that, Miss Skelling," she confessed, "I'm afraid it wouldn't be quite fair to the rest of the class for me to take it."

Miss Skelling did not understand. "But, Miss Wyatt," she expostulated, in a puzzled tone; "it was not difficult. I am sure you could pass."

Patty smiled. "I am sure I could. Miss Skelling, I don't believe you could ask me a question that I couldn't answer. But the point is that it's all learned since Tuesday. The doctor was laboring under a little delusion—very natural under the circumstances—when she sent me to the infirmary, and I spent my time there studying."

"But, Miss Wyatt, this is very unusual. I shall not know how to mark you," Miss Skelling murmured in some distress.

"Oh, mark me zero," said Patty, cheerfully. "It doesn't matter in the least—I know such a lot that I'll get through on the finals. Good-by; I'm sorry to have troubled you." And she closed the door and turned thoughtfully homeward.

From "When Patty Went to College" (Century Company).

The Game of Life.

Not the QUARRY, but the chase, Not the laurel, but the race, Not the hazard, but the play, Make me, Lord, enjoy today.

—Gelett Burgess in "McClure's."



A Commentator.—N. Y. "Life."

Descendants of Hiawatha.

The recent performance by Ojibways of a cantata based on Longfellow's "Hiawatha" revives the story of the affection that bound the poet to his Indian friends. Longfellow's special friend, from whom he heard the Indian stories, was Bukwajinene. A few years ago the old chief planned to visit Boston and Cambridge but just as he was ready to start he was taken ill.

When he realized that he was about to die, he called his nephew, Kabaosaa, and his grandson, Wabaosaa, and told them to go to the home of the poet and invite Longfellow's daughters to visit the scenes on Lake Huron, which their father knew so well. The chief gave his kinsmen a formal invitation written with a hot iron on a square of birch bark. Translated into English, it ran:

"Ladies—We loved your father. His memory will always live in our hearts and his kindness will never die. Will you be so kind, you and your husbands as to come and visit us in our own country, and live with us in our teepees for a little while in the island of Hiawatha in the land of the Ojibways, to see the remainder of the Indians with whom your father lived, and about whom he has written so beautifully, and to camp together as our parents did."

"Kabaosaa."

"Wabaosaa."

"In the moon of crabs on the snow," The two Indians went to Cambridge and the Longfellow house and presented the invitation to Longfellow's daughters. They sat in the chair when the poet sat, and wrote with his pen, and used to write "Hiawatha." The ladies accepted the invitation, and visited the Ojibways that summer.

A Witches' Broth.

London "Outlook."

The Carlyle-Froude witches' broth thickens. In the June number of the "Contemporary Review" appears a paper by Mr. Ronald McNeill, written as a vindication of Froude. To common-sense persons neither Carlyle nor Froude need vindication. They were both very human persons who erred as human beings in varying degrees. Had Froude painted Carlyle as a tender husband or a genial friend—which is what the Carlyles seem to desire—there were hundreds of people alive when the biography was written who would have humbly corrected him. If the Froudes claim that Froude's biographical and editorial work is absolutely perfect, there are just as many persons ready now to contradict them. But the marvel is why all this cannot be done on the ordinary lines of literary controversy and criticism. What is the need of all this fire, fury, and partisanship? What does it matter, after all, if Carlyle pinched his wife's arms till they were blue, and found the written record of his evil temper in her journals, but that it does not make him a devil? And why is the world now threatened with the publication of a document left in MS. by Froude in which constitutional reasons are to be specified as the cause of Carlyle's ill success as a husband? The witches' broth thickens indeed, and round it dance the frantic forms of writers and editors of no consequence, playing the bag to perfection.

The average young woman doesn't wish to see her thirtieth birthday; yet, to see she has seen it, she would like to see it again.

Ellis—But surely you are not going to marry against your parents' wishes?

Flo—Why not? Did they marry to please me?

The Mistress—Don't you think Miss Pink has a beautiful complexion?

The Maid—Well, ma'am, of course she has roses in her cheeks, but I don't like artificial flowers.—Judge.

EGLANTINE

By Maud Mayne

Copyright, 1902, by T. C. McClure

Emily Landis drifted into the gray ballroom like some small brown leaf blown into a bed of flaming poppies. She stood hidden by the swirling draperies of a bevy of bright girls and drew a short breath almost of alarm.

She had reached Green Lake in the late afternoon, longing for it unutterably as the one place where she might rest—rest and dream over again those golden dreams of her happy girlhood. And she had wanted to come down to the ballroom, yet now that she had followed her inclination how frightened and out of place she felt!

Ten long years since her own twinkling feet had danced over this polished floor, and those years had metamorphosed a merry girl whose steps seemed tapping their native heath into a worn, sad-eyed woman absolutely out of her element and anxious only to get back to the quiet of her own room.

As she turned to slip away the sound of her own name brought her to an involuntary stop.

"That Miss Landis whose brother was so brilliantly married a month ago. Yes; here. Perfect wreck of her old self. Used to know her here in Green Lake years ago."

That was all. Then she escaped unnoticed through the nearest doorway. "Wreck of her old self!" Truly that described her, she thought.

She remembered, with a dull ache, how it had been in those years ago when she was sweet and twenty, when Warren Heathcote had called her "Eglantine" and talked delicious nonsense about the pink in her cheek that rivalled the tint of the sweetbrier she had so loved to wear in her hair. Ah, the sweetbrier pink had gone from her cheek along with its soft contour.

"For Jack's sake and for Helen's," she sighed, "and who cares now? Jack has forgotten me for the new wife, and



SHE SAW HIM THE NEXT DAY FROM A SAFE RETREAT.

Helen soon will forget for the fair, new mother. Ah, no, not Helen, my little girl, my precious baby, who has grown dearer and dearer to me with each succeeding year. To be parted from her now!"

And then a choke in her throat sent Miss Landis in blind haste to her trunk, where she hunted with a sort of fury for a wrap. "I must get out—out of the blue and the stars. What a mountain of selfishness I am! With Helen well and Jack's broken life complete I ought to be happy." But down in her heart under all her brave words reigned the bitter thought that her beloved brother, for whose sake she had left her youth and her love, had left her utterly out of his plans for the re-establishment of his home.

Forlornly she wandered down one of the darkling paths to the lake that lay like molten silver in the moonlight, and there the voice from the ballroom sounded again in her ears. "And Jack is married again, you say?" another voice questioned.

Emily Landis felt her heart leap within her. Was it, could it be Warren Heathcote whom she heard—Warren, who had vanished from her life as completely as though India had been the world beyond—Warren, of whom she had thought during long night watches beside the bed of Baby Helen—Warren, the big, the brave, who had been her one ideal from those gay days of her girlhood to the somber gray now?

Had Warren forgotten, she wondered. Her quick step faltered at the thought. And even if he remembered that rose maiden whom he loved could he care now for the woman bereft of those youthful charms?

"It's no use. A nervous wreck of her former self, with a mind as dull as her sallow face—what chance has she!"

And she slept against a tear wet pillow that night.

She saw him next day from a safe retreat behind a tangle of vines, and she wondered how ten years could have changed a man so little. He was playing tennis with a white-gowned girl whose laugh rang gayly and whose eyes were light. His own was buoyant.

Could the pretty, dimpled doll in that further court half appreciate the heavy-lidded eyes that were once so full of grace and playful curves and to fit like a white moth in the sunshine under the alert eye of a man among men such as he? Miss Landis stood like one entranced until a lost ball brought the laughing players in her direction. Then she beat a retreat, all breathless.

It was hours later as she sat on a shelving rock watching the cool sparrows on the lake that she heard his voice behind her. "I have looked for you everywhere," he said as quietly as though he had left her yesterday.

She looked up and found no word to say to him, only she felt with amazement the unaccustomed color rushing in swift tide to her cheek.

They were earnest, tender eyes that met her own. "They tell me Jack is married," he said with his old directness as he pushed aside her book and sat down. "Are you—can you—does he manage?"

"To get along without me? Oh, yes, so easily! It was all my huge vanity, that made me think myself indispensable to Jack."

"But the little one, Jack's baby, she needed you?"

"She really did. There was no one else."

Miss Landis spoke with eagerness, as though she could extenuate a crime. "It is a comfort to me to think that it was not a useless sacrifice. She was so frail a mite! It was a constant struggle, month in, month out, for her life. I lived one idea for ten years, Warren—the idea of saving Helen and making her strong like other, happier children." How natural it seemed to pour out her heart without reserve to this sympathetic comrade of the old days!

"And you succeeded?" he asked, intent and grave.

"She is very well and very happy—only when she forgets to be homesick for me. Jack's wife is young and fascinatingly pretty. Helen will grow to adore her as Jack does." There was a break in her voice, and she knew that Warren knew the stab of jealousy that cut through her like a physical pain.

But he only said, and there was blissful reassurance in his tone of quiet conviction: "No one who has loved you could ever forget you for the most fascinatingly pretty girl that ever lived. But now that she has relieved you of those responsibilities isn't there room for another idea, dear? Are you ready, to go into another bondage, to give strength and happiness to a great fellow as dependent upon you in a sense as Baby Helen was?"

She looked at him, incredulous that he could ask it. He was so debonaire, so young, so handsome! And she—"I'm an old woman, Warren, and not even a bright one. I've run in one rut for years."

He frowned desperately to kiss the wistful brown eyes, the plaintive curves of the sweet month, but he held his rampant desires in check and said only: "You're the same sweet, capable girl you were ten years ago, only a bit tired, that's all. You were always a success, Emily, in whatever you undertook. You've done for Baby Helen what all the doctors couldn't, and as to your tottering antiquity," and she heard his rich laugh ring out, "you are three years my junior, child. Don't make me feel like a musty volume on a crumbling shelf. I'm a very young fellow," whimsically, "and you—"

He turned impulsively and plucked a handful of fragrant pink blossoms that a saucy breeze had flung near his cheek. "You are my lost Eglantine. Do you see what this is, sweetheart?"

And as he drew her close and tucked the pink eglantine into her hair Miss Landis knew that at thirty one can be supremely happy and absurdly young.

Gray Hairs.

Logically and naturally gray hairs may be expected to appear on the temples at thirty-five to forty years old. Brown-Squard made the statement that the first of these gray hairs turn white in a night. His observation was based upon the white threads that appeared in his own beard. Looking in the mirror one morning he discovered a single white hair that was not there the night before. He not only pulled it out, but before going to bed again he made a careful search for other white hairs. Satisfied that none other white hairs, he went to sleep, only to find that while he slept two other hairs had turned white in the same area where he had marked the first.

In this way Dr. Brown-Squard became to an extent sponsor for the story of the man whose hair turns white in a night, caused from fright. This is the story which dermatologists in all time have shied at, but which at the same time has been on a much stronger footing than anything in the line of ghosts, sea serpents or mermaids.

Had Learned to Obey.

It is told of General Havelock that one day, when a boy, his father, having some business to do, left him on London bridge and bade him wait there till he came back.

The father was detained and forgot his son, not returning to the bridge all the day. In the evening he reached home, and after he had rested awhile his wife inquired: "Where is Harry?"

The father thought for a moment. "Dear me," said he. "I quite forgot Harry. He is on London bridge and has been there for eight hours waiting for me."

He hastened to relieve the boy and found him just what he had led him to be in the morning, being to and fro like a sentry on duty.

The strict fidelity to duty which the boy gloriously displayed on this occasion showed itself in after years and it was the means of winning many a famous victory in battle.

THOSE WHO LIVE LONGEST

THE INDOLENT RICH WORRY THEIR LIVES AWAY.

Conclusions Reached by Dr. J. T. Arlidge, the British Specialist.

That man's occupation has much to do with his span of life is a conclusion reached after long study by Dr. J. T. Arlidge, the famous British specialist. The pampered rich, who have little or nothing to engage their time, are the shortest lived of all classes he says. The farmer lives the longest. The British specialist does not apply to conditions that are supported by figures. He has spent years in collecting mortality statistics, and does not believe his figures are subject to disbelieve. When he realizes it is to arrive at a conclusion, why the unemployed rich are short of life and the hard-worked farmer continues on with his drudgery to a ripe old age. The indolent rich, reason Dr. Arlidge, really worry their lives away. The hardest work of all is to do nothing for it entails a constant round of that nerve-racking labor "killing time." Soon the man of means who has nothing to do will exhaust all the amusements that cast a light into the lives of other people. Then comes a time when the world has nothing to offer. What wonder, then, reasons Dr. Arlidge, that the life that has been useless and is weary of itself goes out of its own accord? All the rich are not classed with those who head the Englishman's mortality list. The philanthropists find many things to brighten their lives. Life is worth the living because they have a purpose. The rich traveler, too, finds plenty of diversion. But the gilded youth, he who is a spendthrift with life's joys, soon finds he has only his money to distinguish himself from the most miserable of beings. The living has left its light, and the life that has been wasted goes out before its time.

NO PAMPERED TASTES.

In striking contrast comes the farmer, who toils from sun to sun and whose pleasures are all of the homelier sort. The farmer's body may grow tired, but eight hours of sleep will repair the damage of the day. Work in the open field, where the air is pure and nature is at her best, equips the tiller of the soil with an appetite which knows no pampered tastes. The farmer eats heartily of wholesome food. His digestive apparatus has been trained to deal with the food and makes red blood. The exercise of his daily routine stimulates the well-fed body, and there is little dissipation to tear down the perfect human system that unpurged conditions have built. The farmer has his joys—the evening with the wife and children, the counting of the spelling bee, the occasional trip to town to see the circus, a good book or his weekly paper—and all of these help to brighten a life that might seem dreary. But, above all, the farmer is a man with a purpose. He has something to live for, and while striving he violates few of nature's rules.

Next in longevity and ratio of health come the clerical, legal and medical professions. That the brain is capable of a great amount of healthful labor is emphasized by Dr. Arlidge, who recites as examples the accomplishments of Gladstone, Bismarck and Victor Hugo. In spite of his multitudinous cares, responsibilities and worries, Gladstone found time to master Greek after he was 60 years old—a period in life when most men consider that their days of study and research are done.

WITH THE PROFESSIONS.

Among the professions clergymen have the longest span of life. By the nature of their calling they must abstain from dissipation. They are the worldly sort, and their hours need not be otherwise than regular except on rare occasions. Like the farmer, the clergyman leads a typical home life and follows nature's dictates. Lawyers and doctors, with victories to outshine and defeats to depress, helps to impair the vitality of the man. A lawyer's life abounds in excitement, and has little of the peaceful quiet that adds to man's days on earth.

The physician is not so rugged a creature as the lawyer. While devoting his life to the care of others he is apt to forget himself, and the responsibilities connected with each doctor's practice are more than one man should bear. The doctor, too, is exposed to all the diseases that menace his patients, and most of his waking time is spent in the sick room, where the air and temperature are not regulated to nourish the healthy man. Among the doctors is chronicled the largest number of suicides, except among the artists. Insanity, too, has been a factor in depriving the medical profession of some of its greatest minds.

Man thrives on politics, according to Dr. Arlidge's figures. Plenty of variety, with interest in travel, serve to keep the politician from wearing himself away. Among literary men, scientists, professors and teachers the mortality is not high in comparison with the industrial classes. Thus, reasons the British student, activity of the mind, if bent in the right direction, has more to do with the health of the body than the activity that builds up the muscles. A judicious combination of both forms of exercise brings about the ideal condition, says Dr. Arlidge.

IN THE FACTORIES.

In the factories the ratio of mortality is alarmingly high. The strenuous work is blamed for this. Like the rich man who does nothing, the toiler in the factory finds his life sapped away by a monotony that is

killing. It is the same thing day in and day out and soon existence loses its charm, and the man becomes a machine, which falls to pieces of its own weight, when its parts become worn from constant work and a dearth of lubrication. The factories are ventilated poorly, and this tends to weaken the human machine. Among clerks of every description in the large cities the ratio of health is low and mortality great. Long hours and constant standing or stooping reduce the lung capacity, and breathing the indoor atmosphere fails to inject the vigor that the system demands. Nervous troubles occupy the first place among the disorders of clerks. Consumption is second and apoplexy is third. The continuous strain of being courteous at all times, often to unreasonable and exacting persons, is said by Dr. Arlidge to be the reason why the clerks are nervous wrecks before their time.

As in contrast with the clerks, who are forced to be polite under the most trying circumstances, their employers are not subject to nervous troubles to so great an extent. Heart disease heads the list of disorders, which attack the men who hire the clerks, nervous troubles are second, apoplexy third, and consumption fourth.

TRAVELLERS AND POLICEMEN.

The commercial traveler, who learns the art of being a "good fellow" as a part of his trade, is another man who does not live out his days. A drink here, a drink there, here a cigar, and somewhere else a poorly cooked meal, are factors in the drummer's speedy going. Irregular hours also have to do with the "good fellow's" insecure grip on the life that he seems to enjoy so well.

Policemen, due to their outdoor life, and the fact that they must be sound when they enter the service, are a healthy lot and live to an advanced age. Rheumatism is the bane of the policeman's existence, but outside of this he has few disorders that afflict mankind. The policeman is healthy for the reason of his work in the open air, but like the policeman, he is the prey of rheumatism. The miner, even though his work is underground, and far away from the sun that warm the lives of other men, lives to a good old age unless he is the victim of some accident. Even the miners who work in the coal shafts where the dust is almost stifling, and who lie for hours in cramped positions, do not die so young as the clerk, whose hardest physical effort is the lifting of a bolt of cloth. Working in copper, lead and zinc after the metals have gone through the refining process, is destructive to health and match making is one of the most dangerous occupations, due to the fumes of the phosphorus that irritate the lungs. This work is carried on mostly by women and children, and the mortality, according to the statement of the British expert, is appalling.

BETTER THAN MEDICINE.

Products of the Garden That Are Cures for Numerous Ills.

Tomatoes rouse torpid liver and do the work, ordinarily, of a doctor's prescription. Lettuce has a soothing, quieting effect upon the nerves and is an insomnia remedy.

Celery is an acknowledged nerve tonic, and is more and more used in medical prescriptions. Onions are also a tonic for the nerves, but people will be forever prejudiced because of their odor.

Dandelions purify the blood and generally are declared to tone up the system.

Potatoes should be eschewed by those who "have a horror of getting fat," as that is one penalty of eating them. Watercress is a "good, all-round" brace-up for the system.

Spinach has medicinal properties and qualities equal to the most indigo of all the pills ever made. Parsnips, it is now contended by scientists, possess almost the same virtues that are claimed for sarsaparilla.

Beets are fattening, even a moderately learned man will explain, because of the sugar they contain.

Ordinary bean beans, some one has said, are good to ally thirst, but the same can be said, with equal truth, of a pitcher of water.

Asparagus is efficacious in kidney ailments to an extent that is not yet, perhaps, thoroughly appreciated.

Cucumbers, aside from sunbath emitting properties known to readers of facetious paragraphs, contain an acid that is helpful in cases of dyspepsia.

Cabbage in Holland, is regarded as something of a blood purifier, but the authority is vague. In Germany its efficacy is purely saucer-kras.

Parsley will assist good digestion like cheese and nuts, but a quantity in excess of ordinary capacity has to be consumed. Therein lies the joke.

Pumpkins are an ingredient in a patent medicine that is guaranteed to cure a variety of ailments flesh is heir to, but the world is increasing in inhabitants who do not believe all they hear.

"Doctor," she said, archly, "some physicians say kissing isn't healthy. What do you think of it?" "Well, really," replied the handsome young doctor, "I don't think you or I should attempt to depict that in hand. Let's put our heads together and consider."

Parker—"What's wrong? You seem worried." Streeter—"I am. I wrote two notes—one to my broker asking him if he took me for an idiot, and the other to Miss Gold asking her if she would be kind. While I was out somebody telephoned 'Yes!' and I don't know which of 'em it was."

AN UNLUCKY BROOD.

A Boy Tells His Experience With Poultry.

The fatalities attending the raising of poultry are not always as amusing as those of the younger who are amusingly related in "The Real Diary of a Real Boy" by Mr. Henry A. Shute. He describes his "tuff luck" as follows:

April 30. I don't see what the matter is with my hens. I haven't got 1 egg this week. Father said there was a hen in the coop. I put a steel trap of Sam Day and tomtie I set it in the coop. I put a piece of cheese on it. Tomorrow morning I guess mister rat won't steal any more eggs.

May 1. What do you think. This morning I got up to get my rat and I found that my best hen, the bolton gray that John Adams gave me had tried to pick the cheese out of the trap and the trap had caught her by the neck and killed her. I felt most bad enuf to cry. I thought I could get up before the rat. At 11 o'clock I set it in the hen coop 1 hour, the brama went on the nest and set a while and came off and caked. I left the egg there and hid behind a barrel and got my bowgun ready. When the hen came off the nest I supposed she was a going to lay, but she broke into that egg and began to gobble it up. I was so mad that I let ding at her with the bowgun and just then she stuck up her head and the arrow took her right in the back of the neck. I wish you could have seen her, she hollered one little pip and then went rite out of the nest backwards and flapped round awful. I picked her up and she was dead. I didn't mean to kill her, I only wanted to make her jump and learn her not to egg eggs.

May 27. My mother is pretty sick. I tried to give him some kiann pepper tonic. Father said kiann pepper was good for sick hens, so I held his mouth open and give him a spoonful. When I let him go he kept his mouth open and sorter sneezed pip-craw pip-craw pip-craw, and then he went to the water dish and began to drink. I think he is better because he hadn't drank any water for 2 days before. He was still drinking when I went away. I guess he will be a lot better tomorrow.

May 28. This morning when I went out to feed my hens I found my rooster dead. He had drank up all the water and he was all pulled up. I felt pretty bad. Father says I gave him too much kiann pepper for a horse. He ought to have told me. He was a pretty good rooster too. I am having pretty tuff luck.

CRUELITIES IN THE CONGO.

Belgian Official Explanation and Denial.

For some time alleged cruelties against the negroes and infringement of treaty obligations have been charged against the Congo Independent State for which Belgium is held responsible. The British Parliament took the matter under consideration and, after spirited debate, a note was addressed to the Belgian Government respecting the situation in the Congo Independent State.

The first part of the note deals with the barbarous treatment of the natives, and refers to the evidence of travelers, while the second concerns the monopolies exercised by commercial companies and the government itself. It is considered that the system of monopolies is a violation of the Berlin Conference.

Formal denials of these charges have been made in the Official Bulletin of the Congo Free State, which has been inspired by King Leopold himself. The official defense, which is supported by the Independence Belge and the Journal de Bruxelles, charges against the Congo Independent State for which Belgium is held responsible.

First, the Congo State is independent of the Berlin Conference; second, it has respected the acts of Berlin and Brussels, and third, acts of cruelty have been unofficial and have been officially punished.

In the Brussels Chamber of Deputies, the Socialist leader M. Van der Velde interpellated the Government on the alleged atrocities and asserted that he had private information supporting many of the charges.

Arnon d'Aureville, the Foreign Minister, denied the charges and said that all acts of cruelty such as occurred, were being speedily and severely punished, and he expressed himself as proud of the work their compatriots were doing in the Congo.

Rev. Dr. W. Morrison, whose advocacy of the matter to members of Parliament resulted in the action of that body, claimed that under the direction of King Leopold, three articles of the Berlin treaty have been violated: "First, that Belgium has a monopoly of the foreign trade of the Congo. Second, that the section of the treaty giving all religious denominations equal privileges in the Congo has been violated. Third, that the worst kind of inhumanity is practiced, there being forced labor and brutal treatment of the natives and foreigners alike."

THE MAN WITH THE BILL.

After having called nine or ten times, the man with the bill was fortunate enough to find his victim in.

"This is Mr. Ardup, isn't it?" he said.

"Yes."

"Orville Ardup?"

"Yes. You seem to know my name all right."

"Oh, I remember your name well enough. It's your face that generally escapes me."

Mrs. Joniken—"Your husband hasn't turned out the man you expected, Mrs. Joniken." Mrs. Joniken—"No. Tom isn't much of a husband, that's a fact. I'd please look at the stunning diamond ring that came with him? Surely that's something."

DLAY HENRY SOMERSET

ENGLAND'S MOST GIFTED PHILANTHROPIST.

Her Failing Health Is a Cause of Anxiety to Her Many Friends.

That gifted and gracious woman, Lady Henry Somerset, has many friends in this country who will be sorry to know that she is in failing health. Lady Henry Somerset, properly be called one of the foremost women in England, all of the later years of her life having been devoted to good works. Deliberately turning aside from all the fascinations and allurements of society, she has devoted her time and a large part of her wealth to uplifting humanity.

Lady Henry is the third daughter of the late Earl Somers, from whom she inherited much of the nobility of her character. He was a man who had little taste for the follies of society and he spent much of his time in travel and in scientific research. Such men as Ruskin and Garibaldi and Mazzini were his chosen friends. He went with Mr. Robert Curzon on his explorations of the old Greek monasteries. He was at one time lord-in-waiting to Queen Victoria, and he was a member of the house of lords for more than thirty years, and a lover of study and art from his boyhood.

LADY HENRY'S MOTHER was the beautiful and highly accomplished Miss Virginia Pattle from whom Lady Henry inherited her grace of manner and much of the beauty that was hers in her earlier years.

It was in 1872 that Lady Isabel married Lord Henry Somerset, a son of the duke of Devonshire, and a member of one of England's most distinguished families. Lady Henry recalls with pardonable pride the fact that Tennyson sent her a basket of snowdrops gathered with his own hands on the morning of her wedding.

But the marriage did not result happily. The young couple not having tastes in common. A separation was arranged and Lady Henry was given control of her own child, a son.

Her unfortunate matrimonial experience had the effect of inclining Lady Henry more than ever toward a life of usefulness and she retired from society altogether, going to her great estates surrounding East Angles, Castle Acre, and miles from London. These estates are fifteen miles in length and contain 25,000 acres. The castle is

A GREAT BUILDING.

with an entrance hall 60 feet long, 30 feet wide and 68 feet high. In the hall are almost priceless relics of antiquity found by the earl of Somers while on his travels. In the great dining-room are splendid paintings and rare statuary. There are rare tapestries and a veritable museum of works of art. Her home is open to the public on certain days in the week, but she must pay a shilling as an admission fee, and all the money thus paid is used for charitable purposes.

Lady Henry's first public work was in the cause of temperance and her first public address was a temperance speech made in a little school house near one of the gates of her castle. She had seen the evils of drink among her army of tenants and determined to do something to improve their condition. She went about giving Bible readings in the kitchens of the people and she held temperance meetings in the castle itself. She went to the mining districts of South Wales and held meetings among the miners, and in 1890 she succeeded Margaret Bright Lucas, a sister of King Bright, as president of the British W. C. T. U., a position she has held ever since.

LACK OF HUMOR.

A Laughable Incident at a Russian Theatre.

Humor is a saving grace of which certain Russian officials are in need, if the following story told by the London Daily Telegraph can be depended on.

The course of true art does not always run smooth in holy Russia, as, for example, in the theatre of Yelizavetgrad. In the fourth act of a certain play there is a theatre within a theatre, as in Shakespeare's Hamlet, and a host of dramatic personae have to mix with the public in the galleries, and to hiss the chief actress, who duly faints. As soon as the gentlemen had taken their places among the gods and begun to hiss and whistle, the policeman on duty came down upon them like a wolf on the fold, and before they could utter a word of explanation he and his colleagues "nabbed" two, removed them from the scene and took them to the next police station, where they were charged with disorderly conduct at a public place. They protested that they had only done their duty, but the police laughed at their explanations to accuse them. The public left the theatre en masse to see what was happening to the actors, but the latter had already been consigned to the cells. The crowd in the street before the theatre house grew rigidly in numbers and their noisy protests threatened to culminate in serious disorders. Fortunately, the manager of the theatre appeared before the superintendent, and by the light of a paraffin lamp exclaimed, with manuscript in hand, the whole fourth act, in order to show that hissing was an essential part of the performance. Only then did the representatives of the law release the innocent actors."

WOT WEATHER ADVISE.

Eat less and drink plenty of water without ice and the heat stroke will not get you, according to the best authorities.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some Prominent People.

Prince Nicholas of Montenegro is a poet as well as a man of action. He writes dramas which have been acted in Cettinje and translated into German and Italian. He is a great admirer of Tennyson, and often recites "The Charge of the Light Brigade" in English.

The Duchess of Bedford is reputed to be one of the most expert lady anglers, as she is one of the best shot in England. Caring little for society, her Grace is never so happy as when she is residing at Woburn Abbey, surrounded by her wonderful collection of zoological specimens. The Duke and Duchess make a practice of preserving at least some portion of almost every animal and bird that dies on the estate. These relics are kept in a corridor of the Abbey set apart for them.

The turn of Fortune's wheel sent John Hartshorne from wealth to poverty and then promised luxury and death. The domain of which he was proprietor near Wolverhampton, England, but at ninety-five years old found himself penniless in Newark workhouse. Then a ray of sunshine broke through. An American relation of his paid him \$20,000, and negotiations were going on when the clouds gathered again and the poor old man was taken ill. Death won the race, and the romance coldly ends.

When King Peter of Serbia lived in Paris he occupied a flat on the rue de la Rue Joffroy, for which he paid the very modest rent of \$150 per annum. He was in those days a great athlete and boxer, as two malefactors discovered when they waylaid him on his way home and demanded his money or his life. They got neither. But one of them held her son should take the nose and the other felt the weight of the Royal boot, and Peter Karagorvitch, leaving his assailants in the gutter, resumed his interrupted progress.

The late Max O'Rell was exceedingly popular as a lecturer, and the way in which his mother (who died some years ago) viewed the suggestion that her son should take to the platform is worth repetition. She wrote to him from the native village which she had never left for more than a day, to say that she did not think appearing before audiences to be a reputable business, and when he replied that he had decided to do it and had signed a contract to that effect, she wrote back and wrote back she was "still" his loving mother, and that she would tell no one in the village about it!

King Edward follows in the footsteps of Queen Victoria in being an early riser. A cup of tea at eight o'clock and a simple breakfast at nine is the way he begins the day; but he is fond of his lunch, which he takes at 2.30, though supper is really his favorite meal. His Majesty's principal drink is a special claret, but a little cognac in his coffee meets with approval. The King prefers Egyptian cigarettes to any others, and when traveling he takes with him a dainty little contrivance of the Princess Maud, which contains all a smoker requires.

Mr. Louis Fournier, a young Paris journalist, has had a remarkable piece of good fortune. Mr. Fournier, a painter as well as a journalist, some years ago exhibited a portrait of Madame Sarah Bernhardt. The Comtesse de Majendie wished to acquire the portrait, and Mr. Harold T. F. Barker, of Sydney, New South Wales, a multimillionaire, also desired to possess it. This led to an acquaintance between the two. Mr. Fournier became engaged to the daughter of the Comtesse de Majendie, and is to be married to her in November. Mr. Barker, who went to Rennes to reside, contracted typhoid fever and died a short time ago. Mr. Fournier has received a letter from Mr. Barker's solicitor in London, informing him that he is now worth a million and a half sterling, and that in addition Mr. Barker has left him an estate in Westmorland. Mr. Fournier is not yet twenty-two years of age.

Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the president of the American Steel Trust, is a musician of no mean ability. As a boy he was taught singing by the Sisters of Mercy at Loreto, and later on, according to one story, the lad's musical talent had something to do with his future career. Whilst he was still in a very junior position in the steel mill where he worked, his fellow-workers persuaded him to sing at a social gathering of the mill employees. Always modest, young Schwab was reluctant, but finally appeared on the night in Highland costume and sang a typical Scotch song. He was in the midst of this when the door opened and the great ironmaster, Andrew Carnegie, came in. Mr. Carnegie listened to the song with evident delight, and was thus led to inquire about the singer, with the result that Mr. Schwab now finds himself in a unique position of responsibility and with a fortune equalled by few even in the United States.

TURKEY MURDERER.

While a child was playing on the floor of a house at Corstish, Roumania, some turkeys strayed in. One of them flew to the bed, and its wings, flapping against the trigger of a gun hanging on the wall, exploded the charge, and it entered the child's head and killed it.

Golding (who has given his consent)—"I hope, young man, that you will know the value of the prize you will win in my daughter." Young Man—"Well, no, sir. I don't know the exact value, but as near as I can find out it's in the neighborhood of \$25,000."

MUCH GAME DESTROYED

FISH, BIRDS AND BEASTS KILLED BY FOREST FIRES.

Various Theories Suggested to Account for the Mortality Among the Fish.

The forest fires in Canada have caused great destruction of game. Reports now at hand prove that partridges, woodcock and rabbits and the many small fur-bearing animals have suffered enormously, writes a correspondent at Hull. Wood pigeons were noticed to be remarkably on the increase this year, having perhaps discovered new wintering grounds in the west, and those in the burned district have been practically annihilated. A trout fisherman who judged it wise to take his camp to an island a few acres in extent in the middle of a large unnamed lake northeast of the Yellow Beaver had an experience which in some respects transcends that of the Swiss Family Robinson. The domain of which he was at first the only inhabitant became peopled with woodpeckers, shrikes, plovers and partridges, as the fires extended along the shores of the lake. Then squirrels came, a few rabbits appeared. An old hunter, disgraced with his gun, the budding horns, swam in together one morning. Several red deer, some of whom had evidently lost their fawns, came along later.

A fine black bear lunched also, with one little fish perched upon its mother's neck. So thickly settled, in fact, became the island that the sportsman judged it wise to keep to his hut for fear of startling some of his guests by stepping too near to their resting places. He did, however, disappear with his gun, the landing of a gaunt old wolf in the interests of the general peace.

The living amid such surroundings had an effect upon his nerves, however, and as the fishing did not turn out very well, he was obliged to leave the community and by a careful choice of lakes and rivers made his way

DOWN TO THE SETTLEMENTS.

All reports agree that in the burned district trout streams have suffered severely. At all the dams and at the many points where fallen trees lie across the brooks, dead fishes of all sizes float in multitudes. On one little stream, which was never fished for trout because it was known to be tenanted by poats and dace, the bleaching bodies of large spotted beauties lie, covering it thickly at far as the eye can see.

The larger lakes all bear somewhat similar proof upon their surface of the havoc that has been caused by the streams flowing into them. Various theories have been suggested to account for the mortality among the fish. The idea of poisoning is very commonly received. Limestone, which abounds in a highly crystalline form in the Laurentides, is said to have been washed into quicklime, which, as many old poachers know well, will quickly bring up all the fish in the affected water to the surface. There is a good deal of iron pyrites in the rocks, which give off sulphuric acid under fusion. And there is no doubt of the poisonous effect of sulphuric acid on fish.

Still another theory is that the destruction of so much vegetable matter along the banks of streams by fire has caused the formation of a layer of humus, which would certainly be bad for fish life. No doubt these chemical changes must have had some effect on the fish. But it is not difficult to account in a much simpler manner for the loss of life, when it is understood that the trout are the greatest sufferers.

A very slight rise in the temperature of the water makes the trout listless and inert. When confined in shallow pools, he becomes bleached, and wastes away. In the case of such fires, where the soil itself takes fire and bakes these chemical changes as well as the air above become heated. A sudden rise of two or three degrees in the temperature of brooks is not at all impossible in such cases, and there is every reason to believe that such a change would be highly detrimental to the extremely susceptible trout.

No doubt, also, the loss of insect life, which must be simply enormous at such times, will be greatly felt by fish in the afflicted district.

TEN GOOD RULES.

Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day.
Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
Never spend money before you have earned it.
Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.
Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.
We seldom repent of having eaten too little.
Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened!
Take things always by the smooth handle.
When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

ELECTRIC CRANE.

The great German naval harbor of Kiel now contains the largest electric crane in existence. It is so placed that two of the big vessels for may lie one on each side of it for the purpose of unloading or exchanging cargoes. The crane can lift 50 tons at a time. Electric cranes have rapidly replaced the hand cranes and docks, and on board the large German steamships.

1,000 cubic feet of gas gives the same amount of light as six electric units.

STRONGER THAN DEATH OR A RANSOMED LIFE

CHAPTER III.

"It is too good of you, Eva," said Vivian Ardel, as he warmly pressed the little hand that lay warm in his. "The poor girl has a chance of happiness at last."

It was a sweet face that looked up brightly into his. The eyes were soft brown, and the soft brown hair waved and rippled that edged the white forehead. Her smile was full of gentle cheerfulness. Beauty and intellect were in her face, but goodness most of all—a man's true helpmate. The slight, fragile figure and the bright face might have been of a young girl's, but the calm, mysterious tenderness of motherhood shone in the soft eyes.

Her cheek flushed at Ardel's earnestness. "You make me half sorry," Vivian, that the thing you ask is so pleasant. I should give thanks, not get them. From whom? The girl you saved—Lucy is the name, isn't it?—is the very girl I was longing for: a girl to be good to my little ones and make them love her. I'm not a fish, Vivian, and want her for myself as well, for it's lovely when John is away, and they're very hard to please in my friends. Just when the wish was strongest, you, who have given me so much, have given me this too."

"Come and see her, Eva. Mind you promise nothing till you see and speak to her."

"She is wonderfully beautiful," whispered the soft-eyed little mother as she stole into the room and gazed on the face of the young girl, who still slept.

"And wonderfully young to have known such sorrow," Ardel answered.

"And good and true, it looks count for anything," said Eva.

"Now I shall wake her and leave you alone together. After that you shall tell me if you can take her to your heart and home without fear."

He touched the sleeping girl's forehead with his finger-tips, and in a low voice spoke in her ear the one word "awake." Then he passed noiselessly from the room, and the blue eyes opening, softly looked straight into the pitying brown. Vague at first was that look of half-conscious questioning in those sad eyes. Eva saw remembrance of what had been dawn slowly in their liquid depths. The pale cheeks flushed, the lips quivered as the poor girl glanced with a quick, frightened look round the mysterious room where she lay. Then her eyes came back to the sweet face that bent over her so pityingly.

"What has happened?" she whispered, so softly that Eva bent closer to hear. "How am I here?"

"Can you remember nothing?" The gentle voice seemed to give her courage.

"I remember I was very miserable. I must have been used with misery. I thought I could bear no more. The quiet river tempted me. I remember the cold touch of the water as it closed over me. It was awful. I was frightened; I longed to be alive again. I tried to cry out, but I could not; the water struggled my voice. I tried to pray, but my thoughts all crowded together wildly and were lost. I remember no more."

"No more! You have no memory how you were saved? how you came here?"

"The girl yielded to the charm of Eva Trevor's voice and answered her like a child."

"I seem to have awakened here before just for a moment, to see a man's face bending over me—a wonderfully handsome man, with dark eyes full of pity, like your own. The next moment the face faded into darkness, and I slept again. It was only a dream."

"It was no dream, dear," Eva answered, and she patted the girl's hand caressingly as she spoke. "It was he who brought you here. It was he who saved you from the river, and it is he who is trying to

make the life he saved a happy one."

"It was he sent you to me, then?"

"Yes, he sent me to you, my dear."

"Will you call me Lucy?"

"My dear Lucy, he had the right to send. He saved my life as he saved yours from a more insidious death. He gave me happiness as, with God's help, he will give it to you. Can you listen to me for a while? Are you strong enough?"

"I feel quite strong again, only a little frightened. May I hold your hand?"

The hands met and clasped, and so white and warm on the soft, little quilt, and Eva went on, her brown eyes brighter with unshed tears.

"It is good for me to tell and for you to hear. We were three years married—John and I. John was a barrister, briefless almost and without friends. I was a governess when he married me. We were very poor and had a hard struggle to live. Then I fell sick. Two doctors saw me and said I must die; that I could not live a month. Poor John was heart-broken. His last hope was in Dr. Ardel—our friend, yours and mine—the man whose face you saw; the most famous doctor in the world. So John scowled, scaped starving himself, I'm afraid, and together his fee. I was frightened nearly to death as I went into the great man's room. But my fear left me when I saw his face and heard him speak. He cured me within a week, but he would take no fee. I have never had a day's real sickness since, and I'm well now. But that was not all. He coaxed my whole story from me. After a little he met John too, and liked him, and helped him. Dr. Ardel's good word goes a long way. He is the richest man in London, they say, and the cleverest. The briefs began to flow in on John; he is a Queen's counsel now, and will be soon a judge. We are rich, and have a beautiful place of our own at Lavella, down by the Thames; and you are going there to-day, to stay with us always. That's the whole story, Lucy."

"I stay with you! But you don't know me, or where I came from!"

an so stunned I hardly knew myself. Then suddenly clear remembrance came and with it a pang of sharpest pain.

"Oh! mother! mother!" she wailed out, and a wild passion of weeping choked her voice.

"Don't," whispered Eva softly; "you will break her heart even in heaven. I am a mother, and know. You will meet her again, Lucy, where there is no pain or grief."

"I must go to her now at once. She lies there dead and lonely. Oh! how could I leave her!"

But Eva laid a restraining hand on hers and spoke to her calmly, though the tears silently coursed down her own cheeks. "Lie still and listen to me, Lucy. Your mother lies in her quiet country grave, by your father's side, close by the church where they prayed together. Hereafter we will come, you and I, to lay flowers on their graves, when your sorrow is less keen, and I have learned to love her memory for your sake."

"But who did this? Who could know to do it?"

"He knew, Lucy. He knows your whole story. Don't ask me how he knows. This morning he saw your mother laid in her quiet grave. To-day he has asked me to help to make your life happy. I am here to try."

"It is too good of him; too good of you."

"Not of me, Lucy. I would do anything for Vivian Ardel. But I'm doing nothing for him now. He has got me the very girl I was longing for. I know we will be friends if you will come to me. Our friends are pretty places close by the river, and then there are the children. Willie is six, and Harry

is eight. They are both very good boys, and I will take pleasure in stating that they are both quite well, and you would never know there had been anything the matter. The boy has gained twenty-five pounds in weight. I am very thankful there is such a medicine on the market, and that I happened to get the little book just when I did. It just came in time as though it had been sent on purpose."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the name and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book

thor, are on every box,

nearly three, and my little niece, Jeanette, a two-year-old, dimpled little darling. You like children, I hope."

"I love them."

"Then it's settled, dear: you will come to me. You are Vivian's latest gift, and I will love you for his sake and for your own. Oh! you poor, poor darling! What misery you must have gone through!"

She stooped down impulsively and kissed the young girl on the lips, and with that kiss a life-long friendship was pledged between those two.

"Now, Lucy, do you feel strong enough to dress? I'll help you. We are to lunch here with Dr. Ardel at three, and afterwards we go down together to our place. Are you strong enough?"

"Oh! I feel quite strong. I seem to have got new life from the long rest. But—"

"I know, dear. Everything is quite ready. There were your old things to go by, and I did a little shopping this morning. I came up to you early on purpose, and I'm sure the little fit nicely—mourning, of course; I knew you would want mourning."

Lucy looked more lovely than ever in a dress of plain black cashmere, that fitted closely to her slight figure, with no tulle at collar except the soft bill of muslin that circled her white throat.

Eva's deft fingers wove her gold braid into a gold coronet, glistening, as women will, in its weight and thickness.

Lucy was very shy at first. As Vivian Ardel took the little hand which touch was as satin, he felt it tremble in his own, and the words of thanks faltered on her lips. But her frank blue eyes were eloquent of gratitude. She was very shy in the train which carried them in a quick forty minutes' run to Lavella; shy and silent as they walked together to the house along a pleasant pathway by the river's edge.

But when they reached the house, while the men passed through the hall to a sitting-room on the right, Eva, beckoning to Lucy, stole up a flight of shallow carpeted stairs, opened a door softly on the first landing, and stood looking with a burning face on the living picture within. Lucy crept as softly behind her, and peeped over her shoulder, and then her shyness vanished in a moment.

"Oh!" she said eloquently.

Eva turned and looked at her, and saw her face bright with admiration and tenderness, which the mere sight of children wakes in the truest man's heart. Lucy was well satisfied.

It was indeed as pleasant a sight as ever gladdened a mother's eyes. The nursery was a large room full of air and light, with a great bow window that looked wide over a delightful prospect of meadow, wood, and water. The walls were papered with pretty pictures of nursery rhymes—Jack and Jill, in Kate Greenaway's style, and a dainty hill between disconsolate Bo-Peep and exultant Jack Horner. But prying little eyes and busy fingers had found the weak spots in the paper, and torn it in strips from the walls, cutting off here the head of a giant, and there the wing of a fairy.

The three little delinquents were at the moment in the room, absorbed in their several occupations, unconscious of the eyes that looked upon them so lovingly. In one corner the six-year-old boy, brown-haired and brown-eyed, like his mother, was cuddled up in an impossible attitude, reading intently in a big-lettered book with appalling realistic illustrations of the "buggy-bug" exploits of Jack the Giant-Killer.

In the middle of the floor the two little toddlers were together. The baby girl, a lovely little creature, with bristly black eyes and curly black hair, and cheeks like the damask rose, was tenderly nursing grotesque, doll-like, looking with a grotesque head was pebbled with paint.

The boy, a sturdy young Saxon of three, blue-eyed, and flaxen-haired, wanted the head of the Dutch doll for a drumstick. A row was imminent, when the mother's voice made itself heard at the door.

"Ten!" "Willie!" "Harry!" and book and doll and drum went down together on the floor, and there was a wild stampede to the mother's arms.

"My good little Jenny! my own big, bold boy! that will do; that will do. Look what I have brought you. This is your new Aunt Lucy, come to stay with us always. Mind you are good to her, and love her very much, or I will take her away again!"

The little girl came at once to Lucy, and kissed her and nestled in her arms; but the boys hung back, shyly at first. But when Lucy picked up the disregarded drum from the floor and beat a rapid roll on it, the youngsters crept close to her side. For a moment there was danger of the revival of the doll and drum crisis, but an amicable compromise was struck at, and instead of a head, was sacrificed for a drumstick. The limb was duly wrenched from its socket, the wooden-headed lady submitting to the operation with a broad, laughing smile. Her little mistress pulled the dress down to conceal the mutilation, and everybody was satisfied.

The elder boy, meanwhile, had crept back to his book. Lucy glanced over her shoulder at the big, and presently, by a word or two, won his heart as a kindred spirit thirsting for the blood of poor dull blundering giants.

Up to the Fairy Tales from a neighboring shelf and began reading softly, the giant-slaying Jack was in turn abandoned. She was eagerly installed in the easy chair, and the little girl on her lap, and the two boys pressing close to her side, she read, in a low, sweet voice, the wonderful story of "Snow-White and Rose-Red" and "The Vicious Dwarf" and the kind-hearted

Bear." A beautiful picture the four eager faces made; so the happy mother thought as, with a sigh of supreme satisfaction, she stole from the room.

The two men were standing at the drawing-room window, looking out across the green strip of sloping lawn, with its flowers and flowering shrubs, at the bright river, scarcely a hundred yards away, when she came quietly behind them. They turned at the sound of her step, and saw her face beaming.

"They love her already, and she loves them. Listen!"

The shrill treble music of children's laughter made itself heard through the half-closed doors of the nursery. "You are my good angel, Vivian," Eva said. "God sent you to make my life happy."

"If there is a God," Ardel said softly to himself; yet not so softly but Eva caught the words, and the joy died away in her face.

But later on, when they all sat together at dinner, the vivacious Lucy of the nursery was a shy girl again. Once quick, half-frightened glance she gave at Vivian Ardel, a glance which only Eva noted. After that she sat with eyes cast down, and spoke when spoken to, timidly, as one who feared the sound of her own voice.

Not so Willie Trevor, the brown-eyed six-year-old, who, as Ardel's godchild, had been allowed a seat at the table for the occasion. He was full of childish prattle of the great things he meant to do in the world—slaughtering, for the most part—when he was a "big man."

"But, Will," his father said, "I saw you run away from the turkey-cock the other day. That wasn't like your friend Jack the Giant-Killer, you know."

"You forget, pappy," the little fellow answered triumphantly. "Jack was past seven years old when he killed the giants, and I am only five and six." To which argument, of course, no reply was possible.

To Vivian Ardel, who sat beside him, the boy confided in detail his plans of life. They were varied and confused, but plenty of killing was common to them all. He had not quite decided whether he would be "a blood-stained pirate" or a conqueror, he said.

"A pirate, Will," said Ardel, with a grim smile. On the whole, it is the decenter trade of the two."

(To be continued.)

WORK OF A CONVICT.

Siberian Exile Brings Peace to Doukhobors.

Peter Veregin, a former Siberian convict and present leader of the Canadian Doukhobors, has brought peace to the troubled communities at Yorktown, N. W. T., and at Rosthern, and has made good progress in his self-imposed task of converting the fanatical Doukhobors into Canadian farmers.

One of the most difficult features of the Doukhobor settlement was the refusal of the immigration authorities to have had to deal with the refusal of the members to homestead the land. Their opinions have within the past few months undergone a decided change in this respect. Every male Doukhobor over the age of 18 years has applied for a quarter section, and 1,743 homestead applications have been made since Veregin's arrival in the country. It is significant that the name of Nicol Zeffrov, who was the prime leader of the last two pilgrimages, appears as the attorney for 500 of the settlers who made application.

Although seemingly a little thing, Veregin made one change during his visit to Winnipeg, and was destined to have a great effect on the Doukhobor communities. While in the office of the commissioner of immigration he had expressed the wish to become a good Canadian, and the suggestion was made that he should begin by dressing in the clothing of the country. The Doukhobor leader said nothing, but when he reappeared in his appearance had taken place. His hair was cut short, the long, sweeping beard had completely disappeared, and in place of the Russian blouse and trousers Veregin was attired in a suit of "stout" with all the accessories of starched linen and neat cravat.

Veregin was a little uncomfortable, but was proud of the fact that he had sacrificed his personal feelings to the welfare of his followers. The costume of his followers will not be long in undergoing a similar change. Veregin has set them another and more important example. He has begun the study of English, and knows enough of it now to pronounce familiar words and to write his name in English characters.

HAPPY SCOTIA.

For the past twenty years imprisonment for debt in Scotland has been abolished. Consequently all broad Scotland is now practically a debtor's paradise. A person can be imprisoned only for non-payment of the King's taxes. Scottish tradesmen, through their debts recovery associations, strongly press their claims to the old law, but many flagrant abuses have sprung up under the present system.

CAMPFIRE FOREST.

A primeval forest containing 120,000 campfire trees, measuring from 17 to 18 feet in circumference, has recently been discovered in Formosa. It is estimated that the yield of campfire gum from these trees will amount to 13,000,000 pounds. The forest is not entirely composed of campfire trees, but contains other varieties, including an abundance of "red-grained" oak.

SOLDIERS MUST SWIM.

All German soldiers must learn to swim. Some of them are so expert that, with their clothing on and their heads and carrying guns and ammunition, they can swim streams several yards wide.

ON THE FARM.

SOILS AND PLANT FOODS.

There are crops which grow quickly and can be gotten out of the way for some other kind before fall, and it is by growing such crops that the farmer is kept up to its highest standard of fertility. To attempt to renew worn-out soils by the aid of manure alone is expensive; as but few farmers can produce a sufficiency of that material for all crops. The farmer may apply manure to only field at a time, but something will depend upon the quality of the manure. Hauling a load of saturated straw and spreading it on the land, because it has been used in the stalls and thrown into the barnyard does not give the farmer an equivalent for his care and labor in making and hauling the manure. The average value of a ton of ordinary manure seldom exceeds \$2, and where the use of cotton-seed meal, bran and clover hay, is not general the manure may contain but little available plant food. As there is also more or less loss of the fertilizing elements due to exposure of the manure, it is doubtful if the cost of the handling, hauling and spreading of the manure, warrants its use for some crops; yet every farmer is ready to affirm that manure is superior for crops to all other forms of plant food, which is true to a certain extent, because it performs a mechanical service in the soil; but the fact remains that manures differ in quality, and that bulk does not always add value, as nothing can be derived from the manure other than from the materials that enter into it.

COMPOSITION IN THE HEAP.

While manure should be an important adjunct to successful farming, it should also be considered as only a partial source of plant food. The land should always be covered with a crop of some kind. If not producing something for the market it should be growing crops for its own use. The soil is better capable of holding its stored plant food by depositing it into the plants occupying it than to be exposed to the leaching and washing rains, which dissolve and carry away the soluble substances which should be retained. A growing crop prevents such loss, not only in summer, but in winter. Even when manure is spread on the land, the best mode of retaining the plant food is to put in a crop of some kind and allow it to appropriate the substances existing in the manure, as nothing can be lost to the land when the crop grows, and thereon is to be given up to the land again. The bare field is more subject to loss than when the crop occupies it, and nature recognizes this fact by endeavoring to cover the stubble field with weeds or grass as soon as the crop is removed. The farmer can grow a crop as food for the land as easily as he can grow food for his cattle, and the results will be fully as satisfactory, as there will be no harvesting or feeding by hand, and no liability of the materials deteriorating until desired for use. The land can be used as a storehouse for plant food, to be held until the farmer is ready to appropriate it. The green manure is already in the soil, no spreading will be necessary and it has undergone the same process of decomposition as though fed to stock and accumulated in a heap at the barnyard.

THERE ARE SEVERAL CROPS.

that can be made to do service, not only in covering the land, but in destroying weeds. Millet, which grows rapidly, crowds the weeds out, while Hungarian grass, which may be mowed two or three times and then ploughed under, is the best cleanser of the soil of weeds that can be used. Buckwheat is a crop that will grow on the poorest sandy soil, and even if corn or oats are broadcasted and turned under, when high enough, they will be serviceable in the best crop for adding nitrogen to the soil in summer, yet there is nothing to prevent the growing of two crops on the same land for enrichment of the soil, as it may not be necessary for such crops to mature. They can be turned under at any stage of growth. It is maintained that the

crops add nothing to the soil other crops can add nothing to the soil other than the amount derived therefrom. This claim is true, so far as the mineral elements are concerned, but there is a decided gain of nitrogen by the use of the leguminous plants. As the soil contains a large proportion of inert mineral matter, the plants gradually change it to an available condition, and, though not adding mineral matter to the soil, they bring it within reach of succeeding crops. In winter the soil loses its fertility rapidly, especially if there is frequent freezing and thawing, with abundant crops, for which reason rye or crimson clover serve to prevent loss. It will therefore, pay the farmer to grow crops on every square foot of ground, as they will be serviceable on the land if not profitable for market.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

Bad eggs float in the water. For indigestion give the fowls plenty of sharp gravel.

A good dust bath will go far towards keeping fowls in good conditions.

Clear raw corn meal wet with water is not a good feed for young chickens at any time.

If an egg is clear after being under the hen five days it is infertile and will not hatch.

It is not a good plan to give young chickens water before they have had their morning feed.

When hens are confined they should have meat two or three times a week, to take the place of insect food.

An abundance of whitewash in and about the house will be conducive to health.

Fifth will make short work of young turkeys. Care should be taken always to feed them in a clean place.

Destroy the nest of a sitting hen as soon as the chickens are a day old. Give her a new nest and turn the old ones.

Allow no decomposing vegetable matter, no fish or dust of any kind to accumulate around the poultry yard.

It is not best to hatch any kind of poultry unless it be guineas during July and August. The weather is too hot.

Fowls that must be fed in summer should be fed regularly. If fed twice a day, feed lightly in the morning and give a full feed at night.

On the farm if more than one breed is kept, it is necessary that they be kept separate, and one of the other must be kept confined part of the time.

After the hatching season is over, usually it will be best to sell off the cockerels and all hens that are more than two years old, unless especially valued as brooders.

WATER FOR SWINE.

Keep the pigs supplied at all times and especially in warm weather, with plenty of pure water. It is not enough to fill their trough at certain times with slops or even milk. They must have water also. Often when they are restless and squealing, with no apparent reason, a bucketful of water poured into the trough would send them satisfied and comfortable to their nest to sleep and grow.

While drinking water is a matter of prime necessity, a bathing place is a great comfort to them in warm weather. A foul, malarial "hog-wallow" is not the best place for them. They should have reasonably clean water. A shallow tank, gradually sloping to the bottom, lined with planks, or better yet, flat stones, into which water may be turned, is a great convenience where hogs are kept. It is not safe to let them have access to a running stream. Many herds have been swept off by hog cholera produced by germs brought down by running water from infected swine above.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. CATARRH CURE

Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, cures catarrh of the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All Dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase, Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

"Jenkins, does your wife ever threaten you?" "Bless you, no! She just goes and does it!"

Jim Dumps on Independence Day, Said: "Force freed us from England's sway. Now Independence let's declare. Good indignation's tyrant snare. Good friends, shake off this despot grim. 'Twas 'Force' that freed your 'Sunny Jim'."

"Force"

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

always on duty.

A Food for Fighters.

"It may interest you to learn that 'Force' is being served at breakfast several times a week to the members of the Second Regiment, N. G. P., now on duty at this place."—HARRY W. BROWN.

W-10

Weak, Languid Children

Who Grow Up Frail of Body and Exhausted in Nervous Force Are Wonderfully Benefited by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

It is a puzzle to many parents to know just what to do for children when they get pale, weak and languid, lose their appetite and ambition, and seem to gradually fall in health and strength.

There is probably no preparation more effective for such cases as this than Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. This great restorative is mild and gentle in action, and yet powerful and certain in its upbuilding effects. It is especially suitable for children and endorsed by a great many grateful parents.

Mrs. George F. Brishin, Lake St., Peterboro, Ont., states:—

"One of my children, a boy of about fifteen years, did not have good health for a year or more. He seemed to have no energy, was weak and languid and suffered from nervousness. The doctors said that he was growing too fast, but we were alarmed about him, and began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. He was not long until we noticed a great change in his condition. His appetite improved, he had a better color and soon became stronger and healthier. He is still using the Nerve Food, and we are perfectly confident that he is improving right

\$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.
\$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

BUILDING TRADE ON A SURE FOUNDATION.

We have been piling up business year after year and the foundation is good for more yet. Our motto has been—"One price and that price to all alike." We have endeavored to sell only Reliable Goods that have been business winners, and anything bought here that does not prove satisfactory we cheerfully make it good or refund the money. We haven't got all the cash, but we buy for cash and our customers get the benefits of close cash buying.

This is generally called the quiet season, but we hustle all the time. We intend clearing out odds and ends in SHIRTS, STRAW HATS, LINEN HATS, CHILDREN'S SUITS, BOYS' SUITS, CHILDREN'S BLOUSES and BLOUSE SUITS. We are offering these lines at less than they can be bought for from the wholesale to-day.

25 Children's Striped Blouses, regular 45c. at	25c.
17 " " " regular 85c. at	65c.
14 " " " Blouse Suits, regular \$1.00 at	75c.
11 Boys' Shirt Waists, starched collars, regular 65c. at	45c.
18 Mothers' Friend Boys' Waists, regular 60c. at	39c.

Mothers you will want these goods at these prices, as cotton goods are advancing in price. Come and see if there is anything in these goods you need, as they will not be here long at these clearing prices at

FRED. T. WARD'S,
YOUR TAILOR & OUTFITTER.

Midsummer Specials.

Bargains in Colored Dress Muslins. Clearing Out Muslin Sale, at a big discount. In White Muslins we have the newest and prices will open your eyes.

Colored GINGHAMS, about 12 ends left, and selling at cost.
Tan CURTAINS, some odd pairs, will be sold at a great bargain.
Men's COTTON SOCKS—we have them 4 pairs for 25c, regular 10c. pair.
LADIES' COTTON HOSIERY, regular 15c. for 10c. and some at 5c. pr.
LADIES' WAISTS, regular 60c. giving now for 39c.

REMNANT DRESS GOODS—we offer them at a clearing price and must be sold.

LADIES' VESTS, with long and short sleeve, 5c. to 25c.
LADIES' STOCK COLLARS, in white and colored, newest styles just in.
All the newest shades in TAFFETA RIBBONS, and the Neck and Belts.
LINEN TOWELLING—now is the time for New Towels. Here is the price and quality.

In COTTONS, bleached and unbleached Sheetings and Pillow Cotton we have all widths.

FLANNELETES—36 in. wide, 10c.; 27 in., 5c. Quality very heavy.
SPECIAL SALE IN LADIES' HATS—we are offering you a choice of Ten Dozen Hats for 25c. Some of the newest shapes.

A fresh stock of Groceries always on hand. Paying 12½c. doz. for Eggs.

C. F. STICKLE.

Growth MUTUAL LIFE of CANADA

and intending insurers, will be pleased to note the Very Substantial Growth of the Company during the 20 years ending December 31st, 1902, as shown in the following table:

HEAD OFFICE WATERLOO, ONT.	1883	1902	INCREASE IN 20 YEARS
Assurance in Force.....	\$6,572,719	\$34,467,429	424 p.c.
Premium Income.....	180,592	1,112,553	516 p.c.
Interest Income.....	15,500	275,507	1832 p.c.
Dividends Paid to Policyholders.....	14,279	77,844	445 p.c.
Total Assets.....	58,834	485,550	722 p.c.
Total Payments to Policyholders.....	533,706	6,459,780	1110 p.c.
Surplus over All Liabilities.....	45,762	499,159	1041 p.c.

S. BURROWS,
General Agent, BELLEVILLE.

The NEWS-ARGUS PRINTERY

IS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF
FINE PRINTING
.....AT SHORT NOTICE.....

A Large stock of Fine Note Papers, Envelopes,
Bill Heads, Statements, Cards, etc.

Letter Heads, Note Heads, Statements, etc., at very low
rates, and better than you get from City Jobbers.

WEDDING INVITATIONS IN THE BEST STYLE.

A large stock of "In Memoriam" Cards just to hand.

Notice to Creditors

In the matter of the Estate of WILLIAM HOGG, late of the Township of Rawdon, in the County of Hastings, farmer, deceased.
Notice is hereby given, pursuant to the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1897, Chap. 129, Sec. 38, to all creditors and other persons having claims against the estate of William Hogg, late of the Township of Rawdon, in the County of Hastings, farmer, deceased, who died on or about the 19th day of May, 1893, to send by mail, prepaid, or otherwise deliver to J. Earl Halliwell, barrister, Executor of the Estate of the said William Hogg, or to J. Earl Halliwell, barrister, Solicitor for the executor, on or before the 8th day of August, 1903, a statement in writing of their claims and addresses, and full particulars of their claims or demands, and the nature of the security (if any) held by them.
And notice is further given that after the date above mentioned the said executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the persons entitled thereto having regard only to the claims notified of which shall have been given as required.
All persons indebted to the said estate, and who have not notified to hand in the amount of their indebtedness, on or before the said 8th day of August, 1903, to the said executor, are hereby notified to do so.
J. EARL HALLIWELL,
Solicitor for Executor.
Dated the 8th day of July, 1903.

Lumber for Sale.

The undersigned has a quantity of Lumber for sale at Anson station. Will be there on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
R. G. KINGSTON.

WANTED

200 teams to work on the B.O.L.R.R. at Bannockburn, Ont. Wages \$3.00 to \$3.25 per day. Apply to
J. R. McQUIGGE, Contractor,
Bannockburn, Ont.

NOTICE.

I have on hand some of the latest Improved U. S. Cream Separators, HAY CARS, FORKS, SLINGS, Etc.
Also, full line of FARMING IMPLEMENTS
A good young, general purpose horse for sale.
N. LANKTREE,
Massey-Harris Agent.

Wellman's Corners.

(From our Correspondent.)

There was a meeting here on Friday evening to make arrangements for our S. S. Lawn Social which is (D.V.) to be held on Aug. 21st on the school grounds here. A number of committees were appointed to attend to the different parts of the work, and no efforts will be spared to make this social the best ever held. The luncheon booth is to be enlarged, so that our friends may be served more conveniently than formerly. The whole place is to be even more beautifully decorated than we have ever had it. Besides the brass band which will be present, we are talking of having an orchestra, and several other new attractions are being talked of, though of course our plans are not perfected as yet. We intend to have all the nice things we have had in the past and as many more as we can possibly crowd into one evening. Come everybody and enjoy the greatest treat of the season.

Will the friends who borrowed the ice cream freezers of our Sunday School for their entertainment please return the same to us this week, as the people here are so busy getting ready for the social that no one wants to take time to go for them, and we are sure that you would not be so ungracious as to wish them to do so.

"Cheboygan." (She-boy-again) exclaimed Mr. Thomas Brennan, as he gazed thoughtfully at the small atom of humanity that last week became an inmate of his home and heart.

Mr. Pauley had the misfortune to fall on his scythe last week and cut his arm. Dr. Sargent put in eleven stitches and he is about with his arm in a sling.

Mr. Keegan has resigned his position in this school, which is much regretted both here and in Stirling.

Mrs. M. B. Dunham is very low. No hopes are entertained of her recovery.

Dr. Fanning, wife and daughter, of Philadelphia, are visiting at Mr. Fred. Fanning's.

Anson News

(From our Correspondent.)

Mrs. Jackson and two children are visiting here, Mrs. R. Hoar.

Miss Maud Burke, of Fuller, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. A. McMullen.

Miss Myrtle Reid of Foxboro is visiting her cousin, Miss Flossie Bailey.

Miss Bessie McMullen is home for the holidays. She was accompanied by the Misses Johnson and Miss Alice Scott are visiting in Peterboro.

Miss Maud and Master Ray Penrose are visiting at Mrs. G. A. Eggleton's.

Mr. John M. McGillray was renewing old acquaintances by a short visit.

Mrs. Betsy Hubble is expecting a party from New York to spend the summer.

Now in the midst of all the visitors and visiting don't forget the lawn social at Mr. Pleasant on Aug. 5th. Come every one. It will be the best of the season.

Foxboro Notes

(From our Own Correspondent.)

The funeral of the late F. Maynard Daeof took place in the Methodist church last Thursday afternoon, July 23rd. The service was in charge of the Rev. C. L. Thompson, assisted by Rev. Mr. Birley. Mr. Daeof was stricken with paralysis while coming home from Belleville on Tuesday evening, and after being taken to his home lived only a few hours. He never fully recovered consciousness, and passed away in great agony. He leaves behind him a widow and three children, two girls and a boy; also two brothers, A. C. Daeof, of this place, and Will, of Rochester. The bereaved ones have the sympathy of the whole village.

Miss Moore, of Queensboro, is the guest of Miss Bessie Faulkner.

Rev. E. E. and Miss Howard of West Huntingdon, spent part of Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Ashley.

The Misses Faulkner entertained a number of their friends to tea on Tuesday evening.

The scaffolding in the Presbyterian church fell on Monday. No one was seriously hurt, but all were badly shaken up and frightened.

Mrs. G. Alcombrac and two children, of Watertown, are the guests of Mrs. M. Palmer.

The remains of the late Amos Brown, of West Huntingdon, were interred in the Foxboro cemetery last Sunday.

The King and Queen had a great reception in Londonderry.

One million spindles are idle in Fall River, owing to the high price of cotton.

Previous despatches reporting enormous droves of teams coal in the Peace River district are confirmed.



The Sovereign Bank

OF CANADA.
(Incorporated by Act of Parliament.)

Capital Authorized	\$2,000,000.
Capital Paid Up	1,300,000.
Reserve Fund	325,000.

HEAD OFFICE,
TORONTO.

D. M. STEWART,
General Manager.

Special Attention given to Business with Farmers. Advances made at reasonable rates.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.

We accept deposits of One Dollar and upwards and allow interest from day of deposit. Absolute security.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS CONDUCTED.

STIRLING AND MARMORA.

W. M. CHANDLER, Manager.

Madoc

(From the Review.)

The old sash factory in this village, built many years ago, is being torn down and the material removed. Several business enterprises have come to grief within its walls.

About a million tiles, of several different sizes, have been manufactured and are now ready for the burning at Rollins' new tile yard.

Some practical joker tied down the whistle of Whytock's mill on Saturday night, shortly before twelve o'clock. The long blast was quite alarming to many citizens before it was shut off.

A roll of cotton which had been dipped in oil to make it waterproof, and then rolled up tightly, was fired by "spontaneous combustion" and burned up at Rollins' tile shed about a week ago. The shed had a narrow escape.

We learn that the village Council are making a preliminary investigation as to the cost of putting in a first class electric light plant in Madoc, the idea being to secure and utilize the water power at Glen Lewis for this purpose. A competent engineer, Mr. W. H. Smith, is making an examination this week and will report fully to the Council. It is proposed to install a first class plant and give an all-night service at a rate that will not only be satisfactory to the public, but will bring in a revenue to the town as well.

Bancroft

(From the Times.)

Miss Fargey of Huntingdon is visiting the Misses Mullett.

Many of the roads in the vicinity of Bancroft were rendered almost impassable by the heavy rain on Monday.

Mr. Jas. Jas. Best weighed in forty-six loads of hogs on Tuesday and Wednesday. They were sold to Mr. Seeley, of Stirling, and five cents per pound, live weight, was the price paid.

Seven pupils from the Bancroft school wrote at the recent entrance examinations, and five were successful. This must be very encouraging to the principal, Mr. E. D. McConnell, and he is to be congratulated.

Mr. Edward Muscow, of Montegale, had his left hand badly torn and one finger blown off while blasting stone.

Seventh of Sidney Notes

(From our Own Correspondent.)

Harvesting is the order of the day. Mrs. R. Green, of Trenton, and Miss Pearl Demill, of Rawdon, paid us a flying visit on Friday last.

—Misses Hanning and Hazelton and Messrs. Ketcheson and Pearson were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. Barker on Sunday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Martin Hough spent Sunday in Belleville.

—Mrs. J. Brennan was the guest of Mrs. J. Park on Sunday.

—Miss Maggie Hines, of Belleville, is spending a few days with friends in this neighborhood.

—Mr. J. Waddell spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. Hanna.

You will see by these few notes, Mr. Editor, that we have considerable Sunday visiting. Could you suggest a remedy?

Messrs. Park and Bird have been shipping their raspberries to Peterboro'. They report very satisfactory returns.

Don't forget the Lawn Social at Marsh Hill, on the evening of August 7th. Everybody come.

Aphorisms.

Fools who keep their mouths shut may pass for wise men.

Too many so-called gems of thought turn out to be paste.

The pale of society can be had of any druggist at 50 cents a box.

More than physical culture is required to make a man strong-minded.

Earthquakes are responsible for a lot of non-collectable ground rents.

Always aim a little higher than the mark—if the mark be a dimple in her chin.

If you can't say a good word for your neighbor at least you can keep your mouth shut.

Fish is said to be excellent brain food, but it seems a pity in some cases to waste the fish.

Nothing jolts a lovelorn youth like asking for a girl's hand and receiving her father's foot.

It sometimes happens that disappointment in love saves the victim from greater disappointment in marriage.

An Irish philosopher says that every thing comes to the man who gets up and hustles while he sits down and waits.

No man ever undertakes to define love unless he is up against the real thing himself—and then you can't believe him under oath.

Women envy a man when they see the contented look on his face as he carelessly poses with his hands in his pockets and whistles.

"Sterling Hall." Building Sale.

We are building up larger stocks as well as larger premises these days. Load after load of goods, direct from the mills, have been opened out during the past week. All were bought before the recent heavy advance in prices of Cottons, Woolens and Linens, and next Fall and Winter our customers will get the full benefit of our forethought.

TABLE LINENS.

Direct from the Belfast looms, there came to "Sterling Hall" lately a shipment of very excellent values in Pure Linen Tableings. You will better appreciate the good values if you compare them with others.

Unbleached Table Linens, all linen, at 35c, 40c, 50c and 60c. yd.

Bleached All Linen Tableings at 50c, 65c, 75c and \$1.00.

Bleached and Unbleached Unions at 25c. yd.

TOWELS—Extra value in Huck Towels, 44 x 21, at 3 for 50c.

A COTTON SNAP.

1200 yds. extra heavy, close weave. It was worth 10c. per yd. when cottons were much lower in price than they are to-day, but you can have 13 yds. of this cotton for \$1.00.

BLACK SATEEN UNDERSKIRTS.

60, well made, full skirted, highly mercerized cloth, in sizes 38, 40, 41, 42, regular price \$1.25, your choice while they last for 98c. each.

DRESS GOODS.

The latest effects in Dress Goods are here in Flaked Blacks and Whites, Greens, Greys, Blues, etc., at 75c. to \$1.25 per yd.

Friezes, in plain and fancy, for heavy skirts, are still leading. Our assortment, qualities and values in these are unsurpassed.

PRINTS—A choice assortment of patterns, in an English cloth, suitable for wrappers, at 10c. per yd. should interest Print buyers. It is here.

MEN'S WEAR.

NEWNESS IN TIES for Midsummer Wear meets the buyer here. Some very natty novelties in Bows, Midget Strings and Panel Derbies are shown at 25c. and 50c.

A SUMMER SHIRT is shown in fancy colors, soft front, the regular price is 75c., our clearing price 50c.

CRUSH HATS for campers at 50c. each.

W. R. MATHER,

DIRECT IMPORTER STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, ETC.

AN AWFUL FALL in the Price of FOOTWEAR.

To make room for Fall Goods we intend clearing out the balance of our Summer Footwear at greatly reduced prices. Now is your chance to save money. Bargains for Men, Women and Children. See our windows for prices.

Boots Made to Order. Repairing neatly done. Rips sewed free on all boots bought of us.

We keep the Best Polish. See our Polishing Mitts.

J. W. BROWN,
RELIABLE BOOT & SHOE MERCHANT.

Eggs wanted.

NOTICE.

ROBERT COSBY, blacksmith, formerly of Stirling, has secured Wm. Montgomery's blacksmith shop and is prepared to do horseshoeing and general blacksmith trade. Your trade solicited.

STRAYED

From the premises of the subscriber, on the 13th July, a black dog, about 100 lbs. high, four years old, no white marks, scar under fetlock on right front foot. The finder will be suitably rewarded by giving information to

PERCY MOTT,
Belleville P.O.

VOTERS' LIST, 1903.

Municipality of the Village of Stirling, in the County of Hastings.

Notice is hereby given, that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in Sections 8 and 9 of the Ontario Voters' Lists Act, the copies required by said Sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said Municipality at Elections for Members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections; and that the said list was first posted up in my office, Stirling, on the 28th day of July, 1903, and remains there for inspection.

Elections are called upon to examine the said list, and if any omissions or any other errors are found therein to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

Dated at Stirling, this 28th day of July, 1903.

JOHN S. BLACK,
Village Clerk.

WM. MONTGOMERY

has on hand some fine BUGGIES and SURREYS, manufactured by Wm. Gray & Sons, Chatham; also Lumber Wagons, his own manufacture, which will be sold cheap for cash.

Scientific Horse Shoer in connection.

FRUIT JARS.

Our Fruit Jars are exceptionally good, being all hand made with ground tops.

Prices the same as for inferior stock.

GROCERY SPECIALS.

6 lbs. Tapioca for	25c.
8 lbs. Quaker Oats for	25c.
3 lbs. Lemon Biscuit	25c.
5 lbs. Leno Biscuit	25c.

Axle Grease and Machine Oil.

Best American Coal Oil.

I have a quantity of foundation comb for sale.

S. HOLDEN.

Palace Shaving Parlor.

The undersigned has now open to the public the finest Shaving Parlor ever opened up in Stirling.

Having been in Peterboro' for the past year learning all the latest ideas of the profession, I am now prepared to do all work up-to-date. A call solicited.

Shop opposite Post Office, formerly Parker Brothers' Bank.

W. W. HAGERMAN, Proprietor.

FOUND

On the Marmora gravel road, near Stirling, a light, black Overcoat. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying for this advertisement.

W. F. CHARD,

THE MARKETS

Prices of Grain, Cattle, etc
in Trade Centres.

Toronto, July 28.—Wheat—The market is quiet with demand limited. No. 2 Ontario red and white quoted at 75c middle, and 75½c east; No. 2 spring is quoted at 71c middle freight; No. 2 goosie at 66c on Midland. Manitoba wheat easier; No. 1 hard quoted at 88½c; Goodrich, No. 1 hard, 94½c grinding in transit, lake and rail, and No. 1 Northern, 93½c.

Oats—The market is quiet and firm. No. 2 white quoted at 32 to 32½c middle freight, and at 31½ to 32½c high freight. No. 1 white, 33½ to 34c east.

Barley—Trade is quiet. No. 3 extra quoted at 43c middle freight, and No. 3 at 40 to 41c.

Rye—The market is steady at 52c middle freight for No. 2.

Peas—Trade is quiet. No. 2 white quoted at 61 to 62c, high freight, and at 63c east.

Corn—Market is steady; No. 3 on American yellow quoted at 5½c on track, Toronto; and No. 3 mixed, 5½c. Toronto. Canadian corn purely nominal.

Flour—Ninety per cent. patents quoted to-day at \$2.80, middle freight, in buyers' sacks, for extra patent. Straight rollers quoted at \$3.25 to \$3.40 in bbls. Manitoba flour steady; No. 1 patents, \$4.20 to \$4.30, and strong bakers', \$3.90 to \$4, in bags, Toronto.

Milled—Bran steady at \$17, and shorts \$18.50. Hops, 14½ outside points bran quoted at \$15 to \$15.50, and shorts at \$17. Manitoba bran, in sacks, \$19 and shorts at \$22 here.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—The market continues steady, with receipts large. The best grades are in fair demand. We quote:—Choice 1-lb. rolls, 15 to 16c; dairy tubs, unbranded, 14½ to 15c; secondary grades, store packed, 12 to 13c; creamery prints, 17½ to 19c; solids, 17 to 18c.

Eggs—Market is unchanged. We quote:—Fresh candled stock, 14 to 14½c; seconds and checks, 10 to 11c.

Cheese—Market quiet, and prices unchanged. We quote:—Finest 10c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Buffalo, July 28.—Flour—Firm. Wheat—Spring steady. No. 1 hard, 82c; No. 2, 81c; No. 3, 80c; No. 4, 79c; winter weak; No. 2 white, 79½c; No. 2 red, 79c. Corn—Strong; No. 2 yellow 55½c; No. 2 corn, 54½c. Oats—Strong; No. 3 white 38c; No. 2 mixed, 35c. Barley—52 to 58c in stock. Rye—Dull; No. 2, 58c asked. Canal freight steady.

Milwaukee, July 28.—Wheat—No. 1 Northern, 85½ to 87c; No. 2 Northern, 84 to 86c; September, new, 75½c. Rye—No. 1, 61 to 62c. Barley—No. 2, 58 to 60c; sample, 40 to 51c. Corn—September, 49½c.

Minneapolis, July 28.—Wheat—Cash, 84½c; July, 83½c; September, 74½c; December, 76½c; No. 1 hard, 85½c; No. 1 Northern, 81½c; No. 2 Northern, 82½c; No. 3 Northern, 77 to 80c.

Duluth, July 28.—Wheat—In store, No. 1 hard, 85½c; No. 1 Northern, 84c; No. 2 Northern, 82½c; No. 3 spring, 82½c; No. 4, 81c; No. 5, 80c; No. 2 Northern, 81c; No. 3 Northern, 79½c; July, 84c; September, 76c; December, 74½ to 74½c.

FOREIGN GRAIN MARKETS.

London, July 28.—Mark Lane Miller Market: Wheat, foreign quiet with a small business, English steady. Maize, American and Danubian poorer demand at easier prices. Flour, American and British quiet.

Paris, July 28.—Wheat quiet, July 24½ 90c, Sept. and Feb. 22 10c. Flour, quiet, July 31 90c, Nov. and Feb. 29 85c. French country markets weak.

Antwerp, July 28.—Wheat, spot steady; No. 2 red winter, 16½f.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Montreal, July 28.—Grain—The market was steady to-day and the demand was very light. We quote:—No. 2 oats about 34½c; No. 2 oats in store, 35½c for local; No. 2, 2 peas, 68c high and 71c float; buckwheat, 48½c float; No. 2 rye, 52c east and 58½c float; No. 3 extra barley, 46c middle and 51½c and 52c float.

Milled—The market is steady. Manitoba bran in bags, \$19; shorts in bags, \$21 to \$22; Ontario bran in bulk, \$18 to \$18.50; shorts, \$21.50 to \$22.50 in bulk; middlings, \$22 to \$23; mouille, \$23 to \$30, according to quality.

Flour—The market is steady. Quotations in Montreal are:—On track, \$3.50 to \$3.60 for straight rollers in barrels; in bags, \$1.70 to \$1.75; extra bags, \$1.40 to \$1.55; winter wheat patents, \$3.80 to \$3.90; Manitoba patents, \$4.20 to \$4.30 in bags; second patents, \$3.90 to \$4.

Meal—The market is steady and prices range from \$3.90 a barrel and \$1.85 in bags for local; No. 2 and No. 3 are also in demand. Demand and prices range from 18½c to 19c.

Cheese—Prices still range around 9½c for Quebec, 9½c for townships and 9½c to 9½c for Ontario.

Eggs—The firmness of the past few days appears to have developed into an actual advance and quotations are about 10c higher than at the beginning of the week. In lots of ten or twenty cases straight and mixed are being sold at 16c and 15c to 18½c.

Beans—The market continues steady at about \$1.70 per bushel for primes on track and \$1.75 to \$1.80 for small lots.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Toronto, July 28.—Trade in all descriptions of cattle was dull at Western Market to-day, and the values of exporters declined 10 to 15c per cwt. Butchers' cattle were also

lower, and the same may be said of spring lambs.

The arrival of cattle amounted to nearly 1,300, made up of a large number of exporters, which were dull and slow of sale by reason of the buyers not being willing to operate to any extent.

Dealers did not require cattle for immediate shipment, and hence any they had on hand would have to be kept here at their expense for several days, and they therefore did not transact much business. The outlook in England is for lower prices, latest private cable advices stating that although the market there was a little higher earlier in the week than before, yet the prospects were that before the week was out there would be a decline. Exporters have been losing money on their shipments since the beginning of the year and are not disposed to run chances of losing any more at present. Butchers' animals were likewise down in value, owing to the unwillingness of the agents to take too large a supply on hand. A large number consequently, remained unsold.

Export cattle—Per 100 lbs.
Medium to heavy\$4.50 \$5.00
Butchers'4.50 4.55
Picked lots4.00 4.35
Good loads4.00 4.30
Medium3.50 4.00
Fair3.50 4.00
Cows3.25 3.75
Feeders, light4.00 4.25
Feeders, short-keeps2.50 3.75
Stockers3.00 3.75
Sheep—Export ewes3.00 3.75
Do, bucks2.75 3.00
Spring lambs, each2.25 3.00
Calves, per cwt.3.50 5.00
Hogs—Picked3.50 4.00
Stags2.00 2.00
Selects, 160 to 200 lbs5.80 6.00
Thick fats5.55 6.00
Light5.55 6.00

CANADA'S GROWING TRADE

Substantial Increase Shown by Customs Returns.

An Ottawa despatch says: The returns compiled by the Department of Customs show a considerable expansion of trade for the fiscal year ending June 30th. The aggregate foreign trade, which embraces the total imports and total exports of domestic and foreign produce, amounted to \$467,637,049, an increase of \$43,750,000 over 1902. Exports of domestic produce for the year totalled \$214,401,674, an increase of \$18,381,911 over the previous year.

The exports of animals and their products and the produce of the farm figures up to \$114,441,863, compared with \$96,813,897 for 1902. The total amount of Canadian forest exports was \$36,386,015, or an increase for the year of about \$4,000,000. Exports of manufactured articles amounted to \$20,624,967, an increase of \$2,161,997. The imports on the free list last year, less the amount of duties, totalled \$88,023,738, an increase of \$10,000,000 over 1902. Canada's total foreign trade is given at \$470,000,000, with 6,000,000 of population.

40,000 THIS SEASON.

Great Influx of Immigrants From the Old Lands.

A Quebec despatch says: Two thousand one hundred and eighty new settlers for the Canadian Northwest arrived here by the last ocean steamers from Liverpool, the Lake Manitoba, the Tunisian and the Dominion. The new settlers comprised a representation of almost every European nation. There were English and Scotch, Russians, Poles, Russians, Poles, of the Jewish persuasion, Finlanders, Norwegians, Galicians, in their picturesque costumes, Germans, Belgians, etc. Up to the present over 40,000 immigrants have landed during the present season at the port of Quebec.

HOMESTEAD ENTRIES.

Over 31,000 Were Recorded Last Year.

A Winnipeg despatch says:—Homestead entries made in the Canadian Northwest for the year ending June 30, 1903, number 31,002, as compared with 14,289 for the year ending June 30, 1902, an increase of 16,713. These figures speak eloquently of the development of the prairie. The figures for June 1903, show 6,644 entries, compared with 3,349 for the corresponding month of last year, an increase of 1,295. These latter figures prove that there is no decrease in the tide of immigration which is flowing into the country.

NEW ZEALAND HITS BACK.

Bill Introduced Restricting Vessels in Coasting Trade.

A London despatch says:—Premier Seddon has started the Empire's retaliation policy by the introduction of a bill into the New Zealand Legislature empowering the Government to prohibit or restrain the coasting trade of New Zealand by foreign ships in order to counteract the disadvantages British ships suffer in foreign waters. The colonial conference advised the consideration of this step. The United States is especially annoyed.

THE SINEWS OF WAR.

Russia Has Arranged For a Large Loan.

A St. Petersburg despatch says: It is said Russia has arranged with French capitalists for a loan of \$200,000,000.

Norway threatens retaliatory duties in return for the high tariff adopted by Cuba.

FUNERAL OF THE PONTIFF.

Impressive Ceremonies in St. Peter's Cathedral.

A Rome despatch says: A note common to humanity was struck to-night. The office for the dead heard daily in the churches was repeated as if Leo XIII. were neither a visible head of the church nor a sovereign, but an ordinary man, from the "Miserere" to the "In Paradisum" and from the "Ingratidum" to the "Quem admodum Desiderat." There was a solemn office with a requiem chant and Psalm which might have been heard at the burial of the lowliest Catholic; yet here at last, after a three days' exhibition of a dead Pope in pontificals and gold mitre, before a throng of scrambling sightseers, there was something austere and simple, weird and profoundly impressive to touch the imagination—something worthy of the historic basilica and the noble life of the greatest modern Pope.

DIMLY LIT SPACES.

The vast spaces of St. Peter's were dimly lighted when the diaphanous, the Papal court and seven hundred invited guests, representing chiefly the old nobility, were admitted. There were two thousand spectators, men in uniform or evening dress and women in black, but they were lost in the shadows of the cathedral. Guards were still watching with halberds and drawn swords, and the Pope's bodyguard, around them was a radiance of yellow candle light. There was also a misty light in the Chapel of the Choir, and ninety-five gilded lamps were burning around the marble balustrade of the confession of St. Peter. In solemn stillness the approach of the long procession from the Hall of Consistory was awaited. It was a mournful file of ecclesiastics and soldiers, tramping slowly into the basilica, but more melancholy than the sombre vestments was the sorrowful, sighing-like "Miserere," echoing far and wide with unearthly and weird pathos.

DEEPLY IMPRESSIVE SPECTACLE.

When the cardinals in their violet robes, had paid their final tribute of homage and loyal obedience, the coffin was lifted by several attendants, among others one exempting vegetable seeds from the provisions of the act, and another providing that when farmers sell seed to each other the purchaser may require the transaction to come under the provisions of the act. There was some opposition to the clause giving the informant in cases of breach of the act a portion of the fine, and the Minister withdrew the objection. The committee reported progress, and the Minister promised to have the bill reprinted as amended.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

Notes of Proceedings in the Canadian Parliament.

STOCK-GAMBLING.

The evil effects of stock-gambling and the ruin of the lives of youths who are carried away by the glamour of the stock market and the seductive voice of the ticker formed the topic of an interesting discussion in the House of Commons the other day. The subject was introduced by Mr. Bourassa, upon the motion to go into supply. He pictured in eloquent terms the wreck of promising careers, the misery and sorrow which resulted from the mania for speculation in stocks, and denounced the methods of stock brokers of a certain class. His address gave evidence of a careful study of the question, and the key-note which he sounded found many echoes from all parts of the House. Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick voiced the sympathy of the Government and the entire House in its movement to check illegitimate speculation in stocks, intimated that the Government were alive to the danger, and that some remedy to check the demoralizing tendency of unhealthy and reckless speculation would be provided at the present session.

FOREIGN AGITATORS.

Senator Loughheed's bill, directed against the interference of foreign agitators in Canada, was read a third time, and passed in the Senate.

WILL BE COMPENSATED.

Mr. Osler drew the attention of the House to an item from London Truth, which criticized the Canadian Government's action regarding compensation of the Anchor Line steamers, which saved the Canadian Government from what was fair. Sir W. Mulock said the Government resisted payment on the question as affecting insurance, but they intended to fully compensate the parties who effected the rescue.

INSPECTION OF SEEDS.

The consideration of Mr. Fisher's bill respecting the inspection and sale of seeds was again considered in committee. Mr. Fisher, having considered the suggestions made by members when the House was last in committee, ordered several amendments, among others one exempting vegetable seeds from the provisions of the act, and another providing that when farmers sell seed to each other the purchaser may require the transaction to come under the provisions of the act. There was some opposition to the clause giving the informant in cases of breach of the act a portion of the fine, and the Minister withdrew the objection. The committee reported progress, and the Minister promised to have the bill reprinted as amended.

THE INDIAN ESTIMATES.

Hon. Mr. Sifton's estimates for the Indian Department were taken up in Committee of Supply, and upon the item of \$10,000, one-half for the relief of destitute Indians and medical attendance on Indians in the Yukon, and the other half to promote their education, Hon. Mr. Sifton stated that there were 702 Indians in the Yukon Territory. The amount asked for educational purposes will be used to assist any missionary enterprise that may be engaged among the Indians. The department was making a commencement in the work of educating the Indians in that way.

MANITOBA GRAIN ACT.

Mr. Sifton introduced a bill to amend the Manitoba grain act, which is the result of a conference between the parties interested in the trade. The bill provides for the appointment of a Deputy Commissioner. It also deals with many details of the grain trade. An important clause provides that a person having grain in an elevator may order a car to be placed at such elevator.

TREADGOLD COMMISSION.

Mr. Sifton informed Mr. Borden that the members of the Treadgold Commission will be the Judge Britton and Mr. B. T. A. Bell, Secretary of the Canadian Mining Institute.

TRANSPORTATION COMMITTEE.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier stated that he had received a letter from Sir John Van Horne stating that he will not be able to accept the Chairmanship of the proposed Commission on Transportation.

DIED FROM FRIGHT.

Woman in Runaway Accident Suddenly Expires.

A Port Rowan despatch says: Mrs. Robert Cowan and her niece, Mason, of Chicago, were driving in a horse, when the horse pitched forward and fell. Mrs. Cowan pitched forward, and was caught by Mrs. Mason, who was driving, and kept from going to the ground. The horse, in endeavoring to regain its feet, again stumbled, and, the breaching breaking, the buggy went against the horse and Mrs. Cowan again pitched forward and fell to the front of the buggy and went out of the world when taken up was dead. The medical men, who were immediately summoned, were of the opinion that her death resulted from fright, and that Mrs. Cowan died when she fell out of the buggy.

HIS LIFE CRUSHED OUT.

Baron de Bush Killed by an English Express Train.

A London despatch says:—Baron de Bush fell before an express train on Friday near Northampton and died shortly afterwards. He was traveling in Scotland, accompanied by his wife, who was Miss Pauline Jorann, the American prima donna.

DEATH OF MRS. J. J. FOY.

Fell Overboard From the Steamer Macassa.

A Toronto despatch says: Mrs. J. J. Foy, wife of the member for South Toronto in the local Legislature, fell off the deck of the steamer Macassa on Thursday afternoon, near Oakville, and although she was at once immediately rescued, died a few minutes afterwards. Exactly how the accident occurred is now known, as no one was in the immediate vicinity of Mrs. Foy at the time. Suddenly, however, someone cried, "A woman overboard," and then a lifeboat was quickly lowered, the engines were stopped, and the lady picked up.

Mrs. Foy had been suffering from nervous debility, and since the illness of her son with scarlet fever, had been under treatment. Thursday morning she and another patient, accompanied by a couple of nurses, left on the 11 o'clock Hamilton boat, for a trip on the lake for the fresh air. The party seemed to be enjoying themselves, and all went well until the sad accident befell Mrs. Foy.

When the lady was brought back to the steamer every effort was made to resuscitate her, but without avail, and she died shortly before Hamilton was reached. The deceased lady was extremely popular in Toronto and Montreal, where she came from. She was a daughter of Mr. Norris C. Gwynne, a well-known French gentleman of the latter city, and had a family of two boys and three girls.

DUEL WITH A BURGLAR.

Attempt to Rob Bank of Commerce at Carman, Man.

A Winnipeg, Man., despatch says: An attempt was made on Wednesday morning, about 1.45 o'clock, to burglarize the Canadian Bank of Commerce at Carman, Man. E. B. K. Watson, assistant clerk, sleeps in the bank on a stretcher in the manager's office. He was awakened by the opening of a trap door communicating with the cellar, and grabbing his revolver hurried to the accounting room in time to see a man raise the trap. Watson fired at the intruder, and the bullet struck the floor, a little to one side. The burglar returned the fire, but fortunately missed his mark. Watson next raised the trap and started down the cellar stairs for his man, when he was again shot at by the desperado, but again came off without harm. Without considering his danger he still advanced in the direction of the retreating burglar and got two more shots at him, as he made his escape by an outside stair from the cellar, but again missed him.

There is no clue to the person or persons that attempted the robbery, but they evidently must have known the surroundings pretty well. The entrance was made by an outside door to the cellar.

Mr. Butler, of the electric light company, heard the shots, and was in time to see three men jump into a rig a few blocks east of the bank and make off south. The affair has startled business men here, as so far Carman has been free from burglars.

ROYALTY LEAVES DUBLIN.

King Gave \$5,000 to the Poor of the City.

A Dublin despatch says: King Edward and Queen Alexandra left Dublin at noon on Saturday to visit the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry at Mount Stewart, Newtownards, County Down. They halted on their way to the railway station to review thousands of children who had assembled in Phoenix Park. At the time they were using an open carriage with their Majesties seated deep with spectators. The enthusiasm which has heretofore been displayed was fully maintained.

Before leaving here King Edward gave £1,000, which is to be distributed among the poor of Dublin. The King and Queen were a rousing welcome at Newtownards. Later they took an automobile to Portaferry, where they crossed Strangford Lough aboard the gunboat Hobe and visited Lord De Ros, the oldest peer in the realm. Although the people are strongly Nationalist, the people gave their Majesties a most hearty reception.

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600,000 LIVES SAVED.

The Result of Modern Science in Britain.

A London despatch says: The current meetings of the British Sanitary Institute, composed of scientists, mayors, councillors, and officials from all parts of the country, have called public attention to the fact that since public health became a science at the beginning of the life Queen's reign the average life of a man has been increased by three years. To-day there are more than 600,000 persons living in this country who, had they been born before the science of public health was known, would have died before they were a year old.

TORNADO IN ARIZONA.

Many People Believed to Have Suffered Death.

A Tucson, Ariz., despatch says:—A terrific tornado visited Tombstone and Fairbank Wednesday night, and it is thought many must have perished. Wires are all down, and the reports have just reached here. When the storm subsided Fairbank was under six feet of water. The inhabitants fled to the hillsides in the valley below, and above Fairbank, several ranch-houses were demolished.

NEWS ITEMS.

Telegraphic Briefs From All Over the Globe.

CANADA.

Toronto is reaching the limit of its water supply.

A hospital for the treatment of tuberculosis is talked of in Montreal. The late James Cooper, of Montreal, left \$60,000 to McGill and \$25,000 for special hospital work.

The settlement reached by the carmen of the Lake Superior and Atlantic divisions of the C. P. R. was in the nature of a compromise.

The Canadian Fire Underwriters' Association threaten an increase of rates in Hamilton if certain conditions are not complied with.

The revenue from the Chinese poll tax for the fiscal year ending June 30th amounted to about \$550,000, an increase of some \$200,000 compared with the year previous.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Sir John Rigby, formerly Lord Justice of Appeals, is dead at London, aged 69.

There are over 300,000 cotton operatives on short time in Lancashire, owing to the deficiency of raw cotton.

The smallpox epidemic which has raged in Manchester and district for several months is rapidly abating. The chief sources of infection were the lodging houses, and they are now quite clear.

To perpetuate the memory of over 130 Bucks men who served in the South African war, Lord Chesham has had an obelisk erected on the village green at Latimer, with a suitable inscription.

Work has been resumed at the Vivian, Wyndel, Newydd and Paria collieries, after a strike lasting twelve months. The workmen agreed to accept the arbitrators' award, which they refused a month ago.

As an example of the popularity of the London United Electric Tramway system as affording quick and cheap transit into the country, especially through the lovely valley of the Thames, it is announced that during one week considerably over a million passengers were carried, the receipts being £7,654.

A butcher who died of syncope had a heart—so it was stated at a Lambeth inquest—that weighed 25 ounces instead of the normal 10 ounces.

Mr. Carnegie in a letter to the Times says Britain cannot discriminate in favor of Canadian products without inaugurating a tariff war, in which she will suffer defeat.

UNITED STATES.

An order has been issued by the chief of police of Duluth, Minn., requiring members of the force to play baseball for exercise.

Grieving over the death of the Pope, Mrs. Ellen Conner, of Rochester, N. Y., an aged woman took a dose of rat poison and died.

Two tiny grass seeds having sprouted in his left eye Michael Costello, of Philadelphia, is suffering with a cataract that may destroy the eye.

Made desperate by excessive cigarette smoking John Schulz, of Buffalo, jumped from a moving train and was instantly killed.

"Blind Tom," an old horse which draws a dilapidated hack in Chicago, died of \$40 worth of orchids, intended for a bride, but left within his reach by a bell boy.

Edward Ryan, of Glen Falls, N. Y., a fifteen-year-old boy, dangerously shot William Jones, a boy of his own age, with a revolver which he thought was not loaded.

Herman Gaundinger, a Swiss, of Newark, N. J., killed his wife, shot his nine-year-old son, who will recover, and committed suicide because his wife had him summoned for cruelty.

Wanting food and lodging, Gerald Jordens, an Englishman, at New York, at one time in the diplomatic service, entered into an pact to let his wife and child enter into an pact to let their lives, and drank laudanum, but were saved.

After being swept for 500 feet through an underground sewer at Waterbury, Conn., helplessly battling in the blackness against a wild rush of water, four ladies were dragged from a manhole, nearly scared to death but not seriously hurt.

GENERAL.

There is much rioting among striking workmen at Baku, Russia, where 40,000 men are out.

An "unequalled" collection of snuff boxes, valued at \$200,000 has been destroyed by fire at Naples.

Japan has decided to observe the policy of waiting and watching Russia, advocated by Great Britain.

CAPT HOWARD MURDERED.

Fate of First Provincial Treasurer of Manitoba.

A Victoria, B.C., despatch says:—The unknown man who was found murdered in Alameda County, California, last Saturday is identified from descriptions and pictures in San Francisco papers received here as Captain Tom Howard, the treasurer, who went to San Francisco via Montreal after his return from Dawson some months ago. He was interested in mining ventures at Dawson, and went south to sell interest in his properties. The number of the laundry is identified by him, and his wife and daughter in this city wear rings with identical engravings as that on the ring found on the dead man. Captain Tom Howard was a paymaster in the Red River expedition and in the North-West Rebellion, and was Provincial Treasurer in the Clark Government, the first Government of Manitoba.

SALADA

Ceylon Tea is the finest Tea the world produces, and is sold only in lead packets. Black, Mixed and Green. Japan tea drinkers try "Salada" Green tea.

ANIMALS GO TO FUNERALS.

Follow Masters to Their Last Resting Place.

Provisions in wills, and the last requests of dying men, often account for strange funerals. A funeral in a small eastern city attracted attention recently, although it differed only slightly from the usual kind. On the velvet pall which covered the coffin was a large white handkerchief on which rested a couple of small bird cages, each with a canary inside.

It was a bright, sunny day, and the attention of all passers-by was attracted towards the gloomy procession. The funeral was that of a bird fancier, who, just before his death, had made his wife promise that his two pet canaries should accompany his coffin to the grave. Little bits of straw were tied round their cages. The woodwork had also been stained a dark color, which gave them a peculiar appearance. The death of a famous dog fancier near Albany, N. Y., was followed by a funeral in which half the attendants belonged to the canine species, each of the human mourners leading by a string some favorite animal of the fancier. The dogs behaved as though they perfectly understood the real nature of the ceremony in which they were assisting.

It is not uncommon for the favorite horse of a military officer to take part in the procession at his master's funeral. This sentiment also finds expression among other classes of society. A cab horse in Sioux City, Ia., followed his former driver to the grave, and in London recently forty of his horses followed the hearse which contained a teaming contractor. All the animals were draped with black cloth.

Undertakers seldom discourage these strange funeral displays, unless they are likely to interfere with the amount of their bills. The managers of cemeteries are generally less considerate, and it is probably in consequence of the unfavorable eye with which they regard any departure from ordinary funeral routine that funerals are now, as a rule, conducted in a more decorous manner than formerly.

ACTING THE PART.

"Now, Henry," says the bride, "I want you to understand distinctly that I do not wish to be taken for a bride. I am going to act exactly as if I were an old married woman. So, dearest, do not think me cold and unloving, if I treat you very practically when there is anybody by."

"I don't believe I can pass for an old married man," said Henry. "I am so fond of you that I am bound to show it. I am sure to betray myself."

"No, you mustn't. It's easy enough. And I insist that you behave just like all old married men do. Do you hear?"

"Well, darling, I'll try, but I know I shall not succeed."

On the first evening of their arrival at their hotel the bride retired and the groom fell in with a whim, with which, with her, she played cards until four o'clock in the morning. His wife spent the weary hours in weeping. At last he turned up, and met his grief-stricken bride with the hilarious question, "Well, ain't I doing the old married man like a daisy?"

She never referred to the subject again, and everybody in future knew that they had just been married.

BABY'S VITALITY.

The vitality of infants and young children is at its lowest point during the hot weather. More children die in summer than at any other season. The reason is this: Little ones suffer more from bowel troubles, are nervous, weak, sleepless and irritable. Prompt action often saves a valuable little life, and troubles of this kind can be promptly met and cured by giving the little ones Baby's Own Tablets, which should be kept in every home ready for emergencies. These Tablets speedily relieve, and promptly cure all stomach, bowel and other hot weather ailments, and give sound refreshing sleep. Mrs. P. Ferguson, 105 Mansfield street, Montreal, says: "My baby was attacked with dysentery and was hot and feverish. I gave him Baby's Own Tablets and they promptly cured him. Before this he had been rather delicate, but since using the Tablets he has been better and stronger in every way."

These Tablets can be given with an absolute certainty that they will do good to all children from a new born upwards. They contain no opiate or poisonous "soothing" stuff. Sold by medicine dealers or mailed at 25 cents a box by writing direct to Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE IDEAL WOMAN.

This is somebody's idea of the ideal woman. We have an ideal world is no place for such an ideal save as she is idealized in the idea of the idealist.

An ideal woman is one without an ideal. Not only is she easy to live with, but she is worth living for. She has no history.



There are very few cleansing operations in which Sunlight Soap cannot be used to advantage. It makes the home bright and clean.

She has no story. She is too clever to talk of woman's rights; she takes them. She wears frocks that match her hair; she does not dye her hair to match her frocks. She helps her husband to build up a future for himself, and never seeks to rake up his past.

She believes that a theory is the paper fortress of the immature, and that a clergyman may still be a man.

She knows that when men talk about a woman being good-looking they mean that she is well dressed, though they do not know it.

She does not insist upon her husband eating up the cucumber sandwiches left over from one of her parties; she eats them herself and suffers in silence.

She is not such a fool as to fancy that anyone is ever convinced by argument.

She does not reason; she loves. She does not believe that a man can love only once or only one. She herself prefers loving much to loving many.

She knows that every real woman is the ideal woman—the fact being that every ideal of the ideal woman is wholly dependent on the idealist, and every woman who is idealized is idealized.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

HIS TROUBLES NEVER CAME BACK

ERNEST GRANT TOOK DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS—THEY REMOVED THE CAUSE.

He Had Backache and Urinary Troubles for Twelve Years Before He Used the Great Kidney Remedy.

Montreal, July 27.—(Special.)—Ernest Grant, 287 1/2 Urban street, this city, is among those who never let an opportunity pass to say a good word for Dodd's Kidney Pills. He has his reasons for this, and here they are in his own words: "I had been troubled with Backache and Kidney Disease for twelve years," says Mr. Grant. "My urine was very dark and high colored. I would lose my sleep at night on account of having to rise so often to urinate. I could get nothing to help me."

"I tried several remedies, but all failed until I used Dodd's Kidney Pills. When I had taken four boxes, I was able to go to bed and take my rest, my Backache left me and I was cured. It has never come back."

When Dodd's Kidney Pills cure, the disease never comes back. They remove the cause.

THE "COCKNEY" AT HOME

IDEA OF THE LONDONER HELD BY PROVINCIAL ENGLISHMEN.

Believes the City Dweller is a Sophisticated and Privileged Person.

In spite of railways and cheap excursion tickets the provinces are still "provincial," and London, to many hundreds of thousands of worthy citizens, is but a city of hearsay.

It is curious what entirely erroneous ideas of the little ways and manners of the Londoner are acquired by those who live beyond the tentacles of the long-limbed monster. Even the straight-forward and unassuming person who lives near the miles of Charing Cross is clothed with a certain mysterious glamour when he has put a hundred miles between him and the great city. One of one who has lived near the seats of the mighty, and who has seen things strange and wonderful, says the Londoner.

The average provincial, for instance, who has a prodigious respect for royalty, is impressed with the idea that all Londoners constantly have the privilege of seeing the king and queen, ignorant of the fact that there are thousands, almost millions, of people living in London who have never caught even a distant glimpse of their majesties' persons.

The same idea is very general in the provinces with regard to prominent public persons, such as cabinet ministers, leading divines, notables of the bench and bar, and so on. When I was on a sojourn in the north of England I was constantly being interrogated as to the personal characteristics of such persons, and surprise was evinced if I had to confess, as was often the case, that I had never set eyes upon the person in question.

"But I thought you were a Londoner?" someone would say, doubtfully.

"Yes, so I am."

"Well, then, surely you have seen So-and-so?"

Then the Londoner, however respectable in his habits and virtues in character, is supposed to know more than he ought to do about the world, the flesh, and the devil. If, through ill-health or a sedentary life, he is pale and worn-looking, it is put down to hard living. If he is

robust and ruddy-looking, he is secretly admired for his "wonderful constitution."

"I suppose you find the London season very fatiguing?" says the provincial host to his guest, unexpecting that the life at Brixton or Clapham, or some other equally respectable suburb, where his greatest excitement is to lose his morning train, and his chief amusement a rubber of whist with his neighbor over the way.

THE WICKED CITY.

The wickedness of London and the inherent vice of Londoners are firmly rooted notions in the provincial mind, which take a good deal to eradicate. They draw general conclusions from the police court news and the society divorce cases, which are altogether too sweeping. We have our little failings and our little inconveniences; but after all a man may go home from the city to his suburb in spite of the vivacious hooligans, and a lady may do her shopping in Bond street, or even in High street, Kensington, without fear of being kidnapped in broad daylight. But the provincials on their first visit to London take a little time to shake off their nervousness of such things.

Nevertheless, the Londoner is much envious for living in the centre of civilization.

"What a privilege to live in touch with the British museum!" says the country clergyman, with a sigh of envy. "I suppose you drop in there constantly?"

"How glorious to live within a penny 'bus-ride of the national gallery!" says the artistic young lady.

"What a profound influence it must exercise upon one's mind to pass so often beneath the shadow of St. Paul's and to meditate in the dim religious light of Westminster abbey!" says the earnest young thinker of north country.

And the provincial youth, reveling in the romance of Scott and Harrison Ainsworth wishes to goodness he could spend his half holidays at the tower of London, like the lucky Londoner.

NEGLECTED PRIVILEGES.

What a little they know of that lucky Londoner! I do not suppose one in a thousand has ever entered the portals of the British museum, and the idea of dropping in constantly, would seem an excellent good joke to the average cockney, who would just as soon "drop in" to Wormwood Scrubs prison.

As for the national gallery, I have been there many a time, and found the only visitors to be a few enthusiasts of Londoners, as a rule, only use the gallery as a convenient shelter from the rain when passing through Trafalgar square, and then they stay beneath the portico, without troubling to go inside.

To provincial people who take an interest in political affairs—and most provincials are keen politicians—the glory of London and the happiness of Londoners consist in having the house of parliament in their midst.

All those names, familiar in their mouths as household words—the duke of Devonshire, Lord Lansdowne Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, and so on—are surrounded with the glamour of great renown. It is one of the chief ambitions of provincial people to see these great persons in the very flesh, to hear them speak in the house where the laws of England are made and unmade, and which is the shrine of great historic memories.

Yet a strange and almost pathetic feeling of disappointment comes over the provincial when he first gets an order from his member and goes through the turnstile into the strangers' gallery.

"Is this the house? How small! How unimpressive!"

It takes him a little time to recover from the preliminary shock. His imagination, aided by newspaper prints had conceived something much more vast and spacious, with crowds of members sitting in tiered ranks, the government supporters divided from the opposition by the front bench and the front opposition bench had loomed large and imposing. And, after all there is nothing to be seen but rows of plain-looking seats on which a few old fogeys are sitting, all sorts of ridiculous attitudes for all the world as if it were a town council meeting. And, worst of all, the member from the borough of Milltown is nowhere to be seen!

GLAD TO GET BACK.

The same disappointment awaits the provincial with regard to London generally. From his earliest childhood he has heard great things of the magnificence of London and of the wealth and grandeur of Londoners. Yet when he comes up to town like a man revisiting the scenes of his childhood, everything seems shrunken and insignificant. Even St. Paul's is not so vast and impressive as his imagination had pictured it, and as he rides on the omnibus down Fleet street and the strange he is surprised by the meanness of the buildings compared to those which had existed in his mind's eye.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Physician—"Your heart seems to be affected. You must either stop smoking or give up your girl." Patient—"That's easily remedied. Doctor, hand me my pipe, please."

ENGLISH SPRAIN LINIMENT

Removes all hard, soft or calloused blisters and hemorrhoids from hemorrhoids, cures, sprains, ring bone, swellings, stiffness, rheumatism and all other ailments. It is the most wonderful liniment cure ever known.

Wife—"I'm tired to death—been having the baby's photograph taken by the instantaneous process." Husband—"How long did it take?" Wife—"About four hours."

Carting Blue Ribbon Tea to Colombo

When Blue Ribbon Tea is hermetically sealed in lead it is carted from the upland districts of the interior of Ceylon—where only the best tea grows—to Colombo, there to be shipped to Canada. A queer cavalcade it makes—but it carries the richest, creamiest, most delicious tasting tea in the universe.

Black
Mixed
Ceylon Green

Forty Cents
Should be Fifty

Ask
for the
Red
Label



"What Luck!"

Libby Luncheons made ready in a few moments.

Veal Ham Potted Turkey
Deviled Lamb Ox Tongue, &c.
Quickly made ready to serve.

Are U. S. Government Inspected.

Keep in the house for emergencies—for suppers—for sandwiches—for any time when you will want good and want it quick. Handmade illustrated booklet, "Good Things to Eat" sent free. Send five 2c stamps for large Atlas of the World in color.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago, Ill.

TAXING AMUSEMENTS.

Russia has probably the most curious tax in the world. It is called the "amusement tax," and was instituted a year or two ago to found an institution for the poor, under the title of the "Empress Marie Foundation." The tax is laid on every amusement ticket sold, and the managers raise the price accordingly. Already more than 1,000,000 roubles have been raised in this way.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Dear Sir—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT in the livery stable for over a year and can testify to the very best for horse flesh I can get and strongly recommend it.

GEO. HOUGH.

Livery Stables, Quebec.

"I can't bear that Mrs. Torker."

She knows too much. "It is not what she knows, but what she wants to know and is trying to learn that annoys me."

CHEAPEST NEW YORK EXCURSION.

Ever planned goes via Lackawanna August 11. All trains. To advertise its scenery, service and equipment the Lackawanna Railroad will, on Aug. 11, put on sale tickets at Buffalo at \$9.00 the round trip, good for 15 days returning. This is the longest limit ever given. Choice of five trains leaving Buffalo at 2.45 and 8 a.m., 5.30, 8.45 and 11.30 p.m. If you want a ten hour trip it will cost \$9.50 on the Lackawanna Limited, the finest train in service. For our Canadian friends special diagrams will be sent to Geo. Bazzard, 35 Yonge street, Toronto, where bookings can be made. What ever you do, make reservations now. For particulars of this and other excursions write Fred P. Fox, D. P. A., Buffalo, N. Y.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Mother—"You naughty boy, you've been playing with those Sniff children again!" Wellington—"No, I ain't, ma! I jus' been fighting 'em."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

"It is said," murmured the musing theorizer, "to think that, as a great statesman once said, 'every man has his price.'" "Yes," admitted the intensely practically worker, "and it is a sad fact that half the time he can't get it."

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Write for free advice.

CARPET DYEING

and Cleaning. This is a specialty with the BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO. Send particulars by post and we are sure to satisfy. Address Box 155, Montreal.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

OUR BRANDS.

King Edward 1000s

"Headlight" 500s

"Eagle" 100s & 200s

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"Little Comet" 100s & 200s

Don't Experiment with other and inferior brands, USE EDDY'S

PARLOR MATCHES

HULL, CANADA

Goodness First—Price Afterwards

Should be the motto in purchasing household articles—more especially in woodenware.

CANE'S PAIS AND TUBS

are the goods it pays the housewife to purchase. "Just as good" means taking chances. Insist on your dealer supplying you with those bearing the name "Cane, Newmarket"—popularly priced.

For Over Sixty Years

Mabel—"Yes, dear, I will be a helpmeet to you, and try to lighten the daily troubles and worries of your life as best I can." Arthur—"But I have none, darling." Mabel—"Oh, you old goose! I mean when we are married, of course!"

Dominion Line Steamships

Montreal to Liverpool. Boston to Liverpool. Portland to Liverpool. Via Quebec.

Large and Fast Steamships. Superior accommodation for all classes of passengers. Saloons and Staterooms for the elite. Special attention has been given to the second Saloon and Third-Class accommodation. For rates of passage and all particulars, apply to any agent of the Company, or

Richards, Mills & Co. D. Torrance & Co. 71 State St. Boston. Montreal and Portland.

It is difficult principally count for anything

the patent inflated air pad truss and be a room. It holds the parts in such position that with fair play they must heal. It is light and comfortable to wear, and your confidence can procure it only from the Belt and Truss Mfg. Co., Harris Specialist, 433 Spadina Ave., Toronto. Write now.

22-47

ORANGES LEMONS

We have Mexicans, California Navels, Valencias, and Seville. WE HAVE THE BEST

BANANAS.

Carload every week. All the above at market prices. We can also handle your Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Maple Syrup and other produce to advantage for you.

THE DAYSON COMMISSION CO., Limited, 409 West Market St., Toronto.

INFANTS' DELIGHT

Toilet Soap Best for Big Folks & Little Folks

JOHN TAYLOR & CO. Perfumers and Soap Makers TORONTO.

ISSUE NO. 31-03

THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1903.

Crop Prospects.

This has been one of the most remarkable seasons in the history of farming in Ontario. The spring opened with every prospect of a fruitful year. Never did spring crops go in under better conditions, but the subsequent long continued dry spell at one time threatened to blast every hope formed at seed time. Since then there has been abundance of rain—almost too much at times—and the effect on the growing crops has been without a parallel. Even in the sections which suffered most from drouth the grain crops now promise at least a fair yield, and in other sections the promise is now beyond that of last year. Even the hay crop will be—taking the Province as a whole—a fair average. True, a good deal has been damaged by rain, but, despite the heavy weather, there is a lot of well saved hay in the country. With good average crops, hogs selling well, and a record in dairying, farmers are assured another fat year.—The Weekly Sun.

In New York, we are told, a club is founded on so expensive a scale with a membership so narrow and with fittings so costly as to exclude all but millionaires. It may be questioned whether since the volubility of the Roman Empire, there has been anything equal in its way to the smart set of New York. Pleasure in its most selfish and gross forms combined with the most vulgar display seems to be the whole object of a circle, the enormous wealth of whose members has not always been made in the best of ways. The domestic morality of the set is on a par with its tastes, and it frequently sets the community the salutary example of free divorce. What anarchist agitator can preach against the existing order of society so effectively as this spectacle? The inequalities of the human lot must have touched the heart of anyone who has any feeling for his kind. It may be accepted as a necessity, and those who suffer by it may be called upon to endure it, so long as it appears that the more fortunate are mindful of their duty to their fellows, and that there is a general effort in the direction of social justice. But if the object which meets the up-turned eye of labor wearied with toil is the millionaire club of New York, laws against anarchism will be made and sermons will be preached in vain.—A Bystander in Weekly Sun.

The cigarette is doing frightful harm to many of our boys. It is sapping their strength, stupefying their minds, weakening their moral fibre, and spoiling their manhood. Ask the school teachers what the effects of cigarette doing among the pupils. Ask the doctors what the effects of cigarette smoking are upon growing boys. The fathers and mothers of Canada are deeply interested in this campaign. The mothers have no votes, but they have great influence over those who have. Let them use that influence to save the boys from the cigarette.—Guardian.

The laws of the State of Michigan require all railway companies whose earnings from passenger traffic are \$3,000 per mile or more to sell passenger tickets for two cents per mile. Where the passenger earnings are over \$2,000 a mile and less than \$3,000 the rate is two and one-half cents per mile. Where the rate is less than \$2,000 a mile the rate is three cents per mile. Under this law the Grand Trunk, the Wabash, and the Michigan Central Railroad all carry passengers through Michigan at the two cent rate. Each of these railroads charges a three cent rate in Ontario. In addition to this, all Michigan railroads, except those in the Upper Peninsula, are required to sell for \$20 one thousand mile tickets, to be used by the purchaser or his wife or children. The Grand Trunk Railway sells such tickets at all its Michigan stations, but from none of its stations in Ontario.

A new society has been formed in England for the suppression of profanity, known as the "National Association for the Suppression of Bad Language." As indicated by its name the object of the organization is most praiseworthy in every way, but as indicating a condition of manners and morals in even good society, its necessity is deplorable. Profanity and bad language are the expressions of people of low origin and coarse and vulgar minds, and no matter what such persons may now appear or pretend to be those signs are unfailing as to the gutter from which they came and still belong. Both of these vile habits prevail to some extent in Canada.

The Provincial Government has decided to offer for sale the pine timber on 930 square miles of country in northern Ontario.

There are 19 asylums for the insane in Canada. Ontario has eight of these. There are 127 public charitable institutions, not including insane asylums, in Ontario, accommodating about 40,000 inmates, with an expenditure of nearly one million of dollars.

Two thousand one hundred and eighty new settlers for the Canadian Northwest arrived at Quebec on Monday by the last ocean steamers from Liverpool, the Lake Manitoba, the Tunisian, and the Dominion. Up to the present over 40,000 immigrants have been landed during the present season at the port of Quebec.

On its 1,300 miles of road in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, the Canadian Pacific Railway pays in taxes \$241,809, an average of 38¢ per mile. On its 7,300 miles of road in Canada it pays in taxes \$142,222, an average of 19.45¢ per mile. In the United States it has received no bonuses. In Canada it has received in donations in money and lands over one hundred million dollars.

The Times' Rome correspondent says there are at least 20 Papal candidates.

The funeral of the late Judge Armour took place at Cobourg on Monday last.

The steel billet pool, it is claimed, will completely control the steel market.

The late King Milan of Serbia refused a glass of poison at a banquet in his honor.

New and important regulations have been made by the Ontario Government affecting loan companies, which will tend to the greater protection of shareholders.

Two girls walked into Bellevue Hospital, New York, on Saturday, and wanted a two-year-old girl dwarf, weighing two pounds, made bigger, but were disappointed.

A load of hay was being delivered at the Arctic Company's icehouse at Winnipeg, when a small boy with a match ignited the load. The result was a \$40,000 fire.

Mrs. Bond, wife of the Rev. G. J. Bond, editor of the Christian Guardian, died at St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, on Saturday last. Her body was taken to St. Johns, Newfoundland, for burial.

The coldest weather experienced on Mount Washington, New Hampshire, in July for many years was recorded early on Monday. At 7 a. m., under a 70-mile gale, the thermometer dropped to 16.

A touching episode of the homecoming was witnessed at the house of A. C. Waggoner, Kingston, Ont., when Albert Waggoner, of Chicago, aged over 50, looked into the eyes of his charming sister, about 20, whom he had never seen in his life before.

Sunday morning Rev. Mr. Stewart of the Baptist church at Durham, the oldest minister in northern Ontario, who is now in his 94th year, and still retains much of his old-time vigor, preached in the Presbyterian church at Durham. He told the congregation that when he came to Upper Canada there were only five Presbyterian ministers in this Province.

Here is a copy of the command which has gone out from the United States Post Office Department:—"A husband has no right to receive the mail addressed to his wife against her wishes. As to the mail addressed to the children the father has the prior right to receive it, unless there be some peculiar circumstances in the case which the department might take into consideration on a statement of the facts being presented."

The harvest fields of South Dakota looked so much better to the tent men of the Forepaugh and Sells Brothers' circus, which was touring that state, than about 200 of them forsook the show and took to the fields. As a result, when the circus reached Sioux City it became necessary to hire about 200 boys of all ages to assist in putting up the tent. Some delay was experienced in getting things in shape.

Pointed Paragraphs.

A woman isn't necessarily a dream because she happens to be contrary.

Many a wife in after years is sorry that she didn't stick to her \$6-a-week job.

About three minutes after starting an argument with a woman a man realizes that he is lost.

A small boy never misses what he throws at, unless there is a large pane of glass just back of his target.

It is taking an unfair advantage of a Russian to ask him to pronounce his name when he has been drinking.

Nothing makes a woman so mad as to have a man she dislikes refuse to give her an opportunity to turn him down.

When a man gazes heavenward and sees two moons he is not in a proper frame of mind to make weather predictions.

Don't get the idea into your head that a woman is more economical than a man just because her waist is smaller.

As rule women are more liberal than men. The wife who has a mind of her own is continually giving her husband pieces of it.

When a person is down in the world an ounce of help is worth a pound of preaching.

The ocean is the only power of earth that can make a woman indifferent to her personal appearance.

A man doesn't love a woman to distraction if he doesn't write letters to her that will make him blush after he is dead.

Somehow the man who offers bargains manages to acquire wealth faster than those who are always looking for them.

People don't worry half as much about what the Lord thinks of them as they do about what their neighbors say of them.

Sarcasm.

A young author, evidently desirous of benefiting by the experience of an older brother craftsman, once asked Richard Henry Stoddard how he had acquired such a mastery of Anglo-Saxon.

"I don't know how I ever did it," replied the poet, who, after a moment's reflection, added, "I think, however, I must attribute it to the fact that I never had any education!"

Scouting a New Scheme.

Mr. Tucker—What is it, Tommy? Toothache? Well, we'll go to the dentist tomorrow. Even at your age a boy ought to begin to save his teeth.

Tommy—Geef! If I save up enough do I get something for 'em, pay?

The Proper Way In.

"You say Grace married into the smart set?"

"Gracious, no; she was divorced into it."

Clubbing List

The NEWS-ARGUS will club with the following papers at the rates mentioned:

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Mr. Leo Morris, a New York business man, states that the Americans in London, as well as the best thinking people in the States, are justly indignant at the apparent presumption of Andrew Carnegie in attacking Canada and attempting to speak for the people of the United States.

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A good young Milch Cow. Apply to R. N. BIRD, Stirling, P.O. Lot 28, Con. S. Sidney.

Notice To Creditors.

In the matter of the estate of MATILDA TODD, late of the Village of Stirling, in the County of Hastings, widow, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1897, Chap. 129, Sec. 38, to all creditors and other persons having claims against the estate of Matilda Todd, late of the Village of Stirling, in the County of Hastings, widow, deceased, who died on or about the 19th day of February, A.D. 1899, to send by mail, prepaid, or otherwise to deliver to Jane Hoyle, of Wellman's Corners, Executor of the estate of the said Matilda Todd, or to J. Earl Halliwell, barrister, Stirling, her solicitor, on or before the 29th day of August, A.D. 1903, a statement in writing of their names and addresses, and full particulars of their claims or demands and the nature of the security (if any) held by them.

And notice is further given that after the date above mentioned the said executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims notice of which shall have been given as required.

All persons indebted to the said estate are also hereby notified to hand in the amount of their indebtedness, on or before the said 29th day of August, 1903, to the said executor.

J. EARL HALLIWELL, Solicitor for Executor.

Dated the 29th day of July, 1903.

BACKACHE

And all Kidney Trouble instantly relieved and cured by O. R. Kidney Cure.

Belleville, April 15th, 1902.

The O. R. Medicine Co., Toronto.

Gentlemen,—Having given your O. R. Kidney Cure a thorough test for a serious kidney disorder from which I suffered for several years, I take much pleasure in bearing testimony to the intrinsic qualities of this medicine, as being the most reliable preparation in the market, and I cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers from kidney or bladder troubles.

W. H. CAMPBELL, Chief Fire Dept.

O. R. KIDNEY CURE is put up in liquid form, contains no poisons, is quickly assimilated and will cure all kidney and urinary troubles.

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The O. R. MEDICINE CO., Limited, TORONTO, ONT.

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It's a Worthy Offering.

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If your wants are not supplied the prices alone will make plain the saving possible. If they are supplied, you'll save by buying for next season. Coming from Paris, where fashions are created, these are in reality advance patterns. They will be as good next season as this.

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The wearing season is at its height. Now is just the time you need a Muslin Dress. The busy season for dressmakers is over, if you desire you can have it made at once.

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This bargain is for you—for everybody who acts at once. Samples will enable you to fully appreciate the offering. A post card brings them.

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THE NEWS-ARGUS

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contains the cream of agricultural thought, and practical men continue to read it because it pays them and because they want the best. We want thousands of new subscribers who will appreciate something good. The sooner you subscribe, the more you will get.

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And the funny part of this story from the Milwaukee Sentinel is that John kept his word.

STRONGER THAN DEATH OR A RANSOMED LIFE

CHAPTER IV.

As the evening wore on, Eva's anxious eyes were quick to note that Ardel was in a strange mood. She had never seen him quite like this before. She knew him the happiest of men, whose life was all benevolence and enjoyment; one to whom all pleasant things were pleasant and all pleasant things beautiful. Once or twice before she had seen the radiance of his life dimmed, as it were, by some black foreboding, but it passed in a moment, leaving all things bright as before its coming. But now the gloom seemed to deepen as the hours went by, and when he roused himself his gaiety was strained.

His rest faced the window, for Eva knew his fancies, of which a love of Nature's loveliness was the chief. The twilight gleamed down softly on the quiet scene. For a moment the rim of the red sun touched the horizon, turning the river to old gold and setting the woods in a blaze. Then slowly the day died away into dusk.

"Another glorious day spent and gone," Ardel murmured impatiently. "So much less life left."

He brightened presently when the two youngest children, rosy and curly, in white dresses and big blue sashes, flattered into the room. Fickle Jeanette deserted her new friend Lucy to perch upon his knee, and prattled to him like an equal, while he forced her among the cake and fruit on the dining-table.

"I love 'oo," she said sweetly, regarding a huge ripe strawberry with her head on one side; and for a moment it was doubtful if it was the berry or the man who was so favored. "I love 'oo 'cause you give me new berries. Eva I go up a big lady. I will maw 'oo if 'oo wait for me."

"I wish I could, my pet," said Ardel. "I only wish I could wait, but I can't, you know."

When the children vanished, a bottle of rare wine was carried in carefully by the host, in its wicker-work cradle, and very carefully he filled three glasses with the liquid sunshine.

"Your health, Ardel," he cried cheerily, "and many, many happy returns of the day."

Eva's soft voice repeated the prayer, and Lucy breathed it silently in her grateful heart.

But even as he spoke Trevor remembered suddenly what Ardel had said at the Cecil about birthdays. He saw him wince, and his lips tighten, and his cheeks pale as with a sudden pang.

It passed in a moment, and Vivian gaily blinked glasses all round and thanked them with a word and a smile. But he put down his glass, and wine almost unbidden, and his friend's keen eye saw that he was moved beyond his wont.

"Are you in pain, Ardel?" he said, and the two women looked the same question anxiously.

"My dear fellow! I mean say that I never know what pain is—not, at least, that I can remember. A mere selfish trouble gripped me for a moment, a trouble that cannot be helped or mended, that every living creature has to bear as well as I, if that were any comfort, which it is not. I'll smoke a cigar in the garden, if you will let me," he looked at Eva, who smiled and nodded, and came back in what you would call a more Christianlike frame of mind.

At Ardel's the room John Trevor turned kindly to the young girl at his side, whose eyes were full of sympathy.

"Don't look so sad, Miss—"

"Call her Lucy, John. You may as well begin it at once. She is one of ourselves now, you know."

"Well, Lucy, if I put down her as Trevor shyly (men are shy of women), 'you must not be so pained about Dr. Ardel. He is the happiest man upon earth, and shares his happiness freely all round. The world has been very good to him, and he is worthy of the best that it has to give. For ten years I have known him; I have never seen him like this but once before. That

once was at the graveside of a dear friend of both, who died while Ardel was abroad, and whose life he could have saved if he had but known in time."

There was a catch in Trevor's voice as he recalled the scene, and this little touch of sympathy quite won Lucy's heart to him. Her shyness left her, and presently they were talking freely together like old friends.

Then Eva slipped unnoticed from the table, threw a light, fluffy shawl of white wool over her head, and passed through the conservatory out into the old-fashioned garden, where the flowers slept softly in the pure moonlight, making the still air sweet with their breath.

Vivian Ardel, pacing the garden restlessly, was aware of a white figure in his path, and two soft brown eyes looking with tenderest sympathy into his own.

He took the hand she held to him and patted it softly as an elder brother might. "Well, Eva," he said, smiling, "restless, like myself? If I believed in ghosts or angels, I might have taken you for one just now."

"Why are you restless? Why are you sad to-night, Vivian? Tell me what your trouble is, that I may try to comfort you."

"The coward's trouble, Eva—fear."

"Fear! you afraid, Vivian! Don't put me off with a jest."

"Call it what you will, its true name is fear—abject fear, shrinking, horror, loathing, of the inevitable death."

There was such misery in his deep voice that the soft brown eyes brimmed with pitying tears. "Oh! if I could only help or comfort you."

"You cannot, Eva. No power in the world or out of it can help or hinder; there is no keener back of death."

"Except God, Vivian."

"God!" he began impatiently, but checked himself. "I wish I could believe like you, Eva; rightly or wrongly, it would hardly matter. I should at least escape despair. If I could hope as you do, I should be happy."

"Faith comes first, Vivian; hope and love follow."

"But one cannot have faith by the longing for it. I can force myself to speak, or act, or work, but to believe I cannot. My thoughts won't change by wishing. I think what I must. Reward or punishment cannot tempt or force faith or unfaith. I have searched the world of science, Eva, I have striven my eyes out into the void after death, and I find the hope of a future life—nowhere."

"Do not deny God even in your thoughts, Vivian!" she cried, with a thrill of religious terror.

"I deny nothing," he answered sadly. "I only doubt. It is the vice of my nature or the virtue. I can take nothing on trust. I accept no other guide than my reason, and when that fails I doubt. Who am I, enveloped in mystery, that I should dare to make denial or assertion of the unknown or accept the denial or assertion of others who can know no more than myself? No! I am no mocking sceptic, Eva; no exultant apostle of infidelity. My doubt springs from an humble consciousness of ignorance."

"He has revealed Himself to us, Ardel. Can you not take His word undoubtingly?"

"Revelation! When all is said and done it stands on human evidence, and assertion—men's statement and men's argument. I must judge the authority, weigh the argument. I must think for myself, as well as they. I have tested their evidence, and it fails to convince me."

"I know and feel it is true."

"I would not shake your confidence for the world, Eva. Right or wrong, it makes you happy, and that is everything. I envy your faith, but I cannot share it. In all this world death is the one thing I find certain."

scores and hundreds of statements which are received at these offices from reputable people in all walks of life.

Mrs. W. Wilkins, Henry street, Belleville, Ont., states: "I suffered a great deal with pains in the small of the back caused from kidney trouble. Whenever I stooped I could scarcely rise again, the pains were so great. The disease became so severe that it affected my general health, and I was becoming very feeble. Since using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I can say that my trouble has entirely disappeared. I can speak in the highest terms of this medicine from the way it acted in my case."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase are on every box.

"And after death a better and a brighter life, for ever."

He shook his head. "I can hope for no other life than this," he said. "I am a sceptic. What religious folk hope for in Heaven—golden harps, and crowns, and thrones, and spotless robes, and jasper pavement, and eternal music, and ineffable glory, do not appeal to me in the least. The world we know is infinitely more delightful in its harmony, its beauty, its infinite variety, in the myriad enjoyments it offers to sense, and intellect, and imagination. Give me immortality and I should take it here. It is because the world is so delightful that death—the end of all things—is so intolerable."

"Surely, Vivian, your own soul assures you that you can never die."

"The greatest man that ever lived and died—save one—has said 'the wish is father to the thought.' It is our own wish, shrinking from annihilation that breeds this flattering hope of immortality. When we die, we die; and there is an end. Our birth is an accident. We issue from the void, and return to it."

Lucy were talking like old friends. Looking through the darkness into the light, they could see the smile upon her lips; they could hear the cheerful tones of her gentle voice.

"She too has forgotten death," said Vivian Ardel, "though she has just escaped by a miracle from its grasp, and her mother lies in a new-made grave. How strange is this oblivion, and how merciful! Without it, what misery would life be!"

(To be continued.)

HOT WEATHER WISDOM.
Common Sense in Diet and Dress Is the Main Thing.

None suffer more torture on a sultry day than those who make it their special effort to avoid perspiring. There is no necessity to preach the gospel of athletes to his generation. Our colleges are turning out more athletes than scholars, and the largest professional incomes are being earned by champion athletes.

But if there were fewer "champions" and a more general summer observance of those rules of good living which are based on common sense in diet and dress and a regular but temperate resort to outdoor exercise, the average happiness would be far greater and we should hear much less groaning about the hot weather.

There is such a thing as taking Longfellow's exhortation to "be a hero in the strife" too literally. The bicyclist, for often wants to be a "scorch" and a "record breaker" or nothing at all. The spirit of professionalism—the "champion" fever—is encroaching fast and far upon all our popular recreations.

Fat-producing foods are heat-producing foods. They are not needed in summer in such quantities as in winter. Strong animal diet, never very good for persons of sedentary life, is particularly bad for them now.

Alcoholic beverages are, of course, aggravators of heat, and should be used with great caution at this season. Much less drinking of any kind is needed to allay thirst than is generally supposed. It is the mouth and throat that are dry, not the stomach. Rinsing the mouth and gargling the throat with cold water (not iced), without swallowing, will relieve thirst more effectually than putting a lot of iced liquids into the stomach.

In dress, too, temperance is the summer word. The thin clothing fad may be carried too far. The entire abandonment of woolen for cotton and linen garments is against the true philosophy of the perspiring period.

Light woolen underclothing is promotive of health—not only of health, but of coolness in the hottest of weather. It encourages perspiration to the useful point only and then checks it.

Good temper is also a great factor in hot weather happiness. Heat tends to irritability and irritability tends to more heat. Therefore, when the thermometer is rising, cultivate serenity of disposition, avoid fretting and fuming and "take things easy."

It is not frightened by that thought, Vivian. The human soul is to me infinitely higher, more wonderful, more deserving the Creator's care, than a whole inanimate universe, than all those great globes of mere lifeless matter."

"Who can tell, Eva, that they are lifeless? Why should our little earth, which is no more than a speck of dust in the universe, be specially distinguished? How dare we dogmatize of worlds which we see as sparks in the darkness—to which even our thoughts cannot reach? Our tiny lives have their beginning and their end. There was no life before birth, and there is none after death. The sole wisdom is in a enjoyment, to ignore death, since we cannot hope to evade it."

"I have never seen you like this before, Vivian."

"I have seldom been like this before, but lately never. In youth I was a more vivid to us, and in which we can find no meaning. But the thought of it has come closer to me of late. The sight of that poor girl whose life was lost and won had made her name dear. I envied your children, Eva, to-night; envied them the long stretch of happy life they have before them in this wonderful world. I felt a wild longing for my lost youth as I looked at them and listened to them. Let me confess all my folly. This birthday has been a trouble and a fear to me for a long time back. Some one has said that at thirty

years is the birthday of old age. I feel it is so. The best half of my life has gone. I have crossed the summit of the hill and am going down. Suddenly, just now, for one awful moment, I realized what death meant. The thought that the day was coming, and must come, when I, that think, and speak, and feel, and live, shall be no more, gripped my shuddering heart-strings with intolerable fear. Only for a moment, or I should have gone mad. Even now I but faintly realize the meaning of my own words. The cold fit of fear has passed away. I feel I shall live over, and I shall not test the folly of the thought. The warm, unreasoning glow of life and happiness is full upon me again, and death is no more than a meaningless name. There is no death!"

"There is no death," echoed Eva with assured faith to her own heart. They walked together towards the house, and passed close to the open window of the sitting-room. The window itself lay in black shadow, across which the warm glow of the lamplight streamed out till it melted in the cold, white moonshine beyond. Within the room Trevor and Lucy were talking like old friends.

Looking through the darkness into the light, they could see the smile upon her lips; they could hear the cheerful tones of her gentle voice.

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MIGHT THINK HARDER.
"Do you smoke?"
"Yes, sometimes. It helps me think, don't it?"
"Do smoke—I, I love the odor of tobacco."

NO PROHIBITION THERE.
Punta Arenas, in Chili, enjoys perhaps a greater number of various public-houses than any other place of similar size in the world. There are in the town 180 houses and about 1,800 inhabitants, adult and juvenile. For this population there exist sixty-five public-houses, or about one to every twenty-seven inhabitants.

ON THE FARM.

MILK FLOW IN HOT WEATHER.

If the milk flow is once lessened it cannot be regained during the current lactation period, writes Mr. E. C. Bennett. When "dog days" come and it means not only the loss of milk in paying quantity then, but continuously to the end of the cow's milking period. So a study of causes and preventives is necessary to dairy success. It is common to lay the trouble to flies. Flies do annoy, and annoyance lessens milk secretion. First, then, we must seek to lessen this annoyance. We can use some application which is calculated to drive the flies off. I have done this effectively but the cost and trouble of applying is considerable. I now depend upon systematic care of the cows instead.

The bottom cause of shrinkage is lack of feed. If flies so annoy that the cows do not feed, then the milk flow decreases at once. But flies get in their most effective work during the middle of the day. If the cows are turned out early to a good pasture, they will fill themselves with grass, then adjourn to a nice shady place to chew the cud and make the grass into milk. This shady place where the air circulates freely, should always be provided and to it they can repair for comfort.

Another very helpful practice is to turn them out to pasture at night after milking is done, and get the milking done early, so they will fill themselves in the twilight and refill the udder with milk for the morning milking. To be able to milk early I hang a gunny sack curtain over the top half of the door, so the cows will switch off the flies in entering. Then the door is closed with the flies outside and yourself and the cows inside. You can then milk in comfort. It should be added that all windows are provided with wire screens, which allow the air to enter but not the flies.

But sometimes the pastures are parched and brown. Then supplemental feed must be provided. I have tried peas and oats but not with the success I anticipated. My land may not be good for peas. The first extra feed I give is fresh meadow grass. Cows like it. It may be cured to make it lighter to handle and yet they will eat it with a relish for it is fresh and fragrant. I have also had good results with green oats, and as soon as harvest commences I feel no fears of lack of proper feed with no extra trouble, for the sheaves fresh from the field furnish both roughage and grain. After that corn, sweet or common, fills the bill better and cheaper than any other thing.

Sometimes it pays to cut the feed for the morning, the night before, in fact, with me it always does, for getting out early, when the dew is on, is taking a dew bath which is most disagreeable, and the wilting, if cut the night before, makes it more supple and certainly more pleasant to handle. For convenience I find no way equal to leaving the corn binder right in the field, hitching on to it at evening chore time, cutting two feeds, throwing the corn on a low platform wagon and hauling to the barn. Circumstances of course sometimes alter cases and make it convenient to feed part of the green corn on the pasture grass.

EXPERIENCE WITH RAPE.
An instructive bulletin dealing with rape plants, has been issued recently by the central experiment farm, Ottawa, Rape, according to this bulletin, is simple of culture, makes a strong, rapid growth in Canada and adapts itself readily to different soils and to various climatic conditions.

While rape will grow on almost any kind of arable land, it does best on soils rich in plant food. It should be sown on fields prepared as they would be for roots or corn. New land may be profitably used to grow this crop for a year or two immediately after being cleared. Large crops are practically certain on such land. The crop grown under favorable conditions is ready for pasture in about five weeks. By cutting for soiling not lower than 4 or 5 inches from the ground, a

second crop and even a third may be obtained from the same area, without further seeding.

The method of seeding in rows is generally much to be preferred to sowing broadcast. For fattening and growing pigs, rape cannot be surpassed. An acre sown on good land will carry from 25 to 40 pigs from June 15 to October. Cattle thrive on it when it is fed in connection with natural grass pasture. In feeding rape to cattle and sheep, care should be taken to prevent bloating. They should never be allowed to enter a field when they are hungry and more especially if the rape is wet from dew, rain or frost.

KEEPING HENS.
We have always kept a few chickens for our own use, never giving them much attention, except feeding twice a day and getting the eggs, writes Hettie Hinson. Sometimes they would lay no eggs from October till March. We always had anywhere from 18 to 60 hens. We never kept geese, had no luck with turkeys, and made nothing on ducks. In 1900, we bought an incubator, used it two years and concluded it did not pay. In 1901, we bought a bone crusher. It has paid for itself by the increase in the number of eggs laid.

We never kept account of the profit in chickens until 1900. That year we had 60 hens. They laid 377 dozen eggs and at the end of the year we had a balance of \$74 for chickens and eggs. In 1901 we had 60 hens. They laid 324 dozen eggs, and we had a balance of \$65. In 1902 we had 94 hens, and they laid 422 dozen eggs, leaving a balance of \$73.

We have two coops. One is a rail coop, 20x8 feet, with a 10-foot front and 6-foot back. The other is a lumber coop 12x8 feet, with a 10-foot front and 6-foot back. Our chickens have a range of 60 acres. We now have 60 hens, and from January 1 to April 1 they laid 98 dozen eggs, which gave a profit of \$32. We feed four quarts corn, two quarts wheat and two quarts oats per day in two feeds, morning and evening. They get green bone every other day at noon. The little chicks get dry feed, bread, corn bread and rolled oats.

HARDY WINTER WHEATS.
In a series of tests at Ontario experiment station the hardest varieties of winter wheat are the following: Tasmania Red, Red Velvet Chaff, Red Wanderer, Prize Taker, Standard, Siberian, Dawson Golden Chaff, Pride of Tennessee. The Dawson Golden Chaff gave the largest yield during a series of tests covering five years, with Early Genesee a close second. These varieties also possess a stiff straw—a desirable characteristic in a heavy yielding wheat.

Piles.
To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain cure for hemorrhoids, piles, itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturer has guaranteed its effectiveness in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. See box at all dealers or EDMONDSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment
VERY ECCENTRIC INDEED.

"Of course you quite understand that I shall call upon Mrs. Whiffler for your character," remarked Mrs. Taggerty to the girl she had just engaged.

"Certainly, m'm," replied the girl; "although I would rather you didn't, for Mrs. Whiffler is so eccentric that she is not always to be relied upon."

"In what way is she eccentric?" "She insists that her husband is quite a model father and husband, and that her children have never caused her a moment's anxiety."

"H'm—not much in that."

"Then she says that she is perfectly content with one new dress and one new hat each season."

"H'm—she is eccentric, then?" "She doesn't cycle, says it isn't womanly, and she never thinks that women have got their rights and have nothing to fight for."

"Good gracious! you don't say so!"

"And, finally, she has never attended a bargain sale, and says that the only things sold at them are the women who buy."

"Oh, the women's mad! I sha'n't trouble her for your character; you can come in when you like."

Women Have Kidney Disease

And Often Make the Mistake of Attributing the Resulting Backache to Other Causes

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Many women have kidney disease and do not know it. They confuse the symptoms of kidney disease with those of ailments of a feminine nature. We would warn you against this danger, as a few days' neglect of kidney disease may mean years of suffering.

Pains in the small of the back or weakness and lameness of the back are the most marked symptoms of kidney disease; others are loss of flesh, dry, harsh skin, deposits in the urine, swelling of the feet and legs, severe headaches, stiffness and soreness of the muscles, rheumatic pains, cold chills in back and loins, scalding, painful urination, weariness and despondency.

There is, we believe, no preparation extant which affords such prompt relief for backache and the other distressing symptoms of kidney disease as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. That this preparation is a thorough cure is evidenced by the

scores and hundreds of statements which are received at these offices from reputable people in all walks of life.

Mrs. W. Wilkins, Henry street, Belleville, Ont., states: "I suffered a great deal with pains in the small of the back caused from kidney trouble. Whenever I stooped I could scarcely rise again, the pains were so great. The disease became so severe that it affected my general health, and I was becoming very feeble. Since using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I can say that my trouble has entirely disappeared. I can speak in the highest terms of this medicine from the way it acted in my case."



Jim Dumps and wife invariably Had "Force" for Sunday evening tea. When cook went out that afternoon, "Tis but a saucer and a spoon To wash—a task not grim— And all are pleased," laughed "Sunny Jim."

FORCE
The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

pleases everybody in every way.

"We use 'Force' at home and like it exceedingly."
"H. R. SANDERSON."

THE DOG AND THE HEN.

THE MOST WIDELY DISTRIBUTED ANIMALS.

Regions Where Horses Can't Live
—Great Range of Cattle.

The dog is the most widely distributed of the domestic animals. He lives in the lowly hut of the African savage and is the companion of the Greenland Eskimau, the most northern inhabitants of the world. He is in fact the inseparable companion of man and is found wherever the human race exists. His habitat is thus extended further north and further south than that of any other domestic animal.

The horse also has a very wide habitat. He lives north of the Arctic circle only in the northern parts of Norway and Sweden; the northern half of North America and the northern third of Asia never see him. The most northern part of his habitat in Asia is around the north shores of the Sea of Okhotsk and in the neighborhood of Yakutsk on the Lena River. South of this latitude he is found nearly everywhere except in very moist and hot regions, like the Amazon basin and equatorial Africa and the southern part of India. He thrives in the dry heat of the Sahara Desert. In many of the oases, but he would be sought for in vain in tropical Africa between the latitude of the Cape Verde Islands and the Tropic of Capricorn.

When explorers pushed northward from the Congo basin, they were greatly surprised on reaching a region near Lake Chad to find the horse in abundance. Their astonishment was unbounded when they saw the horsemen of the Soudan on the fleetest of riding animals that had

EVER MET THEIR GAZE.

The mule is more generally distributed over South America than any other of the continents, being found there everywhere excepting along a part of the hot, damp coast between Pernambuco and Rio de Janeiro and he is also practically unknown in the Guianas, the Amazon basin and Terra del Fuego. His home covers perhaps a fifth as much area as that of the horse. There are few mules around our Great Lakes excepting along their southern shores, but from the lakes the mule extends southward to the Straits of Magellan. His home is all temperate and hot countries is practically coextensive with that of the horse, but it does not extend nearly as far north as the horse's range, and he is not found in the deserts.

The range of the ass is about as large as that of the mule, but he lives in Asia, far to the northeast of the mule's habitat, and his habitat stretches across the continent as far as Irkutsk on Lake Baikal.

The range of the tame reindeer has been widely extended in northern Asia by the tribes that number him among their valuable animals, and now he is in process of being widely introduced into Alaska. Civilization, therefore, has done much to extend the habitat of this animal to the south, but the domesticated reindeer has not been introduced into most of the great regions of the Arctic, where the wild animal roams at will.

THE RANGE OF CATTLE.

is practically coextensive with that of the horse. Cattle, however, are found more extensively in very hot, damp climates than the horse and are entirely absent from dry deserts, regions where the horse is found in considerable numbers.

Cattle, for example, are wholly lacking in the desert of Sahara, but they graze in the southern part of India, where no horses are found. They are generally found wherever there is grass, except in some hot regions of excessive humidity, while the horse is important only in regions where grain supplements grass as a part of his food.

The hen occupies nearly all the world, and its range may be as great as that of the dog if it is extended farther north and south; but it is found north of the Arctic Circle only in Norway and Sweden, and is as yet lacking in the southern part of South America, except where the Scotch have settled in the Argentine. Travellers throughout the most of Africa and India and in many little-known parts of the world can usually add chickens to their food resources without difficulty, but there are some large lands where no fowls are found, where the hen is not found and more than half of Australia is destitute of this animal.

NEARLY ALL OUR CATS

are found to the south of southern Iceland, and New Zealand is the most southern country in which they live. They are almost wholly lacking among the islands of the Pacific Ocean, excepting the Hawaiian group. There are plenty of them in the Philippines, but they are practically unknown in the myriads of islands to the east of that archipelago. The cat has been introduced into the Danish West Indies, and is not a domestic animal among barbarous peoples. The result is that the animal is not known in about one-third of South America, including nearly the entire Amazon basin, and is never seen in at least two-thirds of Africa. It lives in Morocco, Algeria, along the Nile and among the whites on the east and west coasts; but the vast expanses of the Sahara and of the tropical interior of Africa do not know this animal.

The domesticated ostrich is not found in any of the parts of the world, but is confined in Africa to the north and the south parts of the continent, where he is raised for his feathers. As is well known, there are a number of ostrich farms in Arizona, where he is raised, where the animal is thriving.

The honey bee lives almost all over the world where flowers supply the nectar it requires, except in the

Amazon basin, in most of which the bee is not found. The bee, therefore, is distributed all over our country, though very sparsely in the dry and unwooded regions of the West. It is wholly absent in the cold and most of the desert parts of the world.

The silk worm girdles the earth between the fiftieth parallel of north latitude and the Tropic of Cancer, being found further south only in Siam and Cochinchina. In other words, it lives wherever the mulberry and other trees on which it feeds are found in perfection. It belongs exclusively to the northern hemisphere, but may yet be introduced into parts of the southern hemisphere that are favorable for the mulberry.

SAW THE LIGHT BRIGADE

VETERAN REMEMBERS THE FAMOUS SIX HUNDRED.

Served Through the Crimean Campaign With Sir Colin Campbell.

A parade of Grand Army of the Republic veterans and civic societies was held in the city of Colorado, recently, after which the usual exercises took place at the Sterling Cemetery.

In the exercises Mr. Thompson was the entire center of attraction, says the Rocky Mountain News. "The old gray hair, the erect, soldier-like form, the vigorous, an aged but dauntless eye was noted and wondered at by all. This old soldier was born at Linnithgow, Scotland, during the last hour of the last day in the year 1819. In 1852 he enlisted in the Seventy-ninth Cameron Highlanders while at Edinburgh Castle. He served through the Crimean campaign, being with Sir Colin Campbell's brigade. He recounts with vivid distinctness the bloody field of battle at Alma, the rush and roar of that heroic charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, the most ruthless sacrifice of life at Inkerman, and the tedious long drawn-out siege of Sebastopol. Mr. Thompson enlisted in the Forty-first Ohio Volunteer Infantry, serving through the civil war to its close. Mr. Thompson came to the United States in 1868, settling in Cleveland, Ohio, and moved from there to this place in 1899.

After the breaking out of the Crimean war his company was hurried on board a vessel named the "Simoon" and sent to Turkey and later to the Crimea.

Mr. Thompson's first battle was participated in on the Alma river. He received a slight wound in this engagement. The next conflict between armed men, and where they fought like tigers to the death, was at Balaklava, where the brave six hundred rode through the

"VALLEY OF DEATH."

Mr. Thompson said, "that his brigade was drawn in battle line across a great plain between the Russians and the Light Brigade. When Lord Cardigan obeyed the order brought him by Nolan and gave the command to advance, Sir Colin Campbell's brigade swung into fours, clearing gaps through which the brave '600' rode on its way to death. I saw Lord Cardigan with the bugler near his side ride through the gap of fours adjacent to mine.

"I saw the remnant of the '600' when they returned, but did not see the bugler. I supposed he was killed in that bloody charge. Yet I see by a recent copy of the Denver News that the bugler, Sutherland, of the Light Brigade, still lives and resides in Denver.

"I hope to live to meet him," said the old hero, "and talk with him of that trying hour."

At the battle of Inkerman Mr. Thompson said his company lay then on the ground in line reaching across the field. The commanding officers told the soldiers to hold their fire until they could see the whites of the enemies' eyes. The command was obeyed, and then came a hand-to-hand conflict, where soldier tossed soldier like a game of shuttlecock. Literally strewn the field with the dead, equal more in number than the survivors. After the battle one of the English generals saw a Russian riding on a white horse at a great distance. He asked the soldiers to bring the enemy down. The soldiers fired continuously at him, but without the desired result. Finally, Mr. Thompson and one of his Highland comrades decided to try a shot. They both fired simultaneously and the rider fell. "The keen eye and the steady nerve of the Scot was the key to it all, and over will be," he said, "as long as the glen and crags of old Scotland give birth and brawn to the human kind." It was afterwards learned that the rider was a Russian prince. The captain of Mr. Thompson's regiment was given

A MEDAL FOR THE DEED.

At one time this brave old soldier did guard before General Grant's tent. One afternoon the general noticed the military bearing of the guard and asked him where he had served and received his training. Upon learning that he had served through the Crimea, General Grant walked back and forth with him for a long time listening to his story of that great campaign. Finally, Mr. Thompson told his commander of having seen McClellan as a student of war in the Crimea. The general became so interested that he paced up and down with Thompson over an hour. Mr. Thompson soon after was appointed a sergeant.

Speaking of McClellan reminded the veteran of the first time he ever saw him. It was in the Crimea, where McClellan and Beauregard were studying engineering and the art of war. He says he had seen them many a time in the tent of Sir Colin Campbell exchanging notes like two brothers, and then again in this country he saw them on opposing fields of battle trying to outgeneral

each other. "The most thrilling moment of my life," said the old soldier to-day, "was when lying behind the embankment during the siege of Sebastopol. I had previously received training in heavy artillery and was familiar in every particular with cannon, mortars, shot and shell. We were lying at rest, at ease behind our works, when suddenly a shell from the enemy's guns fell in our squad's midst. There was a general scamper for shelter, a pell-mell rush to get out of harm's way. I looked at the shell, and seeing that the hissing and sputtering fuse was of sufficient size to warrant my attempt to get rid of the unwelcome visitor, I quickly grabbed the shell and threw it over the wall, where it immediately exploded without harm to any one."

Mr. Thompson said at parting that he hoped he would yet be able to meet with Bugler Sutherland, of Denver, and recount the manoeuvres and deeds of that never-to-be-forgotten field of the bloody Crimea.

NEW VIEW OF THE HEDGEHOG

One of the chief drawbacks to rural England is the hedges, says an exchange. These are a general scourge for the landscape, the cool of meadows, the undulating vivid sweep of cornfields splashed with poppies, the thousand and one real charms of nature. The bane of towns and cities is that over and above the noise and bustle, the range of vision is clipped on either side by a continuous series of barriers—the houses of the streets. To our minds the country hedges grow supply a similar bane. To walk on a dusty road between miles and miles of hedges, effectually shutting out views and all the beauties on the other side of them, affords no real pleasure, but small refreshment. Compare it with the joy of wandering over a heath or a wild common, and you will find, by the immense difference in pleasure, all that is debarring us by these same vaunted British hedges.

BAD FOR THE EYES.

Railway Official (traveling on his own line)—"They say there has been some fault found with the lamps in these trains, owing to the dim light they give. Do you see anything wrong with them?"

Fellow Passenger—"No, sir. On the contrary, they are exactly the kind of lamp I suppose I ought to like to see used in the carriage."

Railway Official (highly pleased)—"I presume you are a professional man?"

Passenger—"Yes, sir. I am an oculist, and this sort of light is good for my profession."

FIVE HUNDRED "V.C.'s"

There are over five hundred heroes of all ranks in our regular Army who have obtained the distinction of the Victoria Cross, that simple decoration "for valour" which is universally regarded as of incomparable value and significance. It is claimed for the 24th Regiment, known as the South Wales Borders, that it stands at the head of the entire British Army in the number of winners of the Cross which it has produced. It has sixteen names on the glory roll as against, to take the next highest figures, fourteen of the Rifle Brigade and thirteen of the King's Royal Rifles.

THE CHEERFUL IDIOT.

"Do you know," said the Cheerful Idiot, "that it is the easiest thing in the world to tell whether a man is going out on a journey or returning, by the way he carries his portmanteau?"

"I never thought of that," said the simple young man. "What is the difference?"

The Cheerful Idiot settled himself a little firmer in his chair and gloated for a moment before answering. "It is just the way," he went on. "When a man is going away he carries his portmanteau towards the railway-station, and when he is coming back he carries it in the other direction."

CALL AGAIN!

Landlord (to tenant)—"Good morning, sir; fine day, sir. Just called round to see if it would be convenient for you to settle your quarters' rent?"

"Do you know, landlord, that none of the doors in this house will shut?"

"New house, sir; new house, you know; takes time to settle."

"Ah, then there's a pair of us! I'm a new tenant; it takes time for me to settle, too. Good morning. Call again."

KNOW WHAT IS GOOD.

English is the language of the Japanese and the Chinese, both of its intercourse with foreign diplomats and its telegraphic intercourse with its own representatives abroad. All telegrams from Tokyo to the foreign agents of Japan are written and ciphered in English, and the replies are in the same language.

A DIVING CAT.

A farmer at Ballina, New South Wales, trained a black cat to act as a retriever. The animal was also fond of diving in the sea for fish, and recently it brought out a two-pound mullet. Its career was ended by being swallowed by a shark.

"What caused the fire in the match factory?" "There was some friction, I believe, among the heads of the departments."

Vienna has been called the birthplace of trusts. The first was formed there in 1873. Trusts now control practically the whole trade of the city.

IN THE FOREIGN OFFICE

WHERE IT IS LOCATED IN LONDON THE GREAT.

During Great Occasions Many of the Clerks Are Employed on Sundays.

To the ordinary man the Foreign Office is as much a mystery as the Temple of Isis, says the London Globe. It has always been closed, as it were, to the public, and until the first "Foreign office list" was published in 1852 no record was kept even of the office of the separate services rendered by each individual. The publication of the list was strongly objected to in certain quarters as likely to afford information to the general public with regard to the office which they thought it inadvisable it should be in the hands of Edward Hertslet, whose "Recollections of the Old Foreign Office" have just been published by Mr. John Murray, comes of a race of Foreign Office officials, for his father, Mr. Lewis Hertslet, was appointed Sub-Librarian in 1801, and did not retire from the office of Librarian until 1857, and there have been four generations of Hertslets in the Foreign Office since 1795.

The question is often asked: "Where was the Foreign Office before it was first situated in Downing street?" The answer is that the Foreign Office was first so called on the discontinuance of the separate offices of the Secretaries of State for the Northern and Southern departments on March 27, 1872. Both these departments were at that time in Cleveland Row, St. James. There the Foreign Office remained until September, 1796, when it was removed to the Cockpit, at Whitehall. It remained there until December, 1798, when it was transferred to several private houses on Downing street. It was next transferred in 1861 to Nos. 7 and 8 Whitehall Gardens, while the new building in Downing street was being erected, and on July 1, '98, it went back to its present and permanent quarters in Downing street. The old offices, as may be easily imagined, afforded more scope for practical jokes on the part of the younger clerks than the severe new building does. One of the rooms in the attic, facing Downing street, was set apart for some of the young gentlemen of the office. This was called the "Nursery," and here they used to pass away any spare time which they might have on their hands.

Certain pretty dressmakers occupied rooms in one of the houses in Fludor street, just opposite the windows of the frivolous youths. A mutual recognition generally took place every morning between some of them. In one of these rooms there used to be one gentleman with a round head, and another with red hair, and should the former first open his window, the young ladies opposite, who generally worked with their windows open, would call out: "Good morning, Turnips! how's the first?" And should the latter be the first to appear the salutation would be: "Good morning, Carrots; how's Turnips?"

But it has never been all play, not even so much play as some people suppose, at the Foreign Office. During the sitting of the Belgian and Greek conferences in London, which lasted from 1831 till 1839, many of the clerks in the office were always in

ATTENDANCE ON SUNDAYS.

as was also either the librarian or the sub-librarian.

The story is told that one Sunday morning, during church time, Lord Palmerston entered one of the rooms of the office, accompanied by Lady Palmerston, and not finding the head of the department at his post, he inquired of one of the juniors where he was, and on being told that he was at church, his Lordship expressed much surprise at his not being at his desk, and was beginning to wax rather warm on the subject, when he was stopped by Lady Palmerston's remarking: "But you see, my dear, some people go to church on Sundays."

Some of Lord Palmerston's minutes written on the margin of despatches were very amusing. For example, he wrote on a letter from a South American consul complaining of the loss of his consulate, "The loss of his offices cannot hardly be worse than reading his handwriting, which I cannot do." On another occasion he had been pricked somewhat sharply with a pin when unfolding a paper, which caused him to write the following minute: "I wish that all the pins in this office be immediately made over to the female branch of the establishment."

Sir Edward Hertslet is thus entertaining as well as instructive, and though he has plenty of anecdotes to tell of the Foreign Office and of foreign ministers and the clerks, he always gossips with the discretion and good taste inherent in the officials of that great public department.

TELEGRAPH POLES.

The extension of the Uganda telegraph system has been pushed on rapidly during the last six months, and now the line is open to Butiaba on the shore of the Albert Nyanza. The lines open for traffic now in Uganda amount to 1,023 miles. These telegraph lines are called "temporary," but as they are constructed of bark cloth tree (a species of fig tree), and as these have extraordinary powers of germination, all the dead telegraph poles are now living trees, and should be almost equal in point of duration to iron poles, as the fig tree is a long liver. It is a novel sight to the traveler to see a line of telegraph poles in full blossom!

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some Prominent People.

For the first time in the history of Spain a working man has been elected a member of the Cortes. His name is Jaime Angles. He is a cooper by trade, and he represents Barcelona.

It is told of the Marquis Ito, the Premier of Japan, that when a youth he wandered about the streets of London penniless, ragged, and hungry, a starving alien in a strange land.

Miss Alice Roosevelt, the daughter of the President, has broken down after an arduous year of social engagements. One calculation of fifteen months' work puts the number of dinners she attended at 408, besides 680 teas and 271 receptions. She paid 1,643 calls, went to 171 dances, and shook hands with 32,000 persons. Now, under the doctor's orders, she is confined to bed, and for the first time for a year will rest.

Lord Mount Stephen, one of the two Canadian peers, has just celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday. Born in Scotland, his lordship, who received his title in 1891, began life as a draper's apprentice in Aberdeen. Then he took for Canada and made a fortune as a merchant. During the past few years he has distributed nearly a million sterling for various charitable objects. His lordship resides at Brockle Hall, near Hasledale, which has the distinction of having been the home of two Prime Ministers—Melbourne and Palmerston.

Mr. John Sharp, once an English horn maker, Pudey, who has just died, was well known in the able man in many ways. He was absolutely self-taught in his trade, but so proficient had he become that the market value of his instruments ranged from £18 to £30 each. He carried on his business single-handed for over thirty years, never having an apprentice or any assistance whatever. Every part of an instrument was made by his own hand, even to the shaping of the keys, and he leaves behind him many remarkable tools of his own invention for use in the making of oboes.

Sir Lewis Morris, whose poems are so well known to all lovers of verse, is another instance of the close association of literature and law of which the history of letters offers so many examples. Sir Lewis practised for a number of years at the Chancery Bar, chiefly as a conveyancing counsel. The drafting and perusing of documents of title is not usually esteemed a very exhilarating occupation, although one of the most important in the law. Sir Lewis, however, when this was once hinted, remarked that he occasionally came across "a brilliant deed." Uninteresting though conveyancing may in general be, it did not prevent Sir Lewis Morris cultivating his poetic muse with much success.

"The Angel of Charity" is the name given to the Queen of Portugal in Paris, so conspicuous is she for her good works. She has revived an old custom of concealing charity. It is that of sending gifts to the poor concealed in flowers. This custom had its origin in a Portuguese lady of long ago—a St. Isabella. Of the Orleans family, Queen Amelle is one of the most vigorous of European Queens. She is a splendid swimmer, and not so long ago rescued a drowning boy at the risk of her own life. A great favorite of King Edward, she it was who induced him to pardon the Duc d'Orleans, her younger brother, so that he could again visit Great Britain.

The valiant shipowner, Sir Donald Currie, although "a perfect Scotchman" in careful, cool, and calm in everything, was first educated in Belfast. Even in his boyhood ships attracted him, and he confesses to having then had a fleet of toy boats almost as numerous as his fleet of liners. At the age of fourteen he entered a shipping office at Greenock, and at the age of twenty he was in the Cunard Company in Liverpool. At the age of thirty-seven he withdrew from his company and started for himself the Castle Line to the East Indies. The company of which he is now the managing director, has proved a veritable gold-mine to him as to so many others in recent years.

One of the busiest of peers is the Earl of Stamford. He is a devotee of ray codes and preaches a great deal, but has lately had to refuse requests to officiate on Sunday because, he says, Sunday is literally his country house among his own children. His special subject is that of missions to the native races, among whom he himself labored in South Africa for several years before he inherited the family honors. One afternoon, when giving an address at a mission church in a poor part of South-West London, he was unwittingly the source of much disappointment to a large congregation. The children in the district, who had soon learned to recognize his appearance, persuaded their fathers and mothers "to come to church on the plea that they would see 'a real live earl' in the pulpit. As the people filed out after service, a woman was heard to observe: 'He don't look a bit like a lord; he only looks like a clergyman with nothing round his neck.'"

MOTOR POSTAL SERVICE.

Experiments to connect Johannesburg and Mafeking by motor cars have proved very successful. In the trial run a French car started from Potchefstroom at 7 a.m. and reached Mafeking at 2:20 p.m., a distance of 100 miles. In consequence, a regular service to Mafeking has been established for carrying the mails, and a service for Krugersdorp, Rustenburg and Zeerust has also been arranged.

COSTLY WALL - PAPERS

THEY ARE MORE VALUABLE THAN SILK BROCADE.

Wall-paper Is Now Made to Imitate in the Finest Detail Almost Everything.

It may come as a surprise to those householders who are accustomed to pay a few dollars a piece for their drawing-room papers to learn that in many of the wealthy houses the walls are covered with materials which cost considerably more than the finest silk.

"Here," said a wall-paper manufacturer the other day, "are examples of what we call 'tapestry papers.' They are copied exactly from the finest Smyrna and Turkish rugs, dyed as you can see for yourself, with startling fidelity. We have many interesting old European copyings of past centuries. Here is the pattern of a very beautiful design of the time of Louis XVI, which we obtained in rather a curious way.

"One of our customers happened to be in Paris last summer, and, being fond of inspecting old mansions, one day entered a famous chateau which formerly belonged to a dead and long-forgotten marquis. The rooms were absolutely rotting away, but in the salon the wall-paper or still hung, though in ribbons. The pattern was so exquisite in design, places, so harmonious in color, and the coloring, vivid still in many places, so many portions as he could and sent them to us with a request to reproduce as

PERFECTLY AS POSSIBLE.

"We succeeded beyond his best hopes, and the actual paper is now hanging on the walls of a West-end mansion. We only manufactured sufficient to cover the ballroom, and it cost him a matter of \$10 a yard, but he never grumbled, and, after all, it was not dear considering the difficulty we had.

"Wall-paper is now made to imitate in the minutest detail every kind of wood, the finest grained mahogany, green ash, delicately veined maple, and, in fact, all those woods which are used for panelling. When polished it is impossible to tell the difference, and I defy anyone to distinguish cheap paper from wood by merely looking at it. I have been deceived myself many a time.

"Then we have papers resembling mosaics and Siena marble as well as the famous embossed Cortova leathers. These latter are very expensive, being retailed at \$7.50 a yard. It is, however, practically indestructible, and it is washed and scoured like ordinary wall-paper. As imitation of these leathers is also made which, of course, costs considerably less, being sold at about \$9 a roll of eight yards, but even this price is beyond the purses of any but the really wealthy. "We make large sums for special designs, and many of our artists earn incomes which the most hard-working R.A.'s would not despise. There seems to be at present a run on delicate tints and floral designs. A particularly effective paper is one showing lattices of climbing roses bleeding with faintly tinted, yellow lines. It has the texture of the texture of the finest silk, and costs as much. Another design which is very popular just now we imported from Holland—

SHIPS IN FULL SAIL.

with glimpses of trees and the red of Dutch roofs in the distance. This, in the finest materials, we can retail at \$1.25 a yard. "Many of our artists are designed specially for a customer, and when such is the case the price, of course, runs high. A couple of years ago a gentleman came in and chose a very beautiful design, and then informed us that he desired the paper to be copied in his drawing-room in oils. Of course, we fulfilled his order, but it cost him a small fortune. Six months later he came and told us he was tired to death of the design, and ordered us to paint it out, which we did, by painting a paper thin kind of oil on the paint.

"We have several customers on our books who have the papers on their walls changed every two months. They get weary of looking at the same pattern day after day, and they have plenty of money to don't they have plenty of money to don't trouble themselves with trying to argue them out of their eccentric notions. In one house in Park Lane our bill for wall-papers ran to over \$3,500 for the year, and this is by no means an isolated case. Yes, it is a very profitable business, but one must employ only the best artists to get the best results, and that, of course, brings the profits down, but, on the whole, we are very well satisfied."—London Tit-Bits.

LONDON'S FIRE PROTECTION.

The total strength of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade is 1,285. It possesses one fire boat, five steam fire engines on barges, 72 land steam engines, and 17 six-horse manual engines. It has also 423 ladders, 20 long ladders, one motor car, four bicycles, 288 horse-drawn telephones between five stations, and 801 fire alarms.

A CAREFUL COUNTRY.

Country roads in Norway are barred at frequent intervals by gates, which either mark the boundaries of farms or separate the cultivated fields from the waste lands. The gates, of which there are upwards of 10,000 in the whole country, constitute considerable nuisance to travelers, who have to stop their vehicles and alight to open them.

NO DRUGGIST'S CHARGES.

The toothbrush plant grows in Jamaica. By cutting a piece of the native and laying the ends the natives make a toothbrush, and a dentures to use with it is produced by drying and pulverizing the dead stems.

